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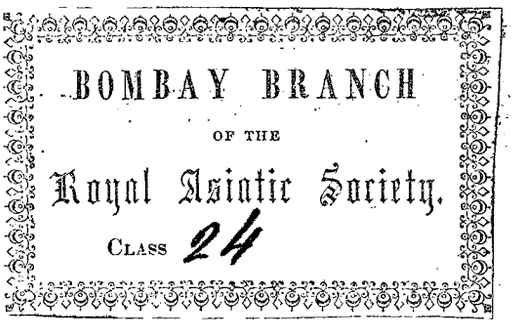

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1859.

PREFACE

ANNIHILATING, without an effort, some weeks of time, MR. PUNCH presented himself at the door of the Congress of Paris, 1860.

The door did not fly open at his approach, but a herd of dukes, sentinels, marquises, porters, counts, gentlemen-in-waiting, and other menials on guard, prostrated themselves before him, and abjectly begged that he would retire, as it was as much as their lives were worth to suffer any intrusion upon the Conclave.

"*Your* lives! Retire! Intrusion! Ha! ha!" exclaimed his Serene Haughtiness, with a glance of flame that instantly scorched up all their tinsel stars and gold fripperies into unhandsome shrivel. "Away, *Canaille!*"

Only the giant HOMER (through GEORGE CHAPMAN) can worthily narrate the next terror. Even as the godlike Hector, coming before the massy substance and the stupendous frame of the Grecian gate, did heave up an immeasurable stone, and send it thundering through the planks with forceful sway, did the immortal PUNCH. Raising in the air an awful Volume,—morally speaking,

> "It was so huge a one,
> That two vast yeomen of most strength, such as these times beget,
> Could not from Earth lift to a cart, yet he did brandish it
> Alone (Saturnius made it light) and swinging it as nought,
> He came before the planky gates that all for strength were wrought,
> And kept the post—twofold they were, and with two rafters barred,
> High, and strong-locked. He raised the Tome, bent to the hurl so hard,
> And made it with so main a strength that all the gates did crack,
> The rafters left them, and the folds from one another brake;

The hinges piecemeal flew, and through the fervent little Rock
Thundered a passage, with his weight the inwall his breast did knock;
And in rushed PUNCH, as fierce and grim as any stormy night,
His brass arms round about his breast reflected terrible light."

And there, in mute astonishment and dismay, sat the Congress, cowering as the tremendous apparition broke upon the Members. The very feathers of their pens stood on end with terror, and the ink turned pale in the silver standishes.

"So!" said MR. PUNCH. And as that stern eye slowly traversed from face to face, the agitation became general. Only the Lion of Britain, of all there assembled, gazed calmly upon his great, yet terrible friend, and winked a welcome.

In the midst of them all, there, upon the velvet-covered Council Board, had descended the mighty Tome. They looked at it as men might regard a suddenly alighting bombshell—this instant an iron sphere, the next, an iron storm.

Yet there was a difference in their bearing. Restraining himself, by a strong will, the Elected of the Millions sat, silent as the Sphynx. The Austrian muttered Latin invocations taught him by his Jesuits. The Russian shuddered as he thought of Sebastopol and its *feu d'enfer*. The Prussian glanced at the door, but then bore himself manfully. The Sardinian half moved to dash his plumed hat upon the book, but forbore. The POPE bonneted himself and bewailed aloud in a "holy sorrow." For the rest, they were simply flabberghasted.

"Listen!" said MR. PUNCH. For the only time in his life he spoke needlessly. They were intent as "the trapped creature that hears the hunter coming up the path."

"You are here to adjust the Affairs of Europe," proceeded MR. PUNCH, in a voice that sank deep into every bosom.

"Before you Dare to take them in hand, take MY Counsels to your hearts. There are my Counsels!" He pointed to the Tome that lay before them. "At your peril neglect this, and I will brand your Congress in such sort that no lapse of Ages shall wear out my fire-mark. Be wise!"

He turned, and departed. But he left upon the Congress Board his

Thirty-Seventh Volume.

PAGE OF POSTERITY'S POSSIBLE PENNING.

(FROM THE HISTORY OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.)

THE entire invading army, consisting of 239,572 soldiers of all arms, having been destroyed to a man, the *vivandières*, after much kind treatment, having been divided among the London managers of theatres, for operatic purposes, and the captured Emperor of France and Italy having, at his own request, resumed his place as a London policeman, the people had leisure to note the various episodes of the campaign.

Among the most brilliant of these were the deeds performed by the Chancery Lane Rifles, playfully termed by the public the Old One's Own. From the venerable Scotch Chancellor down to the smallest office-brat that chewed the dusty wafers in the absence of the superior clerks, all were inspired with martial ardour. Taking as their motto *Cedat armis toga*, they entirely neglected all law business, to the great benefit of mankind, and mustered daily for hours of incessant rifle practice,

> "High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor."
>
> MACAULAY.

When the news came that the French army was embarking, the C. L. R. begged for the post of honour, and, being accustomed to public speaking, they made such effective appeals that the gallant Commander-in-Chief yielded, unable to resist the stream of oratory. It having been resolved to permit the invaders to land before attacking them, Ramsgate was handed over to the legal riflemen, and during the period that elapsed while the French were recovering from their seasickness (basins and chloroform drops were humanely supplied by the English) the lawyers, rather than lose time, addressed themselves to reforming the extortionate harpies who let lodgings at the above seaport. Before the enemy was well enough to come ashore, these unprincipled persons had been so taken in hand by the shrewd and determined lawyers, that several were known to ask not more than five times the fair price for their apartments, and it is said that some of them abstained for nearly the whole season from plundering their lodgers to any appreciable extent. But the disembarkation was at length effected, and when the two hundred and thirty-nine thousand five hundred and seventy-second soldier was breaking his shins against the wet steps of the steep ladder in the harbour, the C. L. R. withdrew to the defile allotted to them, and calmly awaited the foe.

They had not to wait long. Performing a march expressly composed by M. JULLIEN for the occasion, and called *Mort aux Anglais*, a body of trumpeters led the way to triumph. These were followed by a splendid body of picked cavalry, flourishing their swords, and uttering the most demoniacal threats to extirpate every man in the Infernal Isle, and carry the "blond Misses" into captivity. "We'll just leave thae trumpetin' bodies to the women folk," said the brave old Chancellor, cocking, "Yon's our game;" and as he spoke, a conical bullet from his rifle sent the foremost cavalryman to the ground. "One to the Woolsack," said the merry SERJEANT MURPHY, firing at a tremendous ruffian who went down with an oath that might have been heard a mile off, at the same moment that his right hand man dropped, shot in the nose by LORD BROUGHAM, who also extemporised a Latin epitaph for him, of which all but ninety-six lines were unfortunately lost in the crackling of the fire, which now hissed hot and hot from every point of ambush. Not a shot but told, and the value of the admirable drill and patient practice to which educated volunteers submit, was marvellously exemplified. CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN potted his man at three-quarters of a mile, and the fine shooting of his successor in the C. P., CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE, was applauded by the whole army as much as his elevation was by the whole public. ATTORNEY-GENERAL BETHELL loaded and fired with a rapidity and precision which were perfectly appalling, the learned advocate's face wearing all the time the quietest smile, as if he were doing nothing particular; and SOLICITOR-GENERAL KEATING came out with practice that astonished everybody. "KEATING'S Lozenges don't agree with French constitutions, aperiently," said SERJEANT PARRY, discharging a large rifle with immense effect. "Then we 'll try JAMES'S Powder," replied the witty Member for Marylebone, drawing his trigger. "Very well answered for the Crown," said MR. BODKIN, giving an enemy the *quietus*, which *Hamlet* says bodkins can so easily give.

Wit, in short, flashed as fast as weapons, and the furious cavalry, thinned by an invisible enemy, raved and stormed, and swore more atrociously than ever, and now vowed to eat their enemies as well as kill them. But the legal storm of arrowy shower came on thicker, and the savage assailants dropped like leaves before the winds of autumn. The veteran LYNDHURST knocked down two wretches at one shot, and a similar feat was performed by MR. JUSTICE HILL, and MR. BOVILL, Q.C. A ruffian, who happened to bend beside his horse's neck, at that moment received a ball from the elegant silver-mounted rifle of MR. HUDDLE-

STONE, and horse and rider went down together. The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, FITZGERALD, with a rifle bent to shoot round a corner, made great carnage in the rear ranks, and MR. WHITESIDE, after breaking off the triggers of eight guns, in his rage with the enemy, was persuaded to take things a little easy, and then made terrible slaughter. SIR HUGH CAIRNS fired unceasingly with tremendous effect, and MR. ROEBUCK, though anathematising his gun-maker as an ass, his powder-maker as a fool, and his bullet-maker as a thief, managed to knock off his men with extreme accuracy. SERJEANT BALLANTINE calmly disposed of a couple of dozen rascals with extreme neatness, and MR. M. CHAMBERS did as much execution as the ancient artillery bearing the same name as himself. "Here Chambers discharged," said his next man, MR. HAWKINS, quoting a Shaksperian stage direction, and firing with fatal effect. Quoting is contagious, "Souls and bodies have I divorced three," said SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, making it four as he spoke.

Then, as the cavalry, reduced to a tenth of its numbers by the L. C. R.'s terrible fire, wheeled in dismay, and turned upon the advanced guard, which recoiled with terror, the most splendid deed of the day was done. FIELD MARSHAL PUNCH, who had been watching like an eagle, suddenly drew his sword, and like ACHILLES, shouting to the skies, rushed * * * * *

THE UNEDUCATED SECTION OF SPIRITS.

JUDGE EDMONDS, who is a most bigoted believer in spiritualism, in writing about the spiritual alphabet (the letters of which, like those carried by a postman, are seemingly delivered by a series of raps), tells us:—

"There were embarrassments about it. Sometimes, when the spirit had not learned to read, it could not spell out words. Sometimes, when its education had been poor, it would spell wrong; and sometimes, when unacquainted with our language, it could not frame a sentence in English."

Precisely like our *attachés* and young May-fair diplomatists. They also have a difficulty in "spelling words;" their education has likewise been "poor," the young martyrs of LINDLEY MURRAY entering life, generally, with a more accurate knowledge of the parts of a horse than of the parts of speech; they are equally "unacquainted with our language;" and, as the Civil Service Examiners can testify, labour under the painful infirmity of not being able to "frame a sentence in English." LORD MALMESBURY should take these poor devils of illiterate spirits under his protection. Perhaps he could justify their want of spelling, and would contend that these spirits were none the less pure for being adulterated with a little bad English. *Attachés*, who have been rejected in this country, should go to America, and turn spiritualists. With their qualifications, they would doubtlessly find the humbug a most profitable "medium" of making money. They might, in contradistinction to the spirits of home manufacture, set up as "SPIRITS, NEAT AS IMPORTED."

THE LOGIC OF INTERVENTION.

"THRICE is he armed that hath his quarrel just." VICTOR EMMANUEL'S quarrel being just, the chances on his side against that of Austria are three to one; and his, accordingly, is the stronger side. But generosity always prefers the weaker side; therefore, if the British nation is generous, it will choose that of Austria. The side of Austria will thus become the stronger side. But might is right; consequently we shall be on the right side: therefore our quarrel will be just: therefore we shall be thrice armed; thus in that state of dignity and defence which is the becoming attitude of this great country. True, when our own becomes the stronger side, other generous nations, if there are any, will then take the part of our enemies; but that will not signify, so long as we are able to take our own part, and set the rest of the world at defiance.

THE TEAR AND WEAR OF TREATIES.—A French paper recommends that the treaties of 1815 should be torn up, inasmuch as they are not worth the paper on which they are written. According to this, they would seem to be of no more value than an Austrian bank-note.

ESTIMATES AND ARMED NEUTRALITY.

AIR—"*Marlbrook.*"

OH! keep up our defences,
Of which the due expenses,
A people in their senses
No jot would wish to spare.
But so adjust taxation,
For this unhappy nation,
That cruel confiscation,
No class shall have to bear;
Make each man pay his share;
Of that take very good care;
But deal in equal measure,
With everybody's treasure,
Tax Labour less than Pleasure,
By compass and by square.

With mournful satisfaction,
We yield to fair extraction
Of cash, but gross exaction,
Is more than we can stand;
Too long have we groaned under
Downright financial plunder,
With patience quite a wonder,
To every foreign land;
Now justice we demand,
You Ministerial band;
We're tired of its denial,
Endured with loud decrial,
Now you are on your trial,
Have you no able hand?

Must we—since taxes never
Will cease—be robbed for ever?
Are none of you so clever
You rulers of the State,
Our cost as to apportion,
Without extreme extortion,
Upon us in consortion,
As vestries raise a rate?
Is such a task too great?
Can you not estimate
With some approximation,
Each subject's obligation,
With right in moderation,
Not wrong inordinate?

In Baker Street instead of Downing Street.

A STATUE, described as a portrait-model, has been erected to MR. BRIGHT. The material of which this work of art consists is highly plastic, and has the further advantage of susceptibility of colour. It is, in fact, composed of WAX, and is situated in MADAME TUSSAUD'S Exhibition. MR. BRIGHT may derive consolation for his lack of a seat in LORD PALMERSTON'S Cabinet from the acknowledgment of his greatness signified by the proud position which has been accorded to him in TUSSAUD'S Temple of publicity and fame.

A Thé Dansant.

HIGH diddle diddle,
The French and the fiddle,
The tray took round the bohea;
Cup, saucer, pot, urn,
About did turn,
And there was a dancing tea!

Arithmetic at Three o'Clock in the Morning.

Gent (*who is not one of the most upright pillars of sobriety*). Cabbie, whatch your number? I 'm resholved to punish yer. I say, whatchs your confounded number?

Cabman. There it is, Sir. You may see it for yourself—it 's plain enough—888—three 8's, Sir.

Gent. Three eights, you say? All right—three timesh eight is stwenty-four—all right.

[*Puts down* 24 *in his memorandum-book, and goes away muttering indistinct vows about* "I'llshummonyou!"

HOW TO DRESS OUR RIFLEMEN.

EVER zealous as he is to encourage a good cause, and in every way to strengthen our national defences, *Mr. Punch* would be the last to ridicule our Rifle Clubs, or to poke fun at the patriots who are enrolled as volunteers. But he cannot avoid noticing that, judging from the letters which have reached him and the *Times*, by far greater anxiety is felt throughout the country on the subject of the dressing than the drilling of our riflemen: and that the forming of a corps is thought of vastly less importance than its uniforming. More care and thought seems taken that our volunteers should look effective on parade, than that they be made efficient in their practice. In fact, lady-killing seems to be the chief destruction aimed at; and many of the suggestions which have been lately sent to him, *Mr. Punch* inclines to fancy must have been penned by tailors. As specimens of the taste which has been nationally displayed in the devising of a dress, *Mr. Punch* has only space for the following leash of letters:—

"Verily friend *Punch*, these be parlous times. The evil Spirit, War, is moving Sons of Belial to beat each other's brains out. Peradventure there be men whose heads are empty as their pockets, and who have as few brains as they have halfpence to be knocked out. But, truly, thou and I, friend *Punch*, can ill afford to lose our moneys or our heads, and we need to use the latter for protection of the former. I am a man of peace, but I have bought a rifle, and I can hit a half-crown at above two hundred paces. I love all men—even foreigners—for are they not my brethren? But if my brethren smite me, shall I not in brotherhood return to them the compliment.

"Thine, in all sincerity of spirit,

"EPHRAIM BROADBRIM."

"*Postscriptum.* — What thinkest thou, friend *Punch*, of my device for a new dress? To the coat of ancient date I have, for sake of freedom, joined the modern 'knicker-bockers.' The hat is copied from one worn by DRAW-THE-LONG-BOW BROADBRIM, an ancestor of mine, who was a fighting-man in NOLL'S time. The broadbrim, as you see, serves well to shade the eyes, and will in wet weather do instead of an umbrella. The workbox worn in front is meant in war time to hold cartridges, but when used in times of peace, on practice or parade, will serve with equal handiness to hold cigars or sandwiches. I mean the suit to be of drab, which, as friend BRIGHT shows us, is a thorough fighting colour."

"MAJOR PIPECLAY presents his compliments to *Punch*, and begs to forward a rough sketch of a dress which MAJOR PIPECLAY has invented for a Rifle Corps, and which, he feels persuaded, will be nationally adopted. That our volunteers may look as smart and soldier-like as possible, MAJOR PIPECLAY thinks their uniform should in most respects be similar to that worn by the Regulars. A stiff and tight-sleeved tunic, with cramping shoulder-knots and cross-belts: trousers scanty in the seat and baggy on the boots: the regulation leather stock, and the hot and heavy shako: form a dress, which in the eyes of the best military authorities, is more suited for a soldier than any other suit. It combines ease with elegance in a most marked degree, and clearly serves not less for ornament than use. The drooping plume is an addition of MAJOR PIPECLAY'S own inventing, and will assist the taking aim, as it will serve to shade the eyes, although it may be feared that it will now and then get into them. Another of its uses is, that it effectually conceals the face, which when the corps is ambushed will be of marked advantage to them."

"I say, *Punch*, old Cock, BOBBY JONES and I have been and joined a Rifle Club, and we are rather in a fix about the dress one ought to sport. You see, this is a free country, and every man may wear what toggery he likes: and as the Government have said nothing not to nobody about uniforms, of course every corps of Riflemen is left to choose its own. Now, the thing one wants to aim at, is to hit off something neat and not the other thing, you know; for if one comes out extensive and makes one's self conspicuous, one 's as certain to be 'potted' as a stale Yarmouth bloater. But the dress I've been concocting will allay all fear of that. Just cast your eye on this *impromptu* sketch of it:

"There! I question if you 'd knock off a more quiet style than that; and, excepting the buff boots (which I own to having cribbed from a drama at the Vic.), it 's all my own invention; all quite 'new and original,' as they say of English farces, when they are copied from the French. Of course the colours may be worn according to the taste and fancy of the wearers. I should myself suggest that the coat be a pea-green one with blue and yellow facings, the trousers either plum or cherry-coloured *à la* H. R. H.'s Own, buff boots as aforesaid, with lavender silk linings, and the hat light brown or grey, with a pink or purple plume. As to the rifle and accoutrements, they are of course of quite a secondary importance, and one may therefore leave them to be furnished by the Government. I would, however, adopt the hint which I saw lately in the *Times*, that every Volunteer should be armed with a long spear, in order to defend himself when coming to close quarters. The object of a Rifleman is to keep himself as much out of sight as may be, and to be quick in his movements from one ambush to another; and the dress I have suggested, with the addition of the lance and a rifle made as cumbrous as the Government can make it, will most admirably serve for both of these requirements. A showy uniform like this, too, would be sure to please the ladies: and that, I take it, is what nine men out of ten of us are clubbing for. So, give your orders, gents, while the tailor's in the room, and if you don't look nobby 'taint the fault of

"CHARLEY WOBBLES."

"WHAT NEXT, AND NEXT!"

Lines written on the Present by one of the Late Ministry.

WONDERS, 'tis clear, will never cease:
The Bottleholder's cry is "Peace!"
GLADSTONE, a figure great who ought
To cut, is to a cypher brought.
Exchequered once, it something new is
To see Home Sec. SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS.
SIR BENJAMIN no labour shirks,
Yet heads the Board of Words—not Works.
When betters for the stakes have raced,
One wonders to see KEATING "placed."
The forward BETHELL is thrust back,
And canny CAMPBELL gets the sack!
King Log is thought for India good enough,
So in their State-Sec. they 'll find WOOD enough.
The heavens *are* "hung with black," one sees,
NEWCASTLE'S *sus per Col*-onies.
More wonders yet—(bring me some sherbet!)—
The Sec. at War is peaceful HERBERT.
The coat of office hangs the ribs on
Of the late kicked-out MILNER GIBSON.
COBDEN has joined the Cabinet,
And *Punch* may see LORD JOHN—BRIGHT yet!

INS AND OUTS.—We are warranted in stating that LORD CHELMSFORD has got the Sack, and also in saying that LORD CAMPBELL has got the Woolsack.

Mrs. Tongs. "LOR, ADOLPHUS! HOW BEAUTIFUL THOSE BEANS SMELL!"
Adolphus (probably in the hair-cutting line). "THEY DO INDEED, MY LOVE! THEY REMIND ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS 'AIR OIL!"

AN END OF FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

THE result of a late trial in the Court of Queen's Bench seems to show, that the inspection to which private lunatic asylums are at present subject is insufficient to prevent the occasional incarceration in those establishments of persons of tolerably sound mind. Hence arises the question, how to secure inspectors vigilant enough to look sharp, and see that, in the mad-houses which it is their business to supervise, nobody that has a right to go loose is shut up. There are also asylums of a somewhat different nature from those which lunatics are confined in,—namely, convents and nunneries,—the inmates of which have voluntarily subjected themselves to perpetual imprisonment, in some cases, it is stated, accompanied with private whipping. Some of the persons who have taken this step, sometimes, there is reason to believe, subsequently repent of it, and wish to get out; and are then detained against their will. The bare possibility of this case renders it desirable that conventual institutions should, like retreats for the deranged, be placed under the superintendence of proper officers. All proposals to this end, however, have hitherto been resented as insults by those who believe, or pretend to believe, that all monks and nuns are satisfied with their condition, and that all superiors of those fraternities and sisterhoods are incapable of maltreating the people who are in their power.

Now, an arrangement for the inspection of monastic houses might be divested of aught insulting by a simple expedient, which is suggested by their aspect in relation to lunatic asylums. Let keepers of the latter institutions be the inspectors of the former; and, *vice versâ*, let abbots and abbesses, or ecclesiastics delegated by them, be empowered to overhaul the private Bedlams. By this natural system of give and take, bear and forbear, affront would be precluded, and mutual jealousy and suspicion would ensure the result that no sane person would be immured on either side in a state of durance vile and false imprisonment.

PARLIAMENTARY SCHOOL FOR LITTLE STATESMEN.—Spare the Whip, and spoil the Child.—*Sir Wm. Hayter.*

CARTRIDGES TO BITE AND SWALLOW.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the following question of the *Times*:—

"What can become of soldiers who, like the Austrians before the Battle of Magenta, 'for fifty hours did not get even so much as a piece of bread?'"

What are locomotives without fuel? Stationary. What are horses without corn? Slow. What are any number of guns without ammunition? Hollow cylinders. And what are ever so many soldiers without sufficient food? Food—and poor food—for powder. There is too much reason to fear that one well-fed Frenchman could lick three Englishmen in an advanced stage of starvation; and though our English ancestors won Agincourt upon very reduced rations, it is not to be hoped that their descendants would be equally fortunate on a similar occasion, if "these English" were "shrewdly out of beef."

A NEW COMIC CRY.

IT seems that four Irishmen occupy seats on the English Judicial Bench. A Scotchman, also, sits on the British Woolsack. Now, we are half inclined to get angry, and to declare as loudly as any demagogue that this is a little too bad! We have already had the cries of "Injustice to Ireland" and "Injustice to Scotland," until it has become tiresome to laugh at either the one or the other. We think we will change the humour a bit, by trying to raise the cry of "Injustice to England." It strikes us that a great deal of fun might be got out of that cry, and if our Scotch and Irish friends would only be kind enough to take the matter seriously, and fancy that we were in earnest, the fun would be materially increased. We shall put a few dozen rods into the briniest pickle forthwith. We are not going to sit down quietly in our arm-chairs, and see England overrun with a set of foreigners. Why don't they stop in their own country?

A ROMISH MIRACLE.—To speak well of a Protestant country.

TURN AND TURN-ABOUT.

NON-NATURAL FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

TRANSPORTED with pleasure, *Mr. Punch* notices a glimmering of sense and reason in the proceedings of Convocation. In the Lower House, the other day, among the notices of motion given, there was at least one judicious and praiseworthy proposal, namely,

"That an alteration be made in the 29th canon, which prohibits parents from being sponsors to their own children."

The change in an absurd and vexatious regulation thus contemplated will be a real blessing to the Paterfamilias of the future. The necessity of procuring godfathers and godmothers—at least of procuring god-fathers—is at present one of the greatest difficulties of Paterfamilias's position. It obliges him to ask favours of a number of persons who are mere acquaintances—for what Paterfamilias with even a moderate family has intimate friends enough to suffice his needs respecting the font? It therefore involves the admission of comparative strangers into an intimacy which may be unpleasant. The foolish usage which requires that he who stands sponsor shall also stand what is vulgarly called Sam, as for instance, by forking out spoons, aggravates the annoyance of having to make such requests. If the spoons were customarily wooden, or the cup which is their alternative, crockery-ware, as they should be if intended to be symbolic and appropriate, the delicacy of Paterfamilias would be spared for this matter: but Society demands that the vicarious renunciation of pomps and vanities shall be signalised by tokens of a material not meaner than silver: and Materfamilias would be disgusted with the shabbiness that would dream of anything else. So Paterfamilias has, in effect, to ask men on whom he feels that he has no sort of claim, to present his children with plate. This is not pleasant to any gentleman.

"To ask for a gift of money or money's worth, however, is ten times less repugnant to the feelings of a gentleman endowed with conscience *plus* the sense of honour, than to request another gentleman to promise and vow that which he cannot possibly perform. Godfathers and godmothers might as well promise that their godchildren shall be taught Hebrew, as promise to see that they receive a Christian education. The actual parents of children—Paterfamilias and Materfamilias themselves—are the only persons who can make any such promise with any prospect whatever of being able to keep it.

Paterfamilias must not entertain too sanguine a hope that the proposal for reforming the 29th canon will be accepted. The majority of the Clergy will surprise *Mr. Punch* very much if they consent to the relaxation of any sort of bondage that oppresses the people. But gentlemen who sign articles in a non-natural sense, or in no sense whatever, may perhaps be excused for not understanding the scruples felt by others in making promises and vows of which the observance is impossible, and in treating the most solemn engagements as ecclesiastical fictions.

A NICE THING TO SAY TO A GENTLEMAN.

MONSIEUR VEUILLOT, our favourite of the *Univers*, has been publishing some conversations he had with PRINCE METTERNICH. Here is a sample of one of them:—

"'COUNT BATTHYANY,' said METTERNICH, on taking leave of him, 'you will persevere in a wrong course and I make you this prediction.' 'What?' 'COUNT BATTHYANY, you will be hanged.'"

This is as elegant as it was kind. We do not know a more agreeable character than a tolerated old fogey, who is continually prophesying unpleasant things of his friends. All the Prince's predictions, however, did not come so true as the above. There is the celebrated one of the Deluge, which has not held water as yet, excepting so far as Austria is being gradually washed out of the map of Europe.

Here is another sample of the Prince's refined conversation:—

"I (VEUILLOT) asked the Prince his opinion of KOSSUTH. He told me, in one word, that he did not give high place to that demagogue or that he placed him on the same level as BATTHYANY."

To place KOSSUTH on the same level as BATTHYANY, would be, apparently, to accord him a much higher place than the Hungarian patriot would have any wish to aspire to. MONS. VEUILLOT tumbles into a mistake in the above report, that surprises us somewhat in him, who is such a savage stickler for the truth in others. We cannot see how PRINCE METTERNICH could, by the strongest power of condensation of his ideas, have said that "he did not give a high place to that demagogue," all "*in one word*;" not that we are surprised at his breaking down, as it is so rarely we find a diplomatist who is a man of his word. MR. KOSSUTH need not take to heart the opinions of a man who rarely spoke well of anybody. Of late years he squatted on the council-table of Austria, like a withered, torpid, old toad, and did nothing but croak.

THE INNS OF COURT RIFLE CORPS.

WHEREAS a grievous war is waged
In parts beyond the sea,
Wherein, against our will, engaged
Ourselves may come to be,
And therefore have the sword to draw,
To guard our native shore;
Now we, the limbs of England's law,
Have formed a Rifle Corps.

We 'll learn with perfect aim to shoot,
That so, in time of need,
We may, to any foreign suit,
Be qualified to plead,
With force and arms to take and seize
All trespassers found here,
And every doe on this demise,
To kill and slay like deer.

We will not, judgment by default,
Let go, with laches base,
In any action of assault,
If we conduct the case.
They will the first assault commit,
Then we 'll put in our plea;
An Enfield rifle-ball, to wit,
Against their battery.

All comers we will serve upon
The writ, Ejectment hight,
And lodge detainers if they run,
To save themselves by flight.
For *Habeas Corpus* we will move,
And numbers they 'll return
Whose bodies will our practice prove;
All whom it may concern.

Our word is *Fieri Facias!*
Wherewith we 'll open fire,
And on them with a *Capias*
We 'll rush, if they retire,
And execution will ensue.
What bills can lawyer file,
Like rifles that will carry true,
And kill at half a mile?

So let all trespassers beware;
And let a foreign host
Take notice that in case they dare
To land on England's coast,
Our goods and chattels to convey,
To kill, destroy, and burn,
Ne exeant regno—that 's to say,
They never will return.

A Case for the Board of Works.

ONLY two sides of the Westminster Clock consented to go on the opening day of Parliament. DISRAELI smiled grimly when he was told of this, and observed, "that it was all the more worthy of Parliament, and would certainly get on all the better in this world for being doublefaced." He suggested that out of compliment to SIR JAMES GRAHAM, and other half-penny legislators of a similar stamp, the clock should be called JANUS, the great head and patron of all politicians.

A Fitting Testimonial.

WE notice with indescribable pleasure, that a testimonial is being raised for MR. W. VILLIAMS amongst his trans-Thamesian admirers. The subscriptions are to range from a penny to a pound. We shall certainly not give a pound, nor shall we give a penny, as the tribute of our admiration, but shall send a much more fitting contribution. We shall forward a postage-stamp, as it has always struck us that our valued friend, the WISCOUNT, is terribly in want of a Head.

Standing-up Swell. "MORNING, CHARLEY! DOING A BIT O' PARK, EH?"
Swell reclining. "YAAS.—YOU SEE I CAN'T DO WITHOUT MY WEGLAR EXERCISE."

COURT CONSISTENCY.

(*Supposed to be a Royal Speech, of some time or other.*)

FOR some time past with Naples everything,
Like diplomatic love has been suspended,
Through the outrageous conduct of the King,
Which gave me every cause to be offended.

But as th' offending cause is now removed
By that obnoxious potentate's defunction,
I have that fortunate event improved,
And placed both countries once more in conjunction.

(*From the "London Gazette" of the same date.*)

In consequence of the lamented end
Of his Sicilian Majesty, due warning
Is given, that all those who may attend
The Court, must be attired in proper mourning.

The period of affliction will commence
Upon the 9th of June, with grief unbated,
After the 15th 'twill be less intense,
And by the 19th will have terminated:

But as the 11th is the day selected
On which to hold the QUEEN'S next Drawing Room,
And as it really cannot be expected
That trade should suffer by this mournful gloom,

Notice is Hereby Given, That the Court
Must on that day forego its courteous sorrow,
And drying up its tears, postpone, in short,
All further grief and mourning—till the morrow.

Conservative Chamber Concerts.

LOVERS of harmony in Conservative circles will be delighted to hear that the brass band which the DERBY Cabinet had engaged to perform in the House of Commons will now attend at all the parties given by Ministers to their adherents; and thus greatly contribute to the amusement of the company.

REPORT OF AN IMPORTANT CASE

LATELY TRIED BEFORE CHIEF BARON PUNCH, AND HIS DECISION THEREON.

BETWEEN Ayes and Noes a strange contest arose,
The Reform Bill had set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as every one knows,
To whom the said Bill for Reform should belong.

So JOHN was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill and a head full of learning;
And Chief Baron *Punch* sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the "noes" it will quickly appear,
And your Lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find
That Reform has been always consigned to their care,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then explaining the cause of Reform to the Court,
Your Lordship observes how exactly it tallies
With the views always held by the "noes," and in short,
It fits into their mouths like a pipe in Aunt Sally's.

Again would your Lordship a moment suppose
'Tis a case that has happened, and may be again,
That the "noes" should be "ayes," and the "ayes" should be "noes,"
Pray to whom would a Bill for Reform belong then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,
That Reform Bills most plainly were meant for the "noes,"
And the "noes" were as plainly intended for them.

Of course, should the "noes" come in office again,
On this point they'd at once be transformed into "ayes;"
So whichever the case is, it's equally plain,
That to either my argument justly applies.

So his Lordship decreed, in his own solemn tone,
Decisive and clear without one if or doubt,
That before the next Bill for Reform is brought on,
The "noes" must be in and the "ayes" must be out.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 20—23. Owing to the absence of the principal actors in the new drama of the *Cabinet*, those artists having had to give representations on various provincial stages, the scanty performances at the Westminster Theatre have offered, this week, no point worthy of notice, and on the 23rd instant the House closed until the following Thursday, when the returns of the absentees will permit the resumption of regular business. The system of extortion by those who are entrusted with the admission to seats, and whom it is now almost necessary to bribe heavily, will, it is thought, be subject of early regulation, and it is probable that MR. ALBERT SMITH and MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, who have abolished that disgraceful system in the places of entertainment under their direction, will be asked for advice as to its extinguishment in the National Theatre at Westminster. The repeated, and peremptory inquiries for the grand Nautical drama, *Blue Jackets*, have determined the management (all rumours to the contrary notwithstanding) to present it immediately in the most efficient manner, and regardless of all expense. The First Lord is to be played by SOMERSET, who, at great personal inconvenience, is engaged in studying the manners of the day. It is a new part for this rather hard actor, but we shall wait until we *see more* (*laughter*).

My Uncle's Island.

WE are a nation of shopkeepers, certainly; and invaders, in consequence of the formation of Rifle Clubs, will find the national establishment one pop-shop, the nature of which they may infer from the sign of the Three Balls, indicating that the chances against them will be two to one.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

SCENE—*The Lower Regions. Present*—BOMBA *and* LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The Shade of METTERNICH *enters, with an easy but stealthy and cat-like step.*

Bomba (*to Metternich*). Welcome, *caro mio*, to this lower world.

Louis Philippe. Where only—to parody a well-known English epitaph—your own diplomacy can be surpassed.

Metternich. Your Majesty is pleased to compliment. *Laudari a laudato.* I revere in your Majesty a master in that mystery of state-craft to which I have devoted a long—and let me hope, not altogether mis-spent—life. But where is the English epitaph you speak of?

Louis Philippe. On the monument of a musician in Westminster Abbey.

Metternich. Ah! I did not visit that building during my residence in London. I do not care for antiquities, or architecture. Besides, I had so much to do at the Foreign Office, I never got further in the day-time than Downing Street.

Louis Philippe. Of course you visited the Houses of Parliament?

Metternich. Frequently, and with considerable curiosity. My familiarity with continental *bureaux* had, I thought, abundantly illustrated for me OXENSTIERN'S famous exclamation; but the Houses of Parliament confirmed its truth, even more triumphantly.

Bomba (*brusquely*). *Cospetto!* What jargon is this? Who ever heard of OXENSTIERN, or his exclamation? What was it?

Metternich. "Alas! with what little wisdom the world is governed." Your Majesty must have become familiar with the observation—in practice.

Bomba. Yes—I never found it required much brains to deal with my *birbone* of Calabrians. But then I had the stick, and the state-prisons, and the Police, and Holy Church.

Metternich. Great helps—doubtless; but I fear they have availed your Majesty little more than similar instruments of Government have availed my own august Kaiser, in Vienna.

Louis Philippe. I was always, and constitutionally, averse from severity. I trusted to a gentler means of coercion.

Metternich. Self-interest I presume your Majesty means—or what Utopists call "corruption." I am afraid that most useful means for the maintenance of established authority broke down in your Majesty's hand as completely as the rougher machinery in ours, and his Majesty's here.

Bomba. Speak for yourself. I kept my rascals down to the last. To be sure, POERIO and his gaol-birds got safe off to England—may St. Januarius confound it, and its GLADSTONE and PALMERSTONE;—but at least, I died a king, and in the odour of sanctity.

Metternich. Your Majesty has my profound respect. I own, though, that the latter fact would not have led me to anticipate the pleasure of this meeting. I have not the advantage of your Majesty's commanding interest with the most Holy Catholic Church—nor (*to* LOUIS PHILIPPE) I fear, had you, Sire.

Bomba. Eh? You mean I ought to have been better lodged—*la su*—(*pointing upwards*)—I suppose there's been some mistake about my *carta di soggiorno*. St. Peter will set all that right, by-and-by. But, Prince, I'm glad of this opportunity of talking with you. I want to know how the world is to be governed, now *we* have gone.

Metternich. A question I have frequently put to myself, your Majesty, during the latter years of my life; but without obtaining any satisfactory answer.

Louis Philippe. I don't feel so much difficulty; I imagine corruption will still be found an excellent means of maintaining authority in France. It broke down under me, to be sure; but I was too easy. I ought to have blended a little more of the *fortiter in re* with my *suaviter in modo*.

Metternich. Your Majesty will excuse me, I am sure, if I presume to differ with you. Corruption has, I fear, lost its real efficacy, as a means of governing, no less than force and suppression. The strangest ideas have, somehow, taken root and spread. This notion of nationality, for example. How we should have laughed at Vienna, in 1815, if any of the Congress had breathed the word! This feeling—that states are not mere geographical and political entities; that there are such things as common life, and sympathies between nations of the same blood—is of quite modern growth, and cannot be dealt with on any of the sound principles of government recognised till now. And this phantasmal thing called public opinion—which presumes to call monarchs and ministers to question, to sit in judgment even upon congresses, and to be admitted to the confidence of diplomats—how are we to deal with it? And these Utopian ideas of a right in the people to participate in the work of their own government,—this daring habit of questioning absolute authorities in Church and State——

Bomba (*impatiently*). *Bestemmie!*

Metternich. I am at a loss to conceive how any government but Martial Law will be possible much longer.

Bomba. A permanent state of siege must be established everywhere. I hope my FRANCIS will not hesitate.

Louis Philippe (*shaking his head*). I fear even that will be impossible in France, after the present *régime* has run its course. As to what is to come in its place, I hazard no conjecture: *Davus sum—non Œdipus.*

Metternich. "*Après nous le déluge*," Sire. I have often said to my august master, the late Kaiser, who, you are aware, had certain mental peculiarities (*touches his forehead*).

Bomba. Mezzo-matto!

Metternich. But, I confess, I had no notion the cataclysm was so close upon our heels—in fact, that I should be called upon to transfer my services from the late world to this our very agreeable scene of existence (*he winces*), while it was actually in progress. *Ce pauvre* FRANCIS JOSEPH!

Bomba. Corpo di Bacco! We are well out of the mess! I don't envy my successor.

Louis Philippe. I can hardly wish even my grandson to succeed to our family throne.

Metternich. And if the work of government be a growing difficulty, the task of diplomacy is daily approaching nearer to an impossibility. It was a delicate business, even when one had to reckon only with Majesty or with Ministers,—with Courts or Cabinets; but now that nations assert their right to be considered (*shrugs his shoulders*), *ma foi! je m'en lave les mains.* I dare say I shall be able to make myself useful down here.

Bomba. Sangue di Giove! If ST. PETER doesn't soon make arrangements for my removal *la su*, I'll apply for a vice-royalty under his Majesty of *Il Regno Inferiore.*

Louis Philippe. Ah! *mon cher confrère*, when you have been as long here as I have, you will know that no services on earth are taken into account, as recommendations for employment down here. But see, they are coming this way, to repave the place we stand on. I recognise some of my own good intentions among the paving materials,—dreams of that young time when I was usher in a Swiss pension. Ah, *quelles bêtises!*

Metternich. Eh? And are not those some of the projects of my University days,—the fruits, I dare say, of discussions with BENJAMIN CONSTANT? *Bah! des rêves de jeune homme!*

Bomba (*looking over the heap*). *Diamine!* I don't see anything of mine among them.

Metternich. Your Majesty forgets. *Il Regno Inferiore* is paved exclusively with GOOD intentions.

THE HANDEL FEAST.

Mr. Punch's Presentation of Thanks and Testimonials.

A CROWDED Meeting was held on Friday at *Mr. Punch's* residence, for the purpose of presenting the thanks of the community to the founders and up-getters of The Handel Feast, and to the various assistants who had had a hand or voice in it. The meeting was attended by delegates from all quarters of the musical world (America, and even Australia, included); and it is almost superfluous to state that the greatest harmony prevailed throughout the evening.

Mr. Punch, being unanimously voted to the Chair, commenced the business of the meeting by observing that all present, and some eighty thousand guests, who (as his office would not hold them) unavoidably were absent, had enjoyed such a feast of "the Roast Beef of Music," as it never had before been attempted to serve up. He, therefore, begged to move that the thanks of the guests present, and of the eighty thousand who, from want of space, were absent, should be voted to the founders of The Handel Feast, and to all those who had given, lent, or had vended their assistance to it. In addition to this vote of thanks, he also begged to move that the following testimonials should be forthwith presented, as tokens of the gratitude and admiration of the audience for the services which had been rendered for their benefit. He therefore called on every one who had been charmed by the Centenary, that is to say, each one of the nearly ninety thousand who had happily attended it, to second him in carrying out the resolution following:—

"RESOLVED, That in addition to the Thanks of the Community, these Testimonials be presented to the persons therewith named:

"To COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF COSTA, promotion to the rank of Musical Field Marshal, with a *bâton* of the value of at least a thousand guineas: in recognition of his skill in the drilling of his forces, and the untiring zeal and energy with which he led them on throughout the whole of the Sydenham campaign.

"To GENERAL (MANAGER) BOWLEY, C.C.P., & C.S.S.H.S.,* a blank cheque on the Company for his distinguished services, and a request that he, as Manager, will fill it up to as goodly-sized a figure as his own. Also, an embroidered night-cap, worked by twenty thousand of the ladies of the audience, as a memento of the month of sleepless nights

* Commander of the Crystal Palace, and Chief of the Staff of the Sacred Harmonic Service.

he has gone through: and, in remembrance of the dinners he has lately been deprived of, a white waistcoat, with the motto, worked in gold thread,

"MAY ITS SHADOW NE'ER BE LESS!"

"To MR. INDEFATIGABLE SECRETARY GROVE, a manifold writing desk, and a ton of best gold pens; with a catalogue prepared by the Statistical Society of the exact number of letters he has penned in the last six weeks: which catalogue is expected to fill a hundred volumes. Also a faithful woodcut of his family tree, showing that Mr. GROVE is certainly a branch of those 'delightful pleasant Groves' immortalised long since by PURCELL, the composer.

"To MR. SHENTON, the Director of the Literary Department, a dozen new pairs of boots, to replace the dozen pairs which he wore up (three per diem) in his dances of attendance on the gentlemen of the Press: each dance being executed to the tune of '*Sitch a gitting up Stairs*' at least six times per hour, and being equivalent in exercise to walking sixteen miles.

"To MR. STRANGE, the refectioner, a character for good catership, attested by the autographs of the persons who consumed the forty thousand penny buns, and the twenty-five thousand two-pennies, the sixteen hundred dozen sandwiches, the nine tons of cold beef, and two and thirty thousand ices.

"To the MESSRS. NOVELLO, a vote of perfect confidence in their neatly got up Red Book (containing the full score of all the music of the Festival), which *Mr. Punch* found much more readable than most Governmental Blue Books.

"To the whole army of executants, from the soloists in front to the bellows-blowers at the back, the Order of Instrumental and Vocal Valour, for the pluck which they displayed in attacking the hard passages, and scaling the high notes which were protruded in their teeth."

To these and to a host of others who assisted, *Mr. Punch* moved that the thanks of the nation should be given for the rich feast of music which had lately been provided. The resolution being carried, the Chairman brought the business of the Meeting to a close, by expressing his dear *Judy's* wish (which coincided with his own), that the success of the Centenary would ensure its being *encored* in less than half-a-dozen years, and that as we cannot have too much of such good things, there ought every five years or so to be served up a HANDEL Feast.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.—THE CENTENARY OF PUNCH.

THE BALANCE OF NEUTRALITY.

THE POPE has lately been canonising two fresh Saints. In order to please everybody, he chose one French Saint, and one Austrian. This is holding the balance of neutrality with a most impartial hand. As the Holy Father is the faithful custodian of the keys of St. Peter, of course he will take good care that no more Frenchmen are admitted into the calendar than Austrians; six of the one will be counted out most religiously to every half-dozen of the other. By the bye, considering the kind of military sandwich that the POPE at present makes at Rome, with the Austrians on our side, and the French on the other, we can easily understand how the Saints were fabricated. Only they might have spelt the word correctly—"cannonised."

THE FIGHT FOR LOMBARDY.

AUSTRIA has long been an unwelcome guest in Lombardy, and a great expense to her entertainers. Having the worst of the battle, it is now time that she threw up the sponge.

A MOST GENEROUS ADMISSION.

WE are so charmed with the generosity of the following beautiful sentiment, that we cannot refuse it immortality in our columns:—

"We believe that a good Englishman is preferable any day to a bad Irishman."

What largely adds to the value of the generosity is the fact of its having emanated from an organ that is both Irish and Roman Catholic. After this, we may hope to see CARDINAL WISEMAN giving way to feelings of Christian charity, when he is enlarging on the theme of England.

The only fly-spot on the purity of the above sentiment is the ugly question it raises as to the possibility of there being "a bad Irishman." We would rather not have had our faith disturbed that there ever had been, or ever could be, an Irishman who was otherwise than good.

"LE BAPTÊME DU FEU."—As PRINCE NAPOLEON is not yet quite prepared for this military ceremony, it is to be postponed, we believe, until the Italian Campaign is completely over. A pound of the best gunpowder tea has been ordered for the occasion.

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VOLUNTEERS AND VETERANS.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR, I have been preciously disgusted with the way in which the Papers have been writing about Rifle Clubs, and volunteering their suggestions about arming Volunteers. What the (blank) can penny-a-liners know of rifle-practice, excepting when they treat themselves to 'six shots for a tizzy' in their Derby dissipations, or when they waste their time in trying to knock over the wood hares which Cockneys shoot at, at Cremorne? How the (dash), Sir, can a fellow with his nose chained to the desk pretend to have an insight into military matters: and what the (dash dash) can a snob who gets his bread and cheese by scribbling know about the dressing or the drilling of a sharpshooter, or the manœuvring or management of a corps of Volunteers? Let the cobbler stick to his wax and the shopman to his shop; and let the penny-a-liner people, who write what I believe are called the leading articles, give up trying to lead the public to imagine that the Press knows more than the authorities, and that the rules which have been issued for the guidance of the Rifle Clubs would have been drawn with more good sense, and with less bad English, had they been framed (say) in Fleet Street instead of at the Horse Guards.

"In my censure of the conduct of the papers at this crisis, I must, however, make exception of one of your contemporaries, which seems to me to view the matter in a highly proper light, and to pay due deference to the (of course) superior wisdom of us military writers. Knowing the disrespectful way in which it spoke of the authorities, when the Crimean (so called) 'blunders' were (as it was said) 'confirmed by the Government Commissioners,' it may surprise you to hear that the journal which I think deserves some praise is the *Examiner*. Upon the much debated subject of military dress, this paper makes the following most sensible remarks:—

"With respect to dress, we trust that the good sense of the people will prevent it from being influenced by the insidious counsel of military reformers, who would set at nought the hallowed experience of ages, and the rules and regulations of the Horse Guards. A blacksmith and a tailor, say these doctrinaires, dress in the manner best suited to their respective trades, and why should not a soldier do so? Simply, let us tell these wiseacres, because blacksmiths and tailors require the free use of their limbs, whether to wield the hammer or to ply the needle; whereas the soldier need only move by word of command, and has to preserve an outward appearance which cannot be sacrificed with impunity. A soldier with the free use of his arms and legs would become a mutineer in twenty-four hours, and it is from a well-founded conviction of the necessity of muscular restraint, as a preservative of discipline, that our military authorities insist upon the present style of dress. We trust therefore that the Volunteers will steer clear of all new-fangled ideas on this subject, and conform to the existing regulations."

"The dress which the *Examiner* proceeds to recommend is fashioned on the best of military models, and if it be not serviceable, at any rate is soldierlike:—

"A close fitting tunic, with plenty of lace and buttons; a leather stock (nothing gives so military an appearance as a stiff neck!); a top-heavy knapsack, difficult to put on, and impossible to shake off; cross-belts requiring daily pipe-claying; trousers tight round the seat, and baggy round the ancles, so as to catch the brambles and draggle in the mud; boots of the Weedon type; the serviceable and becoming infantry shako, with the regulation great coat to say the rain up in wet weather, form a dress in which British soldiers have fought and conquered, and which no brave Volunteer should be afraid to wear."

"Afraid! ay, that's just it, Sir! One of the chief beauties of the British soldier's dress is that it serves to test the courage of the wearer. A man must needs be gifted with no ordinary pluck, to face not merely death, but a life of killing torture. Cramped and fettered as he is by his hard, stiff stock and cross-belts, and weighed down by his shako and 'top-heavy' knapsack, his powers of endurance are put early to the proof, and one may tell within a week or so what sort of stuff he's made of. Moreover, knowing what a deadly foe consumption is to face, a man who dare stand water, in a regulation sop-coat, may be trusted to stand fire as an agreeable alternative. I insist then that the dress most fit for Volunteers is one that should be fashioned on the model which the Horse Guards has, in its all-excelling wisdom, invented for the 'regulars.' Of course we military men can put no faith in Volunteers until they give us ocularly good proof of their valour; and for this reason alone I should advise them to adopt such a uniform as ours, though its usefulness and elegance are quite enough to recommend it. With regard to the colour to be chosen for their clothing, your clear-headed contemporary most sensibly says this:—

"Among those who glory in outraging the best feelings of our nature, there are some who have even objected to the colour which immemorial usage has established for the dress of riflemen. They contend that it results from repeated experiments that, of all colours that could be selected, dark green is the one least suited to skirmishers, as being at a certain distance more conspicuous than even red; while silver or iron grey so completely blends with the colour of surrounding objects at a few hundred yards' distance as to be almost indistinguishable, and offer no mark to the enemy. We fully admit all this, but we have yet to learn that the British Volunteer wishes to conceal himself from his foe. So an English an idea is worthy of men who advocate vote by Ballot! The Horse Guards have established dark green as the proper dress to be worn by Rifle Corps, and unless disposed to question the military judgment of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and the PRINCE CONSORT, our Volunteers will do well to adopt a colour which history has immortalised as the Horse Guards' Green."

"Sir, these are brave and manly sentiments, and will find an echo in every British breast! I congratulate the writer, penny-a-liner though he be, upon taking so conservative and clear-sighted a view of a matter which civilians are mostly in the dark about. What, Sir! Are our skirmishers to be afraid to show themselves? Are we Englishmen to take a mean advantage of invaders, by sneaking behind hedgerows in invisible grey clothing, and thence to shoot them down like dogs without offering them a chance of their returning us the compliment? Forbid it, chivalry and courage! forbid it, all the laws of fair and gentlemanly warfare! No, no. Come what danger may, by Jove! we *must* stick to our colours. Newspapers may call us foolhardy if they will, but vulgar taunts will not provoke us to forget what is 'immortalised.' The man who shrinks from wearing green wears, clearly, the white feather, and is unworthy of the name of a British Rifleman!

"I remain, Sir, yours indignantly,

"A VETERAN, BY JOVE! SIR! AND NOT A VOLUNTEER."

"*Pipeclay Club, Saturday.*"

"P.S. My friend SHARPSKULLE tells me that he thinks I am mistaken, and that the (blanked) article I've quoted is meant to be ironical. But this need not prevent your printing *my* opinions; only it shows what (blankblanked) scoundrels all you literary men are, when you write what you don't mean, and cheat one into fancying that you really *do* mean it."

A TÊTE À TÊTE WITH TAIT.

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas."

THE All Saints' crows his Lordship pets,
And, hoping against hope, forgets
The many birds that thence have come,
Fled to the rookery of Rome:
Forgets his summary eviction
Of priests from Pimlico; no fiction,
But sternly real: witness POOLE,
Who sloped before his sharp ferule.
Anent which cases, *Punch*, Confessor,
To the British Public is addresser:—

"Can it be right away to fritter,
Consistency for gold and glitter?
Can it be right to consecrate
The new church in Street Margaret,
Which looks more Puseyite by far
Than English churches elsewhere are?
Must then a WESTERTON arise,
To clear the case for his Lordship's eyes:
Or *Bishop Punch* let fall the weight
Of his oak truncheon on TAIT'S *tête?*"

THE PRICES OF SEATS.

A SEAT in the Park costs One Penny.
A Seat for Marylebone costs £6,000.

Really, we would sooner have a seat for the former than the latter. Once seated, you can sit without fear of any one turning you out; and instead of a discordant braying Vestry continually bellowing in your ears, you have some charming music to listen to. You have no parish PUBLICOLAS to seduce you with their eloquence, it is true; but then, to compensate for that loss, you have some of the most beautiful women in the world to look at, until you regret that your bosom does not contain a thousand hearts, that you might give one to each.

In addition to the above advantages, for which, in the language of the late lamented MR. RICHARDSON, "there is no extra charge," you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have in your pocket a comforting little balance of £5,999 19*s.* 11*d.* We would see the Marylebone publicans giving body to their porter by committing suicide in their own vats, and the Marylebone bill-posters stuck against their own walls first, sooner than they should have a single penny of it.

HOW VERY KIND!

Knowing Old Hand, who evidently does NOT want to keep the best of the water to himself. *"Don't you think, my dear fellow, you had better fish from the other side, and then we shall be less likely to interfere with each other."*

ANOTHER AUSTRIAN DEFEAT.

By all accounts, the Austrians must soon face another enemy besides the two they are engaged with. Besides the French and the Sardinians, report says, they will shortly have to battle with the Jews. It is believed that before long they will find their cash run short, and that, besides their foes, they will have to front their creditors. The banks of Austria, says rumour, will in a few months be evacuated as cleanly and completely as have been those of the Mincio. Now, squeezing money from the Jews is the hardest of all fights, and of all fights the most certain to result in a defeat. It would, therefore, not surprise us, if the Austrians should find that their battle for the rhino will prove as damaging and as disastrous to their credit, as has been the battle which they lost at Solferino.

A DROP OF TRUTH.—"I can't see" (says LADY S—) "what the people want with drinking fountains, when there are so many milk-shops!"

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

MR. PUNCH having accepted office as Purveyor-General of Puns to the Royal (and every other British) household, presented himself yesterday to his University constituents, in order to go through the constitutional formality of being re-elected as their representative. It being known that *Mr. Punch* would make a speech on the occasion, the interest taken in the proceedings was of course intense. Long before the hour which was appointed for the ceremony, all approaches to the place of nomination were blocked up; and when *Mr. Punch's* carriage reached the Convocation House, the only modes of entrance left him were, by scrambling down the chimney or by taking off the roof. As the latter operation would have kept the meeting waiting, *Mr. Punch*, with that urbanity which always has distinguished him, consented to submit his sacred person to the former; observing, as he did so, that few men entered Parliament with cleaner hands than he did; and that, having swept LORD DERBY out of Downing Street, there could be no objection to his looking like a Derby sweep. A *facilis descensus* being happily accomplished, *Mr. Punch* forthwith exchanged his soot for a Court suit, and, appearing on the platform, was greeted with the most tumultuous applause. When the cheering had subsided, the VICE-CHANCELLOR proposed *Mr. Punch* for re-election in the following highly classical and complimentary remarks:—

"Adsum hodiè, Academici, ut suffragiis vestris commendem virum omnium virorum præclarissimè illustrem, cujus quidem magnæ bonæque qualitates sunt in nostris oribus et auribus familiares ut sunt illa verba quæ 'domestica' vocantur (*plausus*). Sum super mea crura ut illum vobis nominem, sed nomen tam benè notum nominarem non necesse est. Neque est necesse, neque id foret possibile, hunc virum apud vos toomuchium laudare. (*Non! non!*) Quis enim Doctorum ac Academicorum ignorat quantùm ille polleat virtute, quàm sit rebus publicis versatus et privatis, quàm sciens (scio equidem) omnigenæ doctrinæ, quàm literis excellens, quàm oratione stunnans, quàm vitæ atque morum integer et purus, quantùm denique. Est ille nptosnuffiçè levatus, et quàm benè expertus in tempore diei (*audite!*): ita ut haud mente humanâ possit concipi ullus alius mortalis qui Nos in senatû tam dignè representet. (*Audite! audite!*) Non vir ordinaris has partes potest ägere, non homo communis vestris igitur suffragiis est nunc exornandus; sed Is, cujus ingenium, wittum, et doctrinam, totus mundus civilisus admiratur et applaudat. Is, quem in verbis Aristotliensibus τετράγωνος ἄνευ ψόγου vocare licet. At quod est, vernaculariter, Brickus nullusque error! Eligere hunc hominem vos jumpere debetis! (*Magnus plausus.*) Nemo sed is ipse unquam potest esse parallela ejus. (*Major plausus.*) Eum denique pro omni in omni capiatis, namque haud ullum ei similens in vitâ hâc videbitis. (*Plausus tumultuosus.*) Concludo igitur, amici, nominando MAGNUM PUNCHIUM, virum piissimum et perfacetissimum, pro vobis in Ede Communium resedere."

A prolonged burst of cheering followed this address; and no rival appearing, *Mr. Punch* was re-elected, and addressed the learned Meeting in the following neat speech:—

"Amici, atque Acad-amici. (*Vox: Oh! oh!*) Solitus ut sum ad publicum loquendum, tamen mihi est diabolicè difficile invenire verba meos sensus quæ exprimant. Hoc verè est proudissimum momentum meæ vitæ. (*Plausus.*) Vobis cunctis, Academici, et præsertim meo bono amico qui jamjam elocutus est, meas optimas et calidissimas velim dare gratias. Virtus, ut vos scitis est sûi rewardus (*audite!*), Anglia expectat ut quisque homo suum 'duty' semper faciet. Ego meum semper feci, nemo id potest negare (*Non! non!*): et in hac nunc eligendo vos vestrum jam fecistis. (*Plausus.*) Brevitas, vos scitis, anima est *Punchii*: ergo, Academici, vos non detinebo. (*Vox: Non ad omne!*) Dicam igitur 'Valete!' non necesse est ut vobis adderem nunc 'Plaudite!'"

At the conclusion of this eloquent and highly classical address, *Mr. Punch* resumed his seat amid thunders of applause,—"tria tempora tria" being called for in his honour, with the usual addition of a "parvum unum in." *Mr. Punch* then having quaffed a glass of College ale, just to take the taste of the dog Latin from his mouth, jumped into a special train, which was in waiting, and reached his home in time to take his *Judy* to the Haymarket, where he found that the new play of the *Contested Election* had attracted pretty nearly as closely-crammed an audience as had *Mr. Punch's un*-contested election, whereof he to posterity here hands down the particulars.

VERY APPROPRIATE.—We are informed by the *Moniteur*, that GENERAL DE LA HITTE, who has made the new rifle cannon his especial study, is about to join the army of Italy. If a name can carry luck with it, GENERAL DE LA HITTE is clearly "the right man in the right place."

CRUEL JOKE AT A FÊTE.

Horrid Boy (to his Cousin). "I SAY, ROSE! WASN'T THAT MAJOR DE VERE WHO JUST LEFT YOU?"

Rose. "YES!"

Horrid Boy. "AH, THEN, I THINK HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT A TREMENDOUS BLACK SMUDGE YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR NOSE!" [*N.B. Of course there is no smudge; but there's no looking-glass within miles for poor Rose to satisfy herself.*

THE FOREIGN OFFICE SPELLING-BOOK.

(*As* LORD MALMESBURY *would have it.*)

WE understand that on his taking his departure from the Foreign Office, LORD MALMESBURY presented to the clerks, by way of *souvenir*, the very graceful and appropriate gift of a new Spelling-book, which his Lordship had himself been compiling for their use. His Lordship having lately given vent to the opinion that what is called Orthography is no test of education, that spelling is at best a most "capricious science," and that the fashions of it alter as often as new bonnets, his Lordship's Spelling-book will be perused with no small interest, as embodying his somewhat peculiar ideas. Some notion may be formed of the scope and style of the great work from the following *excerpta* from its concluding pages, which are devoted to a series of questions to the student, founded on the rules before propounded for his guidance:—

"In spelling the word 'Kollonies' do you generally begin with a 'C' or with a 'K,' and do you prefer using three l's, two, or one?

"How is the word 'Goverment' usually spelt now, and in how many distinct ways can you remember to have seen it spelt?

"What do the three letters 'C,' 'A,' and 'T' stand for? and can you suggest any variation in the spelling?

"How does MAYOR spell 'beleive,' with the e first or the i? Which do you prefer yourself, and state your reasons for your preference?

"In what number of wrong ways can you write the phrase 'in toetal vialation of our treatise.' Mention, if you can, a Foreign Office precedent for the use of each.

"In speaking of an author, would you call him a 'littery' or 'litterary' person? Which is the best way of spelling the word 'artikle;' and which do you write oftenest, 'nuespaper' or 'noospaper?'

"Do you incline at all to the phonetic way of spelling? If so, and you write your words as you pronounce them, would you, as a fashionable man, write the word 'orwewy' with two *r*s or with three?

"When you invite a man to dine with you, do you terminate the word 'dinnaw' with *aw*, or *er*? And do you like to put one *n* or two *n*s in the middle?

"In the course of your experience in a Foreign Office clerkship, have you ever come across a Governmental document, in any part of which you could pick out six words following, spelt as any spelling-book or dictionary spells them?

"Can you write 'a blind pig' with the use of but two letters? If not, state your reasons for believing it impracticable.

"How is the word 'Erthkwake' written in your office? And do you recollect ever seeing it spelt 'Earthquake?'

"Do you know how DR. JOHNSON spells the word 'orthogggraphy?' Mention your authorities for using the three *g*s.

"'*At the cieling of these presence.*' Is this phrase correctly spelt? and, if you think not, how would you proceed to alter it?

"When writing a letter on the third day of the week, do you in general head the sheet with 'Twosday,' or with 'Toosday?' State which of these you think is most correct, and which word of the two you, in your own mind, fancy looks best.

"If you were in a hurry, and had to write the word 'inalienable,' how would you contrive to render it intelligible?

"How does WALKER spell the words 'shuting,' 'wip,' and 'dawg cart?' and in what way do you yourself prefer to spell them?

"With how many wrong letters could you write the word 'kauphy,' if you gave your mind to it?

"Does JOHNSON spell 'Jography' with a 'G' first or a 'J?'

"'Obstreperous' or 'Obstropolous?' Which of these is commonly adopted in the Foreign Office, and which do you consider the most gentlemanly spelling?

"Did you ever write the word 'Yatch' right at the first shot; and have you never in despair been reduced to write it 'yot?'"

A VICTORIA CROSS FOR THE LADIES.

FIRST DISTRIBUTION.

MR. PUNCH has long felt that acts of the most devoted heroism are perpetually being performed by the ladies, without the slightest recognition from the Lords of Creation. The French have the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which may be awarded (it is believed) to both sexes. Whether this be so or not, the *prix Monthyon*, for acts of exemplary virtue, is certainly open to the fairer half of the species. Among ourselves, the Victoria Cross has been instituted for the reward of distinguished gallantry, but it is as yet confined to our soldiers. Woman "*Laudatur et alget.*" Let a member of the sweeter sex rise to heroism even of the sublimest order, her virtue must still be its own reward. Feeling this wrong deeply, *Mr. Punch* as chosen champion of that delicious portion of the creation, of which his *Judy* is a distinguished ornament, has determined to remedy so crying an injustice, by the institution—at his own expense—of a *Victoria Cross for Ladies*.

The cross is of gold filagree, and may be worn either suspended by a ribbon round the neck, like a locket, or as a brooch, or ornament to the waist-belt.

It is only bestowed for acts of distinguished heroism performed in society, where other ladies are present, and where the *bataille des dames* is being waged with the usual weapons of the sex; or for acts of unexampled resistance to temptation. It is open to all classes of society.

The first distribution of this new mark of distinction took place at *Mr. Punch's* Office last week, when the Ladies' Victoria Cross of Valour was awarded:—

No. 1. To MISS PRISCILLA WARBOYS (of Evergreen Lodge, Holloway), for at once avowing herself thirty-seven, in answer to an invidious question put by MISS COLDSTREAM (who is herself five years younger), in the presence of four other ladies, three of them unmarried, and with five gentlemen in the room.

N.B. MISS WARBOYS is so well preserved that she might readily pass for twenty-nine.

2. To MRS. BLADEBONE (of Canonbury Square, Islington), for heroic resistance to temptation in passing along the whole length of Regent Street and Langham Place, the day after last quarter-day, in the company of MR. BLADEBONE, without once stopping at a bonnet-shop, or making any remark on the contents of any of the milliners', haberdashers', drapers', or shawl-merchants' windows. MRS. BLADEBONE was aware that MR. B. had just received his salary.

3. To MRS. WRENCH (of No. 99, Victoria Square, Pimlico), for receiving, without any exhibition of irritation, or any attempt at apology, two gentlemen invited to dinner by her husband without any previous notice (the invitation having been given after a Greenwich dinner the night before, and MR. W. having unaccountably forgotten the occurrence),—though there was only hashed mutton for dinner, and the unexpected guests were driven to eke out their meal with bread-and-cheese. Under these most trying circumstances, MRS. WRENCH is proved (on the evidence of the maid-servants, and her own mother-in-law, who resides in the house,) to have been unembarrassed, and even cheerful, though MR. W. has the character of a person who attaches exaggerated importance to what he calls "the duty of keeping up appearances." This almost incredible feat of heroism is further confirmed by the testimony of both the male guests on the occasion, who are married men. They declare they couldn't have believed it unless they had seen it, and they have given serious offence at home by repeating the circumstance.

4. To MISS PEDDLES (of Rutland Gate, Kensington Gore), for repeated acts of heroism in covering, by an accompaniment much louder than was warranted by the composer, the false notes of MISS BLAIR, an acquaintance and rival, at LADY SCRIMGEOUR'S *matinée musicale*.

5. To BETSY PRIGGLESWORTH (laundress), for repeated acts of heroism in leaving untouched, for the whole of a long vacation, in a closet in the chambers of her employer, MR. O'MULLIGAN, of Gray's Inn, the remains of sundry bottles of spirits, partially emptied by that gentleman, and left by him without any protection or safeguard whatever. These acts of heroic self-restraint are proved by MR. O'MULLIGAN'S own evidence. Arriving suddenly from Ireland, at a late hour of the night, by the Holyhead train, when all the public-houses in the neighbourhood were closed, and visiting his closet as a forlorn hope, he made the welcome but most unexpected discovery of the bottles in question, the temptation of which had been so heroically resisted by MRS. PRIGGLESWORTH.

6. To LADY BLANCHE CASTLETON, eldest daughter of the EARL OF HUNGERDOWN (of Castleton Manor, Wilts), for her heroism in resisting the attempts of LADY BITTERSTONE to press a footstool on her country neighbour, MISS MILLICENT CLODCRUSHER (the effect of whose pretty face is liable to be marred by the shape and dimensions of her feet,) during a morning call, at which several persons of both sexes were present, and where much attention was being paid to MISS C. by the son of the county member.

7. To CORNELIA, wife of ALGERNON SIDNEY BULCHIN (M.P. for Little Pedlington), for her heroic presence of mind in immediately throwing into the fire an invitation to Cambridge House, intended, no doubt, to undermine the independence of her husband in the discharge of his legislative duties.

8. To EMMA PLAINWAY (wife of MR. JOSEPH PLAINWAY, head clerk in H.M. Red Tape and Sealing-wax Department), for her heroism in always speaking of the gentleman in black, who carries round the dishes at her dinner-party of the season, as "our green-grocer."

"THE BITTER CUP."

WE see something advertised under the above name. We do not know what it is, nor do we care to know, for "a bitter cup" possesses but few recommendations for our lips. It may be a cheerful companion to "THORLEY'S MUG," for anything we know. Bitterness that arises out of one's cups is a thing rather to be avoided, we should say. The man, who is dejected, or in misfortune, is said to drink out of "a bitter cup," and, taking hold of it in this sense, we should think that the Conservatives have been of late drinking very deeply out of this playful pitcher. We make an honourable exception in favour of DISRAELI, for he does not want any bitterness. For ourselves, we do not require anything of the kind, for we always take to our liquor in the kindest manner. If we have a preference, we would sooner have a Cup of Bitters to a "Bitter Cup" any day. We should say that the latter too frequently left an unpleasant taste behind it. Perhaps the "Bitter Cup" is "the glass too much" that Paterfamilias, carried away by his feelings and the gin punch at Richmond, is sometimes apt at this thirsty time of the year to take overnight. Away, far away from us any such treacherous, poisonous Cup! Repentance lurks at the bottom of it! The "Salmon" enters too deeply into its contents, and hence the "swimming headache" that so frequently arises the next morning from a person incautiously partaking of that most intemperate of fish. It is time that the Salmon took the pledge!

Austria's Four-leaved Shamrock.

"AUSTRIA," says a journal in her interests, "will deal retribution on the platform of her Quadrilateral." *Nous verrons.* Entire change of tactics sometimes succeeds, and this is assuredly the very first time Austria has ever tried to deal on the Square.

A STRIKING FAILURE.

How can we expect the House of Commons to abandon its night sittings, and not to sit up, like a parcel of old women, talking so late, when the very Clock, that is supposed to guide their movements, sets them the wretched example it does in keeping such very bad hours?

KEEP WATCH!

THE LION AND THE EAGLES.

RED beaks and red talons, wild wheeling, and soaring,
Hot eyes darting hate, twin fierce screams of disdain,
Then a rush to mad grapple, and see, there comes pouring
Torn plumage, in blood, on the beautiful plain!

So fight the fell Eagles, while deep in the forest
There pants in heart-tremble the Dove on her spray;
Yet courage, thou gentle one, all thou abhorrest
Is crippled, self-maimed, in that venomous fray.

Who watches the Eagles: whose calm steady eye on
Their struggle is turned with the glance of a King?
Some live who can speak how the eye of the Lion
Has flamed into fire as he surged for a spring.

Some live not. What savage beside him is lying?
Avenged the pure blood on that savage's claws.
It is not so long since the Tiger lay dying
A prey to the wrath of those terrible jaws.

'Tis whispered, (yet who hath such secret in keeping?)
That when the fell Eagles from conflict shall part,
A stoop may be made upon lambs that are sleeping
In folds very dear to the Lion's great heart.

It may be—He knows he has torn down all foemen,
He knows WHO has armed him with courage and might,
And (accepting one enemy's corse as an omen)
The Lion of England is watching the fight.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 30. *Thursday.* They had all got back safe to their places (the Ministers), except MR. GLADSTONE, who was not prevented from running straight home (as may be supposed) by his seeing three courses before him, but by the Ultra-Conservatives of Oxford setting up an opposition to his return. To the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the Christianiser of HOMER, the Antitype of DEMOSTHENES, was opposed the Birmingham Railway, in the person of its Chairman, LORD CHANDOS. But in the end, the silver voice of GLADSTONE prevailed over the railway scream, though a new Evangelical whistle had been fitted on expressly for that occasion, to wake up torpid parsons in the provinces, and the CHANCELLOR triumphed by 1050 Oxonians to 859 High-lows.

In the Lords, the EARL OF GRANVILLE, who did not make a Ministry, explained how exceedingly glad he was that the business had been taken into stronger hands,—a gladness which the nation is happy to share with him. LORD MALMESBURY defended his conduct as Foreign Minister, declared that he had done all in his power to prevent the war, and insisted that in his despatches he had abused Austria quite as much as he had scolded the Allies. The COLONIAL SECRETARY stated that he did not know whether MR. COBDEN, just then returning from America, would take the office kept open for him by LORD PALMERSTON; but if the said RICHARD did join, he would perfectly understand that no Quakerly nonsense came into the QUEEN'S Councils with him, but that he associated himself with a Ministry that was going not only not to diminish the national defences, but largely to increase them. History might be an old almanack, but the history of the Victorian Age should not be *Poor Richard's Almanack*. It hath since been signified that MR. COBDEN will not join, for the which *Mr. Punch* may have something to say to him. It is to be hoped that MR. C. was not afraid of the Swells with whom he would have had to be connected. *Mr. Punch* can assure him that the real swell is highly affable; and it is only smart stock-jobbers and Manchester millionnaires, and other stuck-huppers, that would have objected to his Unadorned toilet, his probable ignorance of the biography of our opera-dancers, and his inability to pass an examination in club-window scandal. There was not much else to mark the opening night, except that Ministers promised Neutrality, and Opposition promised avoidance of Faction.

LORD PALMERSTON made his first speech as Premier, and expressed his intense satisfaction at being joined once more in government by his affectionate friend, JOHN RUSSELL. He announced that there was to be no Reform Bill this Session, as the estimates, budget, and other matters would last till the grouse-days, after which, of course, it would be unreasonable to expect gentlemen to stay in town to consider what votes could be given to mechanics. He hinted, however, that another Session might be necessary this year, but solemnly promised a Reform Bill as soon as possible. As regarded Foreign policy, it was rather amusing to notice, that the Ministers who have just got off the roundabout took glory to themselves for having acted exactly as the newly-mounted parties had advised; while the latter rested their claim to confidence on their pledge to follow exactly in the course chalked out for them by their predecessors.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER assailed the Government at once for a declaration that the country should be well defended,—but did not get it. MR. WHITESIDE introduced a plan for some law reform, of a consolidatory character, but was told by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that though the idea was meritorious as far as it went, it did not go far enough, and that the subject was in better hands.

Friday. LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL has appointed MR. BLACKBURN, barrister, the new Judge, *vice* ERLE, promoted. The Bar don't like an unknown man to be exalted; but the public, considering that the less you know of a lawyer the more likely you are to respect him, does not share this feeling; and Lords LYNDHURST, CRANWORTH, WENSLEYDALE, and CAMPBELL, all testified to-night to MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN'S learning, ability, sound law, virtue, and all the rest of the qualities appertaining to the English judge. LORD LYNDHURST took the opportunity of poking a Shakspearian compliment to LORD CAMPBELL on his attaining his new honours, and politely cited the passage in which *Macduff* remarks upon *Macbeth's* having it all now. Since the horrible disclosures which are now startling the world upon the subject of Shakspearian emendations, one is afraid to quote the divine WILLIAMS; but *Mr. Punch* would like to know in what edition LORD LYNDHURST'S citation calls the Macbeth witches "sisters." They were so no doubt, and the family must have been a pleasant one, and brought up in a way that does honour to Scotch education.

LORD RIPON announced that the Government meant to do a good deal for the Rifle Corps, but had an objection to their shooting the public generally while practising. LORD HOWDEN, who has lived nearly all his life on the Continent, asserted that every Frenchman and woman would exult in France's being able to humiliate England by invasion. Everybody concurred in the desirability of promoting the Rifle movement, without offensive reference to what might be the ultimate Target. LORD BROUGHAM dilated eloquently on the necessity of our having a splendid Navy, and the DUKE OF SOMERSET, who would not take the trouble to make himself heard, mumbled out a brief speech to the effect that everything would be done properly. If this is a specimen of the way SOMERSET is going to win the affections and confidence of the country, *Mr. Punch* may have occasion to invite his friend LORD PALMERSTON to reconsider ministerial arrangements.

Some miscellaneous and mainly, but not entirely, unprofitable talk in the Commons. It came out that the Board of Works (THWAITES'S) have actually commenced the "intercepting scheme" for the Metropolitan Sewage; and that we are to have a Bill for facilitating the getting on with the Divorces, for which there is so large a demand. And now for the Estimates.

For the better understanding of the Debates, ladies, *Mr. Punch* would mention to you that MR. BRAND is the new Whip, instead of HAYTER, deservedly whitebaited by his friends this week, and MR. MASSEY is the new Chairman of Committees instead of MR. FITZROY, who is Minister for minding the chairs in the Park, and had better do it, too. Chairman of Committees doesn't mean Speaker of the House, and it may be equally desirable to inform the British female that LORD CHANCELLOR does not mean CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and that the Master of the Rolls is not the husband of the Mistress of the Robes. This information may make things pleasanter at the breakfast table.

CLASSICAL BUTTER.

ANY reader who is scholarly enough to read dog Latin may get a quiet laugh from the report of the proceedings which took place at the Oxford University Election. The speech which was delivered in proposing MR. GLADSTONE, is given by the *Times* reporter at full length, and will repay perusal much better than most speeches. One advantage of the custom of spouting in dog Latin is, that it enables one to say the greatest nonsense, without one's being thought to be at all absurd in saying it. Moreover, one need never fear to lay one's κυδος on too thick, when one spreads it under cover of a classic phraseology. If wrapped in a dead language praises the most fulsome may be swallowed without sickening. MR. GLADSTONE, as all know, is the modestest of men, still he neither winced nor flushed at the Dean's speech in proposing him. Yet it was bristling with compliments as thickly as a sponge-cake porcupine with sweetmeats. Every other word was a laudatory adjective. "Virum doctissimum, dignissimum, diligentissimum,"—not a sentence but contained half a dozen of these "issimums." Well, of course all this was strictly in accordance with old precedents, and of course, too, whatever a Dean says must be right. Still, we doubt if doubtful Latin be a credit to our colleges: and we think that, at all future University Elections, better taste and better scholarship might certainly be shown, if the speeches were to smack more of the Study than the Buttery.

Captain Phiniken, from Country quarters. "*I fear, Smythers, my hair has not been done justice to, lately.*"

Smythers. "*Been bit hoff, Sir; bit hoff, I should say!*"

POETRY OF THE SEASON.

THE new potatoes now begin
To form a tender peel;
The wax erewhile that reigned within
Is changing into meal:
Of leg of mutton with a slice;
Of South Down mutton small;
I think they are so very nice:
Those fruit of Irish wall!

And peas have now attained the point
Whereat I love them best,
In sweet conjunction with the joint
To which they yield a zest.
For soft consistency with size
And flavour they unite,
A feast affording to the eyes
As well as appetite.

Peas and potatoes both give me,
Not old, but yet mature,
Far more than in their infancy
My fancy they allure.
And cheaper when they 've likewise got,
Cried round from door to door,
For them that work to boil the pot,
They relish all the more.

Artistic Description of London.

LONDON is COUNT MAROCHETTI'S Studio—for the Count is always exhibiting some piece of sculpture in some public place or other, and making monster statuesque experiments all over London. There are two of these experiments on view at the present moment. Certainly no English sculptor "tries it on" on the same gigantic scale as the Count. London is MAROCHETTI'S *Atélier*.

COMPANION TRIO TO THE THREE TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET.

THE Three Baronets of Downing Street. As the first trio thought that they were the people of England, so you may be sure the second trio consider themselves with equal truth to be the government of England.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

W. E. GLADSTONE presents his most respectful compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and earnestly implores the exercise of his authority, to prevent the junior electors of the University from addressing letters to W. E. G. during any future Election, of an undignified and irrelevant character. A perusal, very deferentially entreated, of the documents herewith enclosed, will, it is hoped, assure *Mr. P.* that his omnipotence is not evoked on any hasty or invalid plea.

I.

"*Brasenose College, Midnight.*

"Sir,—Before I again record my vote—and I use the word 'again' advisedly, having already polled twice for fun (once for you, and once for CHANDOS) on behalf of two extinct theologians, whose names I saw in the obituary—I feel conscientiously constrained to inquire, in the most solemn manner, whether you will pledge yourself, in case of re-election, to induce the House of Commons to consider, obtaining, if you can, a Government Commission to inquire, what more efficient means may be applied to the cleaning of Meerschaum pipes, because, Sir, I have just sucked in a lot of oil of tobacco, and the flavour is essentially and eminently unpleasant.

"Yours, &c.

"WILLS'S BIRDSEYE."

II.

[*The Latinity is execrable.*—W. E. G.]

"Beate Lapis!—Videsne quam subitò ex oculis nov Almæ Matris evanescit color viridis? O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori cuilibet istius generis in fronte Rhedicynæ! Illa olim sævissimam in muriâ deponens virgam, hæc verba iracundè dixit: '*Caveat Testamentum! Hæc pro partibus Infidelium est!*'

"Semper tuum,

"VERBUM SAP."

III.

"*Bray, Ireland.*

"The Vicar presents his compliments to MR. GLADSTONE, and, just about to put the finishing touch to his new steeple, would feel greatly obliged, if MR. G. would inform him whether there is anything particularly new in Vanes?"

IV.

"WILLIAM, why art thou like scalloped Lobster?

"'Because thou art deeply read'—NO, WILLIAM, but because thou art so amazingly good, and yet so liable to disagree with us."

HAPPY REMOVALS.

WE beg to congratulate the public on two happy removals that have got out of the way with the greatest possible grace and the smallest possible noise. The first of these removals is the Richmond Bridge Turnpike. It is very strange, the road to Hampton Court looks as clear again without it; and not only that, but the beautiful prospect in front appears now twice as open. The second removal, is of that large block of melancholy buildings that did duty as cavalry barracks near the Kensington Gate, on the Hammersmith Road. They are all swept away now, and the bricks that contributed to its ugliness may have helped to lay down the new pavement in Regent Street, for what we know. Why the same improving besom did not also sweep away the abominable gate that is by the side of it, is a mystery to us. Highwaymen are extinct, but turnpikes still hold their ground. A Turnpike gate is a licensed DICK TURPIN, for he allows no traveller to pass along his road without calling upon him to "stand and deliver." It is time that the highway was cleared of these insatiable robbers, that infest the neighbourhood of London in the same plundering degree as the banditti do the vicinity of Rome. We want some spirited REBECCA who, on the legal side of the hedge, could knock on the head this hydra-skulled monopoly, whose defiant motto too long has been:—"*Non Tol(l)i me Tangere.*" In the meantime, the Richmond Turnpike has set a graceful example by quietly walking itself off. We will not attempt to follow it, but will only indulge in the passing wish that the other Turnpikes round the Metropolis would endeavour to imitate its elastic gait!

Chair Proprietor. "WOULD YOU PLEASE TO PAY FOR THE CHEERS, MUM?"
Lady. "HOW MUCH?"
Chair Proprietor. "WELL, MUM—HOW MANY MIGHT YOU BE A SITTIN' ON?"

THE POPE AND THE PERUGIANS.

THE inhabitants of some of the Papal States having, immediately on the departure of the gentle Austrian troops, revolted against the mild rule of the SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, a note for the information of Foreign Courts was drawn up by the Cardinal Secretary of State, at the command of the Holy Father, as a preliminary to the reduction of his refractory subjects under subjection to the beneficent and blessed yoke of the Popedom. From this manifesto of infallible wisdom and goodness the subjoined is an extract. Having set forth that the people of Bologna had uttered seditious cries; had risen, some of them, in arms; had displayed tricoloured flags and cockades; had assembled in crowds before the Legate's palace, taken down the pontifical arms, and told the Cardinal Legate that they had constituted VICTOR EMMANUEL Dictator, and that the example of Bologna had been followed by Ravenna and Perugia, the papal document declares that—

"Such events taking place under the eyes and to the horror of all, cannot but fill with bitterness the paternal mind of his Holiness, who has seen with what fraudulent and malignant arts it has been, and still is, tried, to detach from his legitimate authority and government some provinces which have been primary objects of his most anxious love and beneficence."

In the bitterness which filled his paternal mind, the POPE formed a resolution, which is intimated in the conclusion of his note:—

"His Holiness finally reserves to himself to proceed to the acts necessary to maintain intact, by all the means with which Providence has entrusted him, the sacred and inviolable rights of the Holy See."

So the regiment called Swiss, to the honour and glory of Switzerland, which fights for the viceroy of the monarch whose kingdom is not of this world, stormed Perugia on the 20th instant,—"slaying," writes a person from Rome, "burning, and plundering, as if in an enemy's country." According to the same authority, "the soldiers broke into the houses whence they had been fired upon, and committed the most dreadful excesses." For example:—

"Nine women and children were victims to the ruthless soldiers in different houses, and the cruelties of war were aggravated by the horrors of licentiousness."

Such were the acts necessary to maintain intact the sacred and inviolable rights of the Holy See. The rights of the Holy See are inviolable under all circumstances; some other sanctities are not, as is proved by the sack of Perugia. That event also proves that the paternal mind had been filled with bitterness to overflowing. So much the worse for the women and children. The loyal Roman Catholics of England will not fail to contrast the conduct of the Papal troops, in merely massacring and outraging ladies and babies, whose husbands and fathers had rebelled against the Vicar of Heaven, with the ruthless slaughter and execution by British soldiers of our poor Sepoys, whose only crime was revolt against a power which is the great champion and supporter of heretical depravity.

When we consider the justice and mercy which—with an excess of the latter—characterise the temporal government of the POPE, and reflect that it derives these celestial qualities from that which constitutes the Holy Father's holiness; and when we further perpend the fact that the glorious war now raging in Italy,—in which we may have the pleasure of being involved, and to which we shall be indebted for a delightful increase of taxation,—is owing to the attempt of Austria to support a good system of government, inspired by the Holy Roman Hierarchy, and particularly the Jesuits, we see clearly what ignorant, uneducated, vulgar ninnies and noodles are all the opponents of Popery, and what wise and strong-minded men are those politicians who contemptuously but carefully affect to denominate them "old women."

An After Thought.

THERE is a tradesman in Manchester, where they do know what rain is, who has brought out a "METTERNICH UMBRELLA." Round the covering, which is of watered silk, there is engraved the diplomatist's falsified saying of "*Après moi, le Déluge.*" It is described as the safest thing going for keeping the wet out.

MISTAKEN ECONOMY.—It is folly, my Lords of the Admiralty, to ruin the British Fleet for the sake of a ha'porth of tar.

A CHAPTER ON SLANG.

How debased is that tongue, once our glory and pride;
By a torrent of Slang how remorselessly dyed;
As this *Punch* has observed with a patriot's pang,
He devotes to his country this Chapter on Slang.

To its champions and friends, from the small to the big,
From my LORD BOBBY CAUDLE to little BILL PRIGG;
Punch addresses these lines, and he hopes they'll amend,
When he holds up to laughter "our dashing young friend."

Our dashing young friend of to-day never tells
The hotel he puts up at, or house where he dwells,
Of his Diggins perchance we'll hear something about,
Or his Crib, or Concern, Sir, or where he Hangs out.

Our friend has no pocket, he may have a Fob,
Though it holds not a shilling, it may hold a Bob;
It has not a sixpence, or any coin in,
Though it may have a Tizzy, a Bender, or Tin.

Our friend of to-day has no watch to his name,
'Tis a Ticker, or Turnip; if wrong, it goes Lame:
What the hour is he knows not, though able to say
How the Enemy goes, or what's His time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing that's strange, it is Rum;
His is not a companion, he's always a Chum;
Though his Chum is not staunch, yet he may be a Brick,
And though young men are fast, all things else so are Slick.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Baw,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has ne'er had it raw;
His father's no father, but out of a joke,
He's the Guv'ner, Old Buffer, Old Cock, or Old Bloke.

Our friend of to-day has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he ne'er dresses well, though he Goes the whole hog,
He is then just the Cheddar, the Cut, Cheese, or Style,
Though his head bears a Bollinger, Beaver, or Tile.

Our friend prone to vices you never may see,
Though he goes on the Loose, or the Cut, or the Spree,
For brutally drunk, he's as Screwed as old Nick,
And you'll find him next morning, though Seedy not sick.

Our friend of to-day sees a Kid, not a child,
And he never gets steady, he Draws the thing mild;
A jest should be Knocked off, Cheesed, Shut up, or Stashed,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claret-jug squashed.

Our friend never suffers a fraud or a cheat,
He is Gammon'd, or Sold, or Let into it sweet;
He never retreats, though he Mizzles it quick,
Or he Slopes, Bolts, or Hooks it, or else Cuts his stick.

Our friend of to-day is not calm, he is Cool,
And a man who's not wise, must be Soft, or a Fool;
For a scolding, he always Comes in for a wigging,
A Rowing, a Jawing, a Lipping, or Rigging.

Mr. Punch thinks it high time his Shop to shut up,
He commends these remarks to each Darling young pup,
Who in slang words deals largely, and thinks it Dem rare,
Like our snobs, nobs, and footpads, to slang, and to swear.

A Sting in a Title.

BY way of reprimand, the sarcastic nature of which we do not exactly understand, COUNT GYULAI is to be created for his misdeeds, "The Ban of Croatia." If the desire was to stigmatise the Count, why not have called him in plain language at once, instead of the Ban of Croatia, "The Bane of Austria?"

ONE MORE BOMBA.

Le Roi Bomba est mort; vive le Roi Bomba! Such might well be the exclamation of Neapolitan loyalty. The Naples Correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes word that—

"The new King of the Two Sicilies inaugurates his Government by continuing the system of the late King. Arrests are every day made in order to intimidate and prevent any public manifestation of sympathy for the war of Italian independence. To form part of any demonstration; to raise a hat when the new Piedmontese Envoy passes; to talk of the victories of the allied armies; to wear in the button-hole a pink, white and red, which with the green stalk would together form the tricolor, and a thousand other futile causes, is sufficient to cause the offender to be thrown into a dungeon."

Thus "AMURATH an AMURATH succeeds, and BOMBA BOMBA," to take a slight liberty with the mighty line of SHAKSPEARE. The son takes after the father, with the addition of being apparently somewhat deranged. Rampant and outrageous insolence, ridiculous in its extravagance, on the part of a flunkey, is generally servile imitation. Like master like man. According to the authority already quoted:—

"The prefect of the police insults the prisoners by telling them that the liberators of Italy, VICTOR EMMANUEL, and LOUIS NAPOLEON, will soon come and release them from their cells."

This functionary might be thought to have taken the historical character of our JUDGE JEFFERIES for his model, were there not reason for supposing that the madness of mockery above instituted had been copied from the contemporary pattern of his own king. BOMBA THE SECOND, if the subjoined statement—from the same source as the foregoing—is true, must be as mad as any dog in these dog-days.

"FILANGIERI and other generals have visited the forts of the city, and prepared a plan of defence for the kingdom; and from remarks which dropped from one of the Generals, it appears that the King has it in contemplation to attack the French troops at Rome, and put down the insurrection in the Romagna. This surmise is confirmed by the departure of nine battalions of troops commanded by GENERAL DE BENEDICTIS. The ambulances have been ordered, as well as the military chest."

The strait-waistcoat ought to be ordered, and the cold *douche*, for the KING OF NAPLES. Perhaps, however, not the cold *douche*. The madness of his Majesty may be so thoroughly canine that it would be only aggravated by that remedy. The French troops at Rome are sleeping dogs, which any small puppy but a very rabid one would be only too glad to let lie. If young BOMBA really does entertain the design of attacking them, he must be in a desperate state of hydrophobia. It is to be hoped that he has no counsellor wise enough to try to dissuade him from attempting that frantic enterprise, and possessed of influence enough over him to induce him to abandon it. Happy will it be for his subjects if he is invincibly bent on courting his own political destruction, and getting the Bourbon dynasty improved from off the face of the earth.

A MELANCHOLY VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

HAVING mentioned that the BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR, the other day, held a confirmation in the chapel of the British Embassy at Constantinople, the correspondent of the *Post* at that city says:—

"On the same day SIR HENRY AND LADY BULWER were present at the marriage of PRINCE JEAN CARAFA, and MDLLE. CAROLINE DURAND. His Excellency addressed a few words of encouragement and advice to the young married couple after the ceremony."

Very kind, and as far as advice went, useful, no doubt, was the discourse which SIR HENRY BULWER was good enough to address to the youthful pair. They may have profited by the advice of an experienced diplomatist, but in what way could they have required his encouragement? Are we to regard them as a poor young Prince and Princess, beginning the world with nothing to depend upon but their own exertions, and with the prospect of a large family, whose cradles the Prince will have, in the first three or four instances at least, to rock? Did the Princess want to be inspired with hope in the prospect of keeping a mangle, and the Prince to be persuaded to take a cheerful view of having to turn it? The difficulty of making both ends meet is one which a newly-married bride and bridegroom uniting youth and inexperience with slender means, may be materially helped to surmount by a little cheering exhortation, but there cannot well be conceived any other which they are likely to encounter, and not likely to get over perfectly well without anybody's encouragement. Perhaps, however, the immense amount of justice which has to be administered by the Probate and Divorce Court has suggested a view of matrimony so gloomy as to constitute for a young couple just married a need to be emboldened to expect domestic happiness.

On the Advertising Pillar at Hyde Park Corner.

THOUGH, to those whose profession's to advertise stuff,
It's useful for drawing the tanners,
Good taste must object to a permanent puff,
And call it a piece of bad "Manners."

A LITTLE FARCE AT A RAILWAY-STATION.

Lady. "I WANT ONE TICKET—FIRST!"

Clerk. "SINGLE?"

Lady. "SINGLE! WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO YOU, SIR, WHETHER I'M SINGLE OR NOT? IMPERTINENCE!"

[*Clerk explains that he meant Single or Return, not t'other thing.*

REDESDALE'S WORST FEARS.

"MY worst fears are realised!"—husbands obtain
A happy release from a foul marriage chain,
And ill-treated wives get delivered from brutes;
The wicked Divorce Act is bearing these fruits.

What worse makes the matter, these couples belong
To the snobbish *hoi polloi*, the mercantile throng,
A set of mean people, of middle degree,
Who make dirty incomes beneath Schedule D.

Thank Goodness! the husband in humblest low life
Must still remain link'd to an infamous wife;
And the wife a fast knot to the savage wretch ties,
Who beats her, and kicks her, and blackens her eyes.

Divorce for the million continues too dear,
'Tis, happily, out of the labourer's sphere;
But soon will its price to their means be brought down,
Insuring the fall of the Church and the Crown!

Those whom Heaven united let nobody sever,
Was the mandate divine, irreversible ever,
Except by the highest tribunal's decree—
The fiat, I mean, of your Lordships and me.

With divine obligations for us to dispense
Was all right and proper; the cost was immense;
The petitioner having much money to pay,
Religion was honoured, and wealth had its way.

But, now that our privilege high we've resigned,
And divorce to the rich is no longer confined,
The law from above by men lower than Peers
Set aside—realises the worst of my fears.

A Fight for a Seat.

IN Rathbone Place, we read the following announcement:—

"SEATS LENT FOR BALLS AND ROUTS."

We are anxious to know whether the "Seat of War" was sent out from the above establishment? for that is a Seat which of all others has lately had the greatest share of "Balls and Routs"—the French giving the former with the greatest success, and the Austrians going in for the latter in a manner that left all competition far behind them.

THE OPPOSITE SEX.—We never know what a woman doesn't mean until she has spoken.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 4. The House of Lords received, for the first time, the illustrious VERNON SMIJTH, who has cast his SMITH and now flutters as the gilded and gaudy LYVEDEN. And a more useful addition was made to it in the person of the late SIR BENJAMIN HALL, now LORD LLANOVER, which does not rhyme to Hanover but to Dover.

The House of Commons was menaced by MR. EDWIN JAMES with a speech on behalf of MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY, on a given date. The subject is too terrible for jesting. LORD PALMERSTON repeated that he could bring in no Reform Bill in the present session. It must be a severe trial to this zealous reformer to restrain his natural eagerness to enlarge the franchise and to realise MR. TENNYSON'S ideal of a Cabinet:—

"And statesmen at Her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree
Which kept Her throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon Her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

Tuesday. LORD LYNDHURST came out with a spirited speech, in which he declared that, speaking only from a Defensive point of view, we ought to have ships enough to smash the navies of France and Russia; another fleet to hold the Mediterranean; another to protect the West Indies; and another to see after Ireland, in case the Liberators of mankind should look upon the Irish as an oppressed nationality. We ought, he thought, to enlarge all our arsenals and garrison all our fortresses; and then, he conceived we might smile with much affability upon the world generally. Expense was nothing, and *væ victis*. The "old man eloquent" is hereby rewarded with three cheers from *Mr. Punch*. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who knows more about foreign politics and foreign feelings than any nobleman in the world,—with the single exception, of course, of LORD PUNCH DE FLEETSTREET,—also thought that England ought not to live upon sufferance. LORD GRANVILLE, for the Government, did not think it likely that France, engaged in war (GRANNY'S ideas were charmingly illustrated by the news of Friday), would attack us, and as for Russia, she was engaged only in improving the condition of her subjects. Happily, the practical part of his speech atoned for his ridiculous balderdash, or by this time MASTER GRANVILLE would have been kicked out of office by *Mr. Punch*. He stated that we were arming as fast as we could. LORD HARDWICKE justly remarked that it was too late to arm when you were knocked down. The DUKE OF SOMERSET made an excessively foolish and petulant speech, and but that LORD PALMERSTON has ordered this person to improve the Navy in every way, and that PAM is not a man to care for EDWARD ADOLPHUS SOMERSET'S ill-temper, and is just as likely as not to say, "Come up, Neddy," should ADOLPHUS insist on keeping his ducal foot stuck in a bureaucratic plug-hole, *Mr. Punch* would certainly use his *bâton* on the fourteenth duke. He may catch it yet. LORD BROUGHAM thought that we should be ready for a row, and LORD ELLENBOROUGH gave it to GRANVILLE for his drawing-room twaddle. ELEPHANTBOROUGH did not believe in moral influence unless supported by physical force. The DUKE OF ARGYLE was, if possible, sillier than the other duke, but he will look particularly queer if a regiment of Zouaves should quarter themselves in the big hall in Sutherland House, make targets of the statues, and poke holes in that charming picture of her Grace and the baby in the dining-room. The DUKE OF RUTLAND, taking title from a little county, made a little speech, but it was to the purpose. *Mr. Punch* entirely approves of the conduct of the Lords who recommended earnest attention to our national defences, and it is not the sneers of any organ of unwashed and spiteful refugees that will induce the people to think

that the English Peers went out of their way in demanding protection for the English soil. In this sense *Mr. Punch* is a most bigoted Protectionist, and would impose the largest amount of duty upon those whose business it is to be our watchmen.

Various matters were talked over in the Commons. MR. GREGORY brought up the case of MR. RYLAND, who seems to have been done out of an office he held in Canada, some years back. He appears to have been treated with remarkable injustice. *Mr. Punch*, who has scarcely time to do more than save the country about four times a week, has not read the documents, but is perfectly satisfied to rest upon the opinion of MR. WELSBY, one of the ablest and most right-minded members of the bar, who has pronounced strongly for MR. RYLAND. *Mr. P.* therefore endorses the petition—"Let right be done," and though the House did not care to be bored with a mere matter of honour and justice, it will be wiry times for some folks if *Mr. Punch* is again riled in behalf of RYLAND. MR. COLLIER brought in a Bill limiting the power of the county court judges to send folks to quod. At present, if a dirty messenger puts a dirty piece of paper into your hand in the street, and you, thinking it is an advertisement of DR. DIRT'S museum, or something cognate, throw it away and forget all about it, you are soon afterwards hauled to prison for forty days, on the charge of having manifested for the county court the contempt you felt for the quack. A good Rifle debate was followed by the defeat of an attempt by MR. ALCOCK to do away with turnpike tolls, and a Bill was introduced to get rid of the restriction which prevents a Papist from being Lord Chancellor of Ireland. There will be what is inelegantly designated a Howling Shindy about this Bill before it is done with.

Wednesday. The sitting was occupied in discussing a Bill of MR. DILLWYN'S on Endowed Schools. When these establishments were founded, there was no specific exclusion of Dissenters from their management, because just then the Dissenter was an uncreated animal, or, if a specimen of anything approaching the nature of such a creature lurked about, and read his Bible in ignoble holes, the haughty founders of schools would have thought it about as necessary to exclude him, as *Mr. Punch*, making his will, would deem it needful to provide that no Gorilla shall be his executor. Things have slightly altered, and the Dissenters think that they may now be permitted to share in the advantage of these endowments. It is an audacious prayer; and after two debates, the question was referred to a Committee.

Thursday. The improvement of the Divorce Court occupied the Lords, and the CHANCELLOR promised a Bill, LORD REDESDALE complaining bitterly that relief was granted to so many miserable wives. LORD RIPON mentioned that Government had no intention of putting rifles into the hands of the oppressed nationality called Ireland. In revenge, in the Commons, there was a long debate about the Government mail contracts affecting that ill-used but incomparable country. MR. COWPER, enraged at the advertisement pillar lately stuck up at Hépaquana (as the Frenchman spelt the spot where Apsley House is), brought in a Bill to prevent such atrocities; and MR. SCHOLEFIELD introduced one for protecting the public against the adulteration of food, which measure is really a necessity, *Mr. Punch's* own last *volaille à la suprême*, at Richmond, having been by no means what it should have been.

Friday. Suddenly arrived news that the two Eagles were beginning to think that they had had enough of it, and that an armistice had been arranged. So LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who was about to have delivered a set speech on the Italian question, announced that he should abstain from doing so, and was courteously thanked by LORD GRANVILLE. LORD NORMANBY signified his opinion that LORD PALMERSTON was a sort of lieutenant of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and that any terms of peace which the EMPEROR might approve the Premier would applaud.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL stated that he knew no more about the armistice than other people. HENRY BERKELEY made a ballot speech, which had the merit of shortness. There was a good deal of discussion as to whether England had been offering the German States and, notably, Prussia, advice not "to extend the theatre of war," as LORD JOHN elegantly put it. It seemed clear that both MALMESBURY and JOHN RUSSELL had been recommending the Prussians to mind what they were about. Then came the Navy Estimates. ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT PUNCH begs to inform all foreign acquaintances and others that he has got 26 steam ships of the line in commission, and 16 steam frigates, besides 106 corvettes, and divers block ships. Likewise gunboats. In any emergency he has on shore a force of first-class sailors, enough to man 12 large ships. And there are a great many more vessels getting ready, so that, and by the end of the financial year, the Admiral will have 50 sail of the line, 37 frigates, and 140 corvettes. *Friends at a distance, and near, will please accept this intimation.*

Be it added that the horrible odour of the Thames has been rather worse, this week, than anything described in DANTE'S *Inferno*. Why does not Parliament move away, *pro tem.*, to Exeter Hall? There is the Great Hall for the Commons, and the Smaller Hall for the Lords, and SIMPSON'S for the *restaurant*, and the Cigar Divan for the Smoking Room. OLIVER CROMWELL would have done it at once, but our muffish legislators humbly stop to be poisoned.

THE MYSTERY OF A LADY'S DRESS.

FROM *Le Follet* of this month, we have the pleasure of learning that "the *robes* are generally made with five or seven flounces, the top one not reaching higher than the knee." This is extremely moderate, and husbands, with incomes under £300 a year, will be delighted to learn that the number is so limited. For ourselves, we think "seven flounces" positively absurd, and you might as well have none at all, if they are not to go any higher than the knee. We had hoped to see a lady who was all flounces—a regular muslin *La Scala*, tier upon tier of flounces rising right up to the proscenium. The time was, when you could not distinguish the dress from the profusion of the trimmings. If they keep falling off in this way, we shall soon be able to see what the pattern of a lady's dress is like.

Further on, *Le Follet* tells us confidentially that "it prefers a skirt completely *bouillonnée*, notwithstanding the inconvenience of its holding the dust." We do not know what *bouillonnée* exactly means. We are perfectly aware that *bouillon* means *broth*, but still it is a mystery to us how any one can prefer a skirt that is *bouillonnéed* all over, for we have noticed ladies, who at dinner have had a little soup spilt over their dress, look as though they did not altogether like it; nor can we see how "broth" and "dust" would go very well together. Supposing they do, the recommendation of this new fashion seems to be that it enables every Lady to be Her own Dust Carrier. The scavengers ought to be very much obliged to them.

With regard to bonnets, we are informed that "thin bonnets are usually made with double curtains." Why not have your bonnet, like an old four-post bedstead, with curtains all round it? It would be much cooler, though we have a difficulty in seeing what great use there is in having a bonnet at all, when you have a couple of curtains to hide it! We cannot help staring, also, at the notion of a "thin bonnet." The thinness may be in consequence of the weather. The heat is so intense, that we can almost imagine a "chip" getting thin.

In the way of trimmings, we are told "a novel and pleasing effect" is produced by having "bunches of red currants falling round the front of the bonnet." We should be afraid, if the currants were imitated with the deceptive reality of ZEUXIS' fruit, that the birds would come and peck at them. The ladies have carried flowers and fruit on their heads; vegetables will soon follow. The Covent Garden basket-carriers will be getting jealous of the competition.

SINGLE-HEADED SHOT AGAINST DOUBLE-HEADED.

"Two heads are better than one," says the old proverb. *Negatur*. The French Eagle with its one head has proved itself more than a match for the Austrian Eagle with its two.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.——Is that why *mineral* waters are such an effectual remedy for *hot coppers?*

PORTRAIT OF A DIABOLICAL ENGLISHMAN.

CORRESPONDENT of the *Siècle* makes the following statement, which is probably a hoax:—

"One of the best shots in GARIBALDI's service is an Englishman of 50 years old, who carries a capital Lancaster rifle, and, aided by a pair of spectacles, of which he stands in need, brings down every Tyrolean chasseur that he takes aim at. Somebody lately asked him whether he had been attracted to join the Italian volunteer corps by a strong feeling for the Italian cause or a love of sport? He answered very coolly, 'I have a great respect for Italian independence, but I am also very fond of shooting.'"

This story is almost incredible, because it is unlikely that an army of brave men, fighting for their country's liberty would endure the presence, in their ranks, of an amateur assassin gratifying, under the pretext of an external legality, his propensity to murder. Such a fellow would be a fit comrade for no soldiers of any corps but a regiment of Thugs. There can be no such Englishman in GARIBALDI's service, with GARIBALDI's knowledge; or GARIBALDI is not the man we take him for. If his troops do contain any such Englishman, that disgrace to England has probably fled the realm, in consequence of having committed the murder of the man whose remains were found on Waterloo Bridge, or some other undiscovered act of like atrocity. If the correspondent of the *Siècle* has not, in the tale above quoted, fabricated a bad joke at the expense of Englishmen, he should publish the name of our infamous countryman who shoots Tyrolean chasseurs principally because he is very fond of shooting. To the villain's name should be added a description of his person, like that of a felon advertised in the *Hue and Cry*. Because he may be taken prisoner; and, if he is, it is to be hoped that he will be hanged, as every Englishman deserves to be who goes fighting from any other motive whatever than that of patriotism and the sense of duty which he feels as a Briton.

A WAR DIALOGUE.

SCENE—*A comfortable dining-room. Time—after dinner. The wine has circulated, and restraint has, in a great measure, disappeared in consequence thereof.*

(*The Dramatis Personæ will appear in their order.*)

Host (*a City man*). Terrible state of affairs this! Ah! (*sighs and fills his glass*)—pass the bottle (*to Solomon*). JONES, try this port; I oughtn't to say it, but you won't get such a glass of wine as that every day. Have a fresh glass—35,000 killed, I heard; securities, too, very shaky!

Jones (*a Solomon—knows everything: drinking*). Ah! I had it from good authority (*he has read up a penny paper in the omnibus*)—mind, I won't mention names—that the French were utterly beaten, and have been all along, only they won't own it. Besides (*looks mysterious*), there's Prussia!

Mild Lady (*sister to Host*). Well, my dear, I hope they won't come over here. Only think!—what *should* we do? I hope LORD PALMERSTON will have plenty of guns all about the country.

Young Ladies 1 *and* 2. Oh, dreadful!

Son of Host and Hostess. Yes, they say, in case of invasion, all the coal-cellars are to be given up for storing away gunpowder, and soldiers will be quartered in all the kitchens unoccupied by the police (*winks at Friend*).

Friend of the Son of Host and Hostess. So COBDEN stated the other day, to the captain of an Iron and Citizen steamer, and has offered, in conjunction with an eminent Quaker, to lead the rifle volunteers to the coast, in case a landing should be effected.

Young Ladies 1 *and* 2. Oh! Dreadful! Isn't it?

Solomon. Ah! I didn't see that; but he's a clever man—a ve-ry cle-ver man. I shouldn't wonder he made a capital commander-in-chief. Why LOUIS NAPOLEON had never smelt powder before.—Besides, you don't want to have been in action to be a General—our system acknowledges that, and we know something about it, eh? (*Looks round triumphantly.*) Look at Waterloo.

Host. Um! I think we're pretty safe.

Deaf old Lady, with notions of nothing in particular. Goodness me! I hope so. For what with fires, and pickpockets, and dog-stealers, really there is no stirring about; and I do hope, my dear, railways will be put down—it's all along of 'em, depend upon it. My grandson told me the other day, steam had thrown a bridge over the Channel. The police ought to interfere. I'm sure I pay enough for 'em, idling about their time. Only think of nasty foreigners coming over here in shoals, with their frogs and messes.

Solomon. Permit me, Ma'am. You are labouring under a mistake. Your grandson spoke figuratively—fig-u-ra-tive-ly. Lor! look at "our wooden walls!"—all iron, I believe. We should smash 'em. And there's the steam ram, you know.

Deaf Old Lady. What!!! A-going to make poor dumb animals fight? Well, what the Humane Society is about, I can't think!

Young Lady 1. Oh! shocking, indeed.

Young Lady 2. And no fashions will come over. What *shall* we do then!

Son. Oh! the French will bring their fashions over with them, of course.

Middle-aged Lady (*with strong notions of Woman's Mission*). Such frivolities will not occupy the attention of the British woman, *I* hope. No,—let them rise and assert their true position. I, for one, should propose, in the *Female Fidfad* (an excellent publication, that the House of Commons should go and fight the enemy, and give up their seats to their wives and daughters. (*With a grim smile*) I think even our Lords and Masters will own that we *can* talk, when we like.

Host. Ah. I don't know.—Would it be constitutional? You should apply, I think, first to LORD JOHN RUSSELL—safer, you know.

Hostess. Lor! dear, I shouldn't know what to do.

Middle-aged Lady (*conclusively*). You'd get used to it; but never let the base conventionalities of society, the trammels fixed upon us by man, deter us from a sacred duty. I'd go to-morrow.

Solomon. Well, it would be novel, and, to say the least, would keep our female population out of mischief. (*Smiles.*) But the French will never come here. They'll never get over the Quadsilateré. No; never, Sir. They'll be cut off to a man.

Deaf Old Lady. Ah! swords are *so* sharp, and muskets and bayonets and things. I remember, I took up your poor dear grandfather's once, but it was a mercy it didn't go off.

Solomon. It's impossible. Why, look here! (*Placing glasses, &c.*) There's Verona; there's Mantua; there's Peschiera; and there's what's-its-name, Leg-na-no. This fork is the Mincio. Well, they attack 'em all at once, of course, and what are the consequences? (*Breaks a glass, leaving a great red patch upon the cloth.*) Ha! that's an accident. Never mind—soon take the stain out; but you see—no—the black and yellow must gain the day.

Deaf Old Lady. Poor creatures! How cruel to bruise 'em so! I never could abide a Frenchman. Voltaire said they were half a cat and half a frog, and so they are.

Mild Lady. If they come here, I should go to the sea-side—down to Ramsgate, I think. It makes one's blood run cold.

Young Ladies 1 *and* 2. Oh, yes!

[*They discourse of the last new bonnet, cloak, baby, &c.* HOSTESS *looks at* HOST. HOST *imperceptibly nods his head.* HOSTESS *rises and* LADIES *leave the table.* GENTLEMEN *draw up their chairs and discuss the War, until summoned to coffee.*

COLOURING EXTRAORDINARY.

THERE is no accounting for tastes as to female beauty, and MAUVE is so much the rage, that we are hardly surprised to learn from the following advertisement in the *Times* of last Wednesday that some of our fair friends have devised means of transferring the fashionable colour from their clothes to their complexions:—

FOUND, on the 30th ult., a handsome LADY'S PARASOL, left there by two ladies, of mauve colour, lined inside with white, which may be had at ARTHUR GRANGER'S Stationery Warehouse, 308, High Holborn, W.C.

At the same time we should be rather inclined to consider that "two ladies, of mauve colour, lined inside with white," deserve to be classed as at once "plain and coloured," instead of "handsome," as in the polite language of the advertisement.

Toujours Àpropos de Bottes.

THE French have rushed to the rescue of Italy to save, what is familiarly called, the BOOT, from the iron heel of Austria—but for the Italians to expect that a separate kingdom will ever be patched up out of the disjointed bits is, we are afraid, in the hands of the French, a hope that is quite bootless.

WE have been favoured with the following communication from our Indolent Young Man; and as it strikes us as being by much the coolest thing we have met with this hot weather, we print it:—

"*Gar and Starter, Richmond.*

"DEAR P., "*July* 8.—*Thermometer ever so much in the shade.*

"In reply to your heartless letter, on affairs of a business character, I beg to inform you that I am HERE, and with no intention of injuring my precious health by any exertion, bodily or mental. Make what use you please of this information, and accept the assurance of my most distinguished regard and esteem. "Signed,

" * * * * * *."

Female Compensation.

WOMAN is not allowed a vote, and the consequence is, that she tries all she can to influence as much as possible the votes of others. The strongest argument that we know in favour of Vote by Ballot is, that it is likely to protect the husband from the wife. Many a Free and Independent Elector has abstained from voting altogether, because he has not dared, in consequence of female intimidation, to call his vote his own.

HYMEN AND LOW MEN.

OH dear, what can the matter be?
Oh dear, what shall we do?
All the world fain would unmarried be;
For *one* Divorce Court we want *two!*

Wedlock's bonds in old times used to tie men
So tight, they cost thousands to loose;
Low men once entangled by Hymen,
Had no hopes of unclasping his noose.

To file through the steel of his fetters,
No metal was potent but gold;
So the poor sat in chains, while their betters,
Drew their bills, and escaped from his hold.

Like green peas at a pound the peck measure,
Or house-lamb at Christmas, we saw,
Divorce portioned out against treasure,
A luxury sweetened by law.

Then LORD REDESDALE exultingly reckoned,
The Divorce Bills each session saw through:
And called on the Bishops to second
His delight that the list showed so few.

And in lay and episcopal chorus,
Sung the Peers, "What a system is ours!
Where still horned goes each conjugal Taurus,
Till released by a private Bill's powers!"

But now, thanks to wild innovation,
Rich and poor on one footing are set;
Any couple, no matter their station,
For a good cause, uncoupled may get.

Like ice-creams, a glass for a penny,
Or pines at a penny the slice,
No more for the few, but the many,
Divorce has come down in its price.

No wonder the Bishops look blue,
That REDESDALE with horror deplores,
When a luxury meant for the few
The million find brought to their doors!

COMMON SENSE IN "SOCIETY."

THE "Fashionable Arrangements" for last week, in Fashion's own journal, included the following truly sensible announcement:—

"LADY LLANOVER's afternoon and dancing party—from four to eight o'clock."

In the first place, LADY LLANOVER unaffectedly calls her entertainment a dancing party, naming it in plain English, and eschewing the snobbish Gallicism by which the like assemblies are usually denominated. In the next, her dancing party begins at the suitable hour of four, and ends at the reasonable hour of eight, instead of commencing at the late hour of nine at night and terminating at the preposterous hour of three in the morning. Her guests have four hours' dancing, which is enough for all purposes,—amongst others, for that of acquiring an appetite by exercise,—and thus they are enabled to enjoy a good late dinner, which is, in fact, an early supper, at home; and after that the male portion of them have sufficient, and not too much, time to sit over their wine, and smoke their tobacco. Both the matter and manner of the above notification indicate that a great benefit has been conferred on the superior classes by the elevation of SIR BENJAMIN HALL to the Peerage. Sanitary hours of dancing will, it may be hoped, be rendered fashionable by the example of LADY LLANOVER, whilst the same influence will also induce the wholesome moral usage of employing the English language for the expression of the high jinks, festivities, and other practices and peculiarities of the uppercrust of society, which are now, from imbecile and mistaken ideas of delicacy and refinement, generally expressed in French phraseology, so as to gloss them over, as it were, with a sort of polish, which has an effect corresponding to the odour of varnish that offends the nose.

THE ARMISTICE.

EMP. NAP. "WELL, BROTHER, HAVEN'T THEY HAD ALMOST ENOUGH OF THIS?"

PREY FOR THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

IN the sentimental and romantic department, or second column, of the *Times*, the other day, there appeared the following pretty kind of notice:—

"M. H. B. P. has written again to FRED."

"Has she?" will have been the indignant question of many a lady whose husband is the namesake of MR. CARLYLE'S Prussian hero. "Again has she—written to FRED?" How often before? And to think of her not only owning it, but publishing it in the newspaper! Oh the impudent creature! —and as for FRED, I have no patience with him.

FRED is likely to have a fine time of it for some years, in consequence of the above advertisement. Under the name of FRED are to be included a very considerable number of married men so named. Of course it would be the same if the name were TOM or BILL. "Have you had another letter from M. H. B. P.? I dare say M. H. B. P. is all that you could wish. If M. H. B. P. had made the tea, it would not have been so bad, perhaps. You had better go and talk to M. H. B. P." Such are the taunts and reproaches which thousands of unhappy husbands will now, on the occasion of every little matrimonial squabble, be subjected to, through the indiscretion of the authoress of the above advertisement, by the publication whereof she will have destroyed the domestic happiness, or at least disturbed the peace, of an indefinite number of private families.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW ON NEUTRALITY.

"OF course, my dear, I go in for the non-interference principle. It would be affectation, worse than affectation on my part, if I pretended to say that my sympathy was not all upon one side. It is but natural that it should, and I believe if anything was to happen to my dear child—who, though I say it, is the sweetest child in the world—that I should go mad, or out of town, or get thin, or do something desperate, such as would probably pull me into a premature consumption, or the hospital, or the workhouse, or, it may be, my grave! As I have said before, neutrality is my creed. I look on, and, whatever I may think, do not say a word. It's very painful, but I do it. I have not lived all my life, dear, without knowing what man and wife are. I know that they will disagree occasionally—that they will fall out every now and then, and have their little fights. Let them fight on, I say, and fight it out as best they may. They must make it up at last. There never was a quarrel so long, but there came an end to it at some time or other. People can't always be fighting. A perpetual cat-and-dog life would wear out the best cat and the best dog in the world after a couple of months. So, my dear, I make it a rule to remain neutral—but then it's a kind of 'armed neutrality.' They know my strength, and when they have had enough of fighting, they always come to me to make peace for them. Then, and not till then, do I interfere. You must know if I don't make war myself, that I hold in my hands what is called the 'sinews of war.' All the money is mine. I haven't parted with that power yet, and it is extraordinary what a long way advice will go, when backed up with a little money. Then, when both sides are worn out, and tired, and exhausted with fighting, and when their consciences tell them what precious fools they have been for trying to injure one another, I come in and interfere, and my previous neutrality makes my interference all the more valuable. The consequence is, what with my purse, and what with my advice—for I generally find that the foolish dears need pecuniary assistance just as much as moral aid, and very frequently more so—that I can almost do what I like; and I need not tell you that I always succeed in making the best terms I can for my poor daughter. Peace is once more restored, and celebrated afterwards with a dinner at Richmond, or a trip to the sea-side. That is, dear, what I call 'an armed neutrality,' and all mother-in-laws, if they were wise, would go in and do the same. Interference, to be effective, should occur very seldom. That mother-in-law is strongest who interferes the least—more especially if she has both reason and money on her side."

POLITICIANS IN STATU PUPILLARI.

AT the annual commemoration at Oxford, the young gentlemen of that University, whilst waiting for the commencement of business in the Sheldonian Theatre, are accustomed, as is well known, to amuse themselves and the company with an expression of their political feelings. This is a very useful custom, for the applause and disapprobation of the Oxford Undergraduates form a sure and certain criterion of the right side in politics and the wrong. On the occasion in question, last week, for instance, after a manifestation of feeling which was not political,—namely, loyalty, which they of course evinced by cheering the QUEEN and the Royal Family,—they made a series of demonstrations as conclusive, after a fashion, as so many votes of the House of Commons.

A report of the event in progress having recorded their glorification of British monarchy, says:—

"It was not so, however, with respect to France, for the call of three groans for the EMPEROR was implicitly obeyed."

Thus the Undergraduates of Oxford appear to be of opinion that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is wrong in taking part with Sardinia in antagonism to Austrian domination in Italy. This appears the more probable from what ensues:—

"Then followed a round of cheers for LORD DERBY that shook the very building for a time, and, by way of contrast, LORD PALMERSTON drew down a succession of hisses and groans, but comparatively mild to those which greeted the name of LORD JOHN RUSSELL."

The late PREMIER is supposed to have a leaning in favour of Austrian sway in Italy; the present PRIME MINISTER and HOME SECRETARY are known to be solicitous for Italian liberty. Oxford's Undergraduates proclaim their sympathy with the reputed friends of Austria and Austrian despotism, and their antipathy for the statesmen who desire the liberation of Italy.

It is further the opinion of the Undergraduates of Oxford, that LORD DERBY, who is chiefly celebrated for unsuccessfully opposing the repeal of the Corn Laws, deserves high commendation; and that LORD PALMERSTON, for having served his country above forty years, preserved peace during nearly all that time, and towards the end of it concluded the Russian war successfully, merits much dispraise. Also, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who carried the Reform Bill, and who has combined civil and religious liberality with resistance to foreign and invasive priestcraft, is worthy of vehement hisses.

We are next informed that—

"FRIEND BRIGHT found but few friends in the assembly, and there was not a single cheer to redeem the volley of disapprobation that burst on the recital of his name."

MR. BRIGHT is judged by the Undergraduates of Oxford to be a democrat without a redeeming quality.

Then we find that—

"Three cheers were proposed for MR. GLADSTONE, but were given amid overpowering groans, and next in succession was suggested, 'Three groans for his inconsistency,' which received the promptest attention."

Accordingly, a majority of the Oxford Undergraduates condemns MR. GLADSTONE for giving his country the benefit of his abilities as a member of a Liberal Government.

The MARQUIS OF CHANDOS was heartily cheered. The Oxford Undergraduates think that he has done something. MR. DISRAELI was "highly popular," and

"Loud and long were the plaudits lavished on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

The Undergraduates of Oxford are, perhaps, under the impression that MR. DISRAELI is the author, not only of some clever novels, but also of very much useful legislation.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD and DR. PUSEY were also "very popular, and their names were hailed with rounds of applause."

The Undergraduate theologians of Oxford approve of Puseyism and its saponaceous prelate.

We had almost omitted one material expression of the Undergraduates' sentiments:—

"'Three groans for the *Times* newspaper' was a proposition, too, that was carried out to the very letter."

The *Times*, therefore, is not the leading journal in the estimation of the Oxford Undergraduates. Of course they prefer the *Morning Herald*.

We now return to the proposition with which we started,—that the Undergraduates of Oxford indicate, to a certainty, the right or the wrong side in politics by their hisses or their cheers. The right side is denoted by the former, and the wrong by the latter. Their seniors need not be ashamed of stooping occasionally, to take a lesson from these young gentlemen.

ONE GOOD RESULT OF AUSTRIAN ULTRAMONTANE TENDENCIES.—A retreat beyond the Alps.

A YOUNG LADY ON THE HIGH CLASSICAL SCHOOL OF ORNAMENT.

"MY DEAREST MAUDE,

"YOU know that the RANDOMS have just returned from their long residence on the Continent, and I am longing to tell you that I spent a day last week with IMOGEN RANDOM, who kindly showed me her jewel-casket. O, MAUDE! how I wished for you to share my excitement! I have not yet recovered it, and the only comfort I have, is that last night, after dinner, I coaxed Papa into a promise that we shall spend next winter in Rome ourselves! IMOGEN says, of course there is a great deal to see in Rome that everybody *must* see, but then you know, dear, we read about all those things when we were at school, and we can buy plenty of photographs of the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Temples, &c., to show our friends in England where we have been, so that we need not waste much time upon *them*. *My* great object in Rome is to go, the very first thing, to that dear, delightful, interesting shop, CASTELLANI'S, in the Via Poli, where, IMOGEN says, you have nothing to do but to lay down scudi enough, in order to be made perfectly classical in appearance and style. Only think of that! Every thing there is taken exactly from the antique, so that you are quite safe in choosing whatever you like, and cannot go wrong.

"By the way, however, IMOGEN says, it is just as well to take a look at the Etruscan Room in the Campana Museum when you have a spare hour, that you may satisfactorily judge for yourself what perfect copies CASTELLANI'S ornaments are. IMOGEN'S jewel-casket contains two or three handsome Bullas, one set with stones of lapis lazuli, one with rubies, and all with those charming devices in raised gold letters, AEI, PAX, LUX, VIS, &c., &c. Also an immensely thick and massive gold circlet for the throat, in exact imitation of the cord round the neck of the dying gladiator—Etruscan armlets and fibulæ of every possible pattern and device, rings for every day in the week with the name of the appropriate god engraved on each (as Saturn for Saturday, &c.), and as for Greek daggers and Roman pins for the hair, they are innumerable!

"IMOGEN, however, confided to me (and I am sure I am committing no breach of trust in imparting it all to you, dear), that the only drawback to her classical arrangements is her very small and diminutive stature. You know she has hitherto always rather piqued herself upon her 'fairy-like proportions,' but on this occasion she has found them very inadequate to the massive and heavy, not to say ponderous, style of ornament, which, it seems, a classical costume requires. Between ourselves, she confessed to me, that the weight of her Bullas, and her gladiator's necklace is positively distressing to the collar-bones; that her hair is visibly diminished since she took to wearing Greek daggers and Roman pins, both of which are so pretty and so antique, that she is unable to give a preference to either, and thus is obliged to wear both at once; and even now (although it is some months since she underwent the operation of being bored), her poor little ears suffer martyrdom with the weight of her favourite ear-rings—exquisite flying figures of Victory, which are supposed to be constantly whispering joyful tidings of new conquests. For my part, love, I am determined to have my ears bored forthwith, that they may be all right by the time we reach Rome, where, IMOGEN says, ear-rings so light as those required for wear immediately after the operation, are scarcely to be met with. However, IMOGEN has a good spirit, and declares that from the first she resolutely determined to bear everything and wear everything that could contribute to make her fashionably classical—and very classical, to my ideas, she looks when she is dressed, as you will admit, I think, when you see the sketch I enclose. It's true that her nose is not strictly classical, indeed it has the least in the world of a turn-up, and her hair cannot be induced by any artifice to grow low on her forehead, as one sees it in antique busts of Pompeian beauties, but surely that does not matter when the brow is surmounted by a 'Victor's chaplet' in thin beaten gold!

"Now that you know some of the most delightful anticipations of a winter in Rome, I trust, dearest girl, that you will employ every art with your Papa to induce him to bring you and FLORA to the Eternal City when we go, that we may have the inexpressible happiness of shopping at CASTELLANI'S together. Papa says that should Italy then be still unfortunately in a disturbed state, he will not go; but I trust that both the EMPEROR OF FRANCE and the KING OF SARDINIA are too gallant to interpose any obstacles to the wishes of young ladies like you and me, and that consequently all traces of war will be cleared away before winter.

"Ever affectionately your friend,

"MABEL."

ECONOMY IN EARTHQUAKES.

IN Manilla, the windows of the houses are made of oyster-shell instead of glass. This is done with a double view—the first being to keep out the glare of the sun, and the second being to keep down the expense of an earthquake. The latter is a frequent visitor in Manilla, looking in repeatedly upon the inhabitants without the smallest ceremony; nor is the earthquake seemingly in the least propitiated by the august-like appearance of the casements. Apparently, he does "remember the grotto," though unfortunately for the natives, his remembrance comes rather oftener than "only once a year." It must be awkward to live in a town that is so constantly being shelled from top to bottom in this way! Fancy waking up some morning, and seeing half-a-dozen shells flying in hot haste *into* your bed (or shakedown, rather), in consequence of an earthquake, with the deliberate aim of a *canon de précision*, battering the walls of the town down! Such a town is only fit for Quakers—or Earthquakers, as you might call them—to hang their broadbrims up in. It is not adapted for persons of steady habits like our own. Our steadiness would be shocked to see, through the medium of these oyster-shell windows, the sun reflected the first thing in the morning in bright visions of "early purl."

"THE CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS."

MR. RAREY, the great Horse-taming American, having returned from showing the Russians the glories of his art, has been exhibiting for the first time in public, at the Alhambra. A terrible horse, called the *King of Oude*, whose savageness was appalling, and whose scream of rage was like that of a railway-engine gone mad, was reduced the other morning, under *Mr. Punch's* eyes, to absolute gentleness. MR. BRIGHT was present, and is understood to have prepared a splendid bit for his next Indian speech, setting forth that if the real KING OF OUDE had been treated with similar kindness, there would have been no necessity for the violent reduction of Oude. SIR CHARLES WOOD means to reply, with great smartness, that an English horse is not an Indian ass. Very good, SIR CHARLEY. *Punch* owes you one.

A JEW D'ESPRIT.—A foreigner, in the counting-house of ROTHSCHILD, wishing to see some straw paper, was facetiously shown a bundle of Austrian bank-notes.

AN ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR THE ARMY.

"*Leycester Squar, July*, 1859.

"MON CHER PONCHE,

"KNOW you what is that which is what we call *élan?* It is that quality in our soldiers which renders them irresistible. Without doubt, that which causes this attribute so admirable of the French troops, it is their courage. But besides that, it must be that there is another reason of that speciality of our braves. For what the Austrians, also brave, have they not the like of it? I go to tell you: it is the same defect of your own forces, so incomparable for their solidity. It is something of physic,—a certain stiffness of the limbs. From whence comes that? I will declare it to you. In a word, it is for fault of not to have never learned to dance. From their first infancy all our soldiers have danced always; that has rendered them agile. Your own come to the parade from the plough, where they only learned to hop the clod. If you wish them to approach our own in *élan*, make teach them all to dance. Let the dance be a part of the drill military. Your regiments have bands that play quadrilles,—for what good, unless the men dance to them? Make them do so. Let a master of dance be appointed to every regiment, beginning with the Guards of the British Grenadiers. I give you permission to inform M. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE that I am willing to undertake that part of the education of the distinguished Coldstreams.

"Accept, *Sir Ponche*, the assurance of my high consideration.

"JULES DE DEUXTEMPS.

"P.S.—Your divine WILLIAMS—or JACKS—however, some one of your great poets, said, that none but the brave deserve the fair sex. The passion which inspires beauty is intimately related to that which vents itself in combat; it is thus the necessary partners of the dance contribute to inflame the invincible ferocity of our Zouaves."

WHAT OUR VESTRYMEN HAVE DONE FOR US.

So it seems that, after all, it is the French we have to thank for the Advertising Column which so graces Hyde Park Corner. Well, we must confess we are not surprised to hear it. Although we English are so famous for embellishing our streets, we somehow fancied that this column was a cut or two above us. The design seemed far too tasty for an insular conception; and the intensely happy blending of ornament with usefulness appeared much too felicitous for English minds to procreate.

The discovery of authorship we owe to MR. COWPER, who has taken up the task of putting down these nuisances;—a task which, we opine, should win for MR. COWPER as much praise as the *Task* brought to his poetic namesake. It was in these words MR. COWPER made mention of the fact that the Piccadilly column was not a British work of art, but, like bad English farces, was "taken from the French":—

"We had often been threatened with a French invasion, but one had now actually taken place to which he desired to call the attention of the House. A certain French company had come over to London and had taken possession of some of the chief thoroughfares of the Metropolis, including Hyde Park Corner, where they had pulled up the pavement and established a remarkably uncouth edifice, which although one Member of the House regarded it as ornamental, was looked upon by almost every one else as a hideous disfigurement. (*Hear, hear.*) It was stated that the company intended to erect similar columns at Chelsea Bridge and a hundred other places, for which they had obtained the permission of the local vestries."

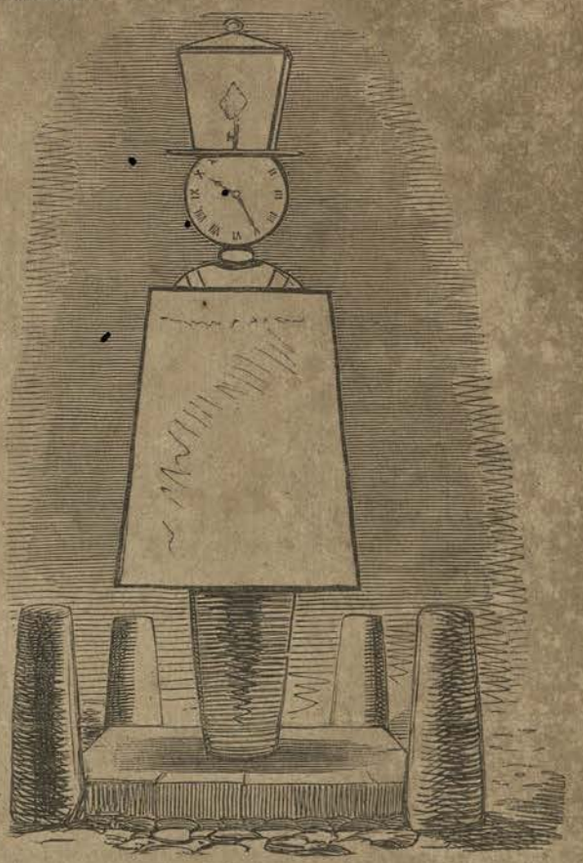
Have they, indeed? What a charming prospect for us! How thankful we should be that we live in a free country, and that we are blessed with vestrymen to govern us! What delight it is to think that (but for meddling MR. COWPER) we might have seen our streets adorned with a hundred other columns, each as tasteful and as useful as that opposite the Duke! But this odious MR. COWPER thinks our streets look best without them; and, as to their utility, he sneeringly observes:—

"The only excuse that was offered for those structures was, that they gave information to the public, and it was true that anybody could ascertain from them the nearest police station, the time of day, the day of the month, the direction of the wind, and among other information, the hour at which Cremorne opened, the place where a *soirée dansante* was held, and the residence of DR. EADY. That information might be very useful, but the middle of a crowded carriage-way, where those who stopped to read would incur a great risk of being run over, was hardly the fittest place to publish it."

Offer an excuse, forsooth! Pray what apology is needed for a structure which embellishes and beautifies a city? As well offer an excuse for having built the National Gallery, or for the graceful squirts and statues which adorn its lovely front! And then this ruffian MR. COWPER has the barbarous audacity to bring to ridicule an ancient institution of the country, and to question if our vestrymen be fit to govern public taste:—

"As he said, the parish vestries had sanctioned these erections, and according to the present state of the law they had power to do so; but he thought that vestries, although very proper to superintend the paving and lighting of the streets, were not the best bodies to act as guardians of the public taste."

That a British House of Commons should degrade itself by listening to such sentiments as these, and then should, by a swingeing majority of votes, give the utterer of such language leave for bringing in his Bill, is to our mind a full proof that the British Constitution is fast sinking in decline, and that rampant Red Republicans will soon dance upon its corse!



DESIGN FOR A LAMP-POST AFTER THE APSLEY HOUSE AFFAIR.

A DRIVE IN THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE.

A CONTEMPORARY, in remarking on the improved system of prison discipline in Ireland, says:—

"And we are the more anxious that this system should be carefully considered here, because, although crime has of late years diminished also among ourselves, its decrease has not been commensurate with the large expenditure upon justice, or with that position in the van of civilisation, and that superiority of moral tone, for which we are wont to take credit."

If we are entitled to take credit for a superiority of moral tone, we cannot be fit to occupy a position in the van of civilisation, considered in connection with prison discipline. Inferiority of moral tone is, on the contrary, the proper qualification for a seat in her MAJESTY'S omnibus, and the crime of our civilisation is not diminished when we are removed in the van.

The Mask of Fashion.

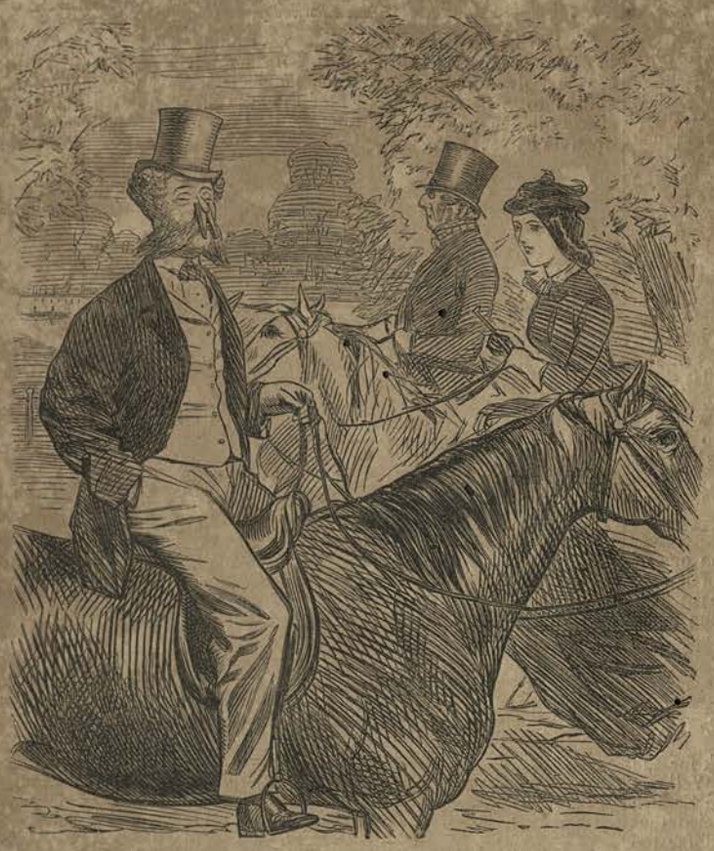
SCENE—*A Lady's Boudoir.*

Julia. Why, dear, you *do* surprise me—whatever are you putting that abominable rouge on for?

Lady B. Well, FANNY, if you must know—I am going to confess, and the rouge is to hide my blushes.

"THE DRAUGHTS MATCH."

THERE is a paragraph in the Papers with the above heading. We have read no further than the title—but if called upon to say "what was the Draught's Match?" we should say from our medical knowledge that it was a Blue Pill.



THE HORRID STATE OF THE SERPENTINE.

Daring Swell. "*Do, they are dot becobibg, perhaps; but, pod by life, wud bust hold wud's dose sobehow in this codfoulded effluvium. Abericad Clips they're called. Odly a peddy a piece! I recobbedded eb to se'd a lot dowd to the House o' Cobbods.—Ha, ha!—Good borlig.*"

AN ART BANBURY CROSS.

ACCORDING to the *Banbury Guardian*, a new Cross is in course of being built in the town named in the title of that newspaper. The structure, now nearly completed, will, when it is quite so, be fifty-two feet six inches high, and will have three drinking fountains at its base. On the next stage there will be no spouting, but spaces have been provided for three large statues, and it is expected that one of them will represent the QUEEN, though whether this expectation will be disappointed or not will necessarily depend somewhat upon the imitative ability of the artist. The *Guardian* of the interests of Banbury further states that the new Cross, like the old one, "stands 'in the fayrest strete in the towne,'"—of which last words the orthography seems less appropriate to Banbury than it would be to MALMESBURY. Lastly, our Banburian contemporary informs us, that "Coats of arms of distinguished personages in connection with the history of Banbury, and other rich ornaments, will adorn the Cross." We presume that the rich ornaments will consist largely of those sweet cakes for which Banbury is so widely and justly celebrated. We may also conjecture that the two statues which are to accompany the image of her MAJESTY will be equestrian. One of them will probably be that of an elderly female on an animal resplendent in the native hue of stainless marble. The fingers of this effigy of an ancient dame will be adorned with rings; and to the ten toes, visible through the peculiarity of her costume and *chaussure*, will be appended as many small bells, which, vibrating in the breeze, will make perpetual music. The other statue will be the figure of a child of tender years, bestriding the species of quadruped denominated a cock-horse; and as a cock-horse may be supposed to have wings, the sculptured steed will perhaps be *Pegasus*, and, to maintain a classical consistency, the little horseman, *Cupid*. The smile figure will be meant for the old woman alluded to in a piece of the poetry of early years; and the infantile form for that of the little fellow invited, in the same poem of "philoprogenitiveness," to proceed on the back of a hybrid of bird and horse to witness the equestrian performance of that aged party, whose display of horsewomanship has conferred everlasting renown on Banbury Cross. Renovated, and raised to an imposing altitude, and beautified and enriched by British sculpture and blazonry, the Cross of Banbury will exhibit an amount of grandeur and magnificence suitable to its fame, and entitling it to a high rank among our national monuments.

A HELPING HAND FOR THE HANDEL COLLEGE.

CAMBRIDGE Dons and Oxford Doctors may be startled by this heading, and may wonder where on earth the Handel College is, for at neither University has its name been ever extant. *Mr. Punch* who is in this, as in all other matters, more learned than the learnedest of either Dons or Doctors, will devote himself as usual to the task of their enlightenment.

To the question, where on earth the Handel College is, the answer is, at present it is not on earth at all. The Handel College is as yet in being but in print; but of course now *Mr. Punch* is pleased to advocate its name, its local habitation will be speedily complete. To dolts who doubt the power of *Mr. Punch's* influence, it may be shown from the Prospectus that there are other grounds for a belief in his prediction:—

"A Plot of ground, (the lowest value of which, for building purposes, is estimated at £5,000,) has been offered gratuitously, and MR. OWEN JONES, likewise gratuitously, has consented to act as Honorary Architect, to draw plans and superintend the building. This part of the movement cannot fail to be considered as the groundwork of the charity, and justifies the Promoters in making an appeal to the Public for their cordial support in the undertaking."

As the promoters of the College are doing a good work, *Mr. Punch* will give them pardon for making a bad pun, in speaking of the building land and plans which have been offered them as being, in their view, the "groundwork" of the charity. With what good intentions the College will be paved, the short sentence which next follows is quite long enough to show:—

"The study and toil of the Musician do not always lead to large pecuniary rewards, and, consequently, the Orphan children of poor but deserving Musicians are often, whilst still young and helpless, thrown upon the world unprotected and unprovided for; and it remains only to state that the College or Asylum will be for the Orphans of Musicians of all Classes, to afford those Orphans a Home whilst unable to assist themselves, and so to educate them as to enable them to obtain a respectable living when they arrive at a proper age to go out into the world."

Lest some may think the College inappropriately christened, the promoters state their reasons for the name they have selected: which are, that as the College is intended to be founded in the year which is to all known as the first HANDEL centenary, they wish to pay a "lasting tribute to his memory" by connecting with his name the charity they set on foot. As HANDEL was himself a charitable man, and presented to a charity the greatest of his works, there seems fit reason now to make a handle of his name, if it will be of service to a charitable end. Other good and noble names, too, are connected with the College as guarantees that all in-comings will be properly laid out. The smallest contributions will be thankfully received, and the largest will by no means be less thankfully acknowledged. If the more than eighty thousand who attended the late Festival were to pay a fit thank-offering for the pleasure they received, the Handel College Fund would nearly be as goodly a property as *Punch!*

One last grind on the reader's organ of benevolence. Let him, if in his soul he be musical, reflect, that by helping to bring up the helpless Orphans of Musicians he will lend a helping hand to the preserving of their race; and may be the means of rescuing and of bringing up a genius who may equal him from whom the Handel College has its name.

A Fearful Engagement.

LISTZ has had another fearful engagement in Dresden. The shock, we are told, was something terrible. Not less than two pianos were killed under him, and upwards of two dozen music-stools severely wounded. The noise was so intense that the inmates of an entire Deaf Asylum, at a distance of a hundred leagues, suddenly recovered their hearing.

A ROUGH DEFINITION.

"I SAY," cries DICK, "old Feller, wot 's the meaning of Armistice?"
Says JIM, "Why coves a fightin', for a while unclinchin' fistes."

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OH, HOW JOLLY!

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

WHAT is the Momentous Question? It is not Reform. The little interest that anybody might ever have felt in that, died away when the word had been used for the last election cry. The War had some claim to pre-eminence; and the individual who has recently invested capital in Knickerbockers, would naturally make out a strong case to show that the formation of Rifle Corps bore off the palm.

But if we go to that never-failing index of public opinion, the youth of London, we shall find that the momentous question is of a personal nature, that it is one which must stir instantly the inmost recesses of all hearts. It must cause equal anxiety to the prince and the peasant, the daughter and the diplomatist, the minister and the mamma.

A dark cloud of suspicion appears to have fallen on candid and confiding England, for daily ten thousand Britons insinuate the existence of a sinister purpose in the bosoms of their brethren, by asking in melo-dramatic tones the awful question, What 's your little game?

The history of Europe during the months of May and June, 1859, might have been altered, if some six months ago, that munificent nobleman who represents our country at the court of Paris, upon receiving assurances more fervid than usual of the goodwill borne by a great personage towards all mankind, had suddenly administered an interrogative thrust to the imperial ribs (such as his Excellency of (P.) Bedford might give to his bland Majesty under similar circumstances), and popped the question. Or if court etiquette forbade a direct interrogation being put to a sovereign, the effect would scarcely have been diminished, if he had adopted the equally popular form of observation, "I knows *your* little game."

When a noble leader of the Liberal party submitted a certain resolution to the consideration of another noble leader—a resolution which ultimately caused some small expense to the members of the legislature, and some little delay in the business of the country—it can scarcely be doubted that the statesman who gave his approval, knew pretty well his friend's "little game." Perhaps he thought he would not win after all. Perhaps he thought, that if he did, he would not get the stakes. Perhaps that the other party would insist on the game being played over again, and with fresh umpires.

Let us leave politics and descend to the purer atmosphere of private life.

When our young friend ROBINSON, after having experienced various phases of London business life, having been successively clerk to an auctioneer, walking gentleman in a fleecing hosiery establishment, and out-door agent to an eminent photographic artist, suddenly burst into full bloom as Secretary to "The Metropolitan black condensing Tooth Powder Company," with a commencing salary of £500 per annum, many of his friends kindly recalled him to their memory. MRS. SMITH the mother of his old school-fellow GEORGE, after ignoring him for five years, invites him once more. When that gracious matron advanced to meet him with a pretty girl hanging on her arm, to whom she drew his attention by the observation, "Surely, MR. ROBINSON, you have not forgotten your old playfellow, NANCY CLEMENTINA;" nothing but politeness could have prevented him from informing those fair ladies, that he knew *their* little game.

The world goes round, and the little games are finished; then the cards are shuffled, and the partners changed, and we begin again, for who can deny that he takes a hand in one occasionally.

If we must join in them, let us at least endeavour to play fairly, like men and women of honour, never with loaded dice or marked cards, or the mirror too carefully arranged behind our partner's hand.

QUOTH FATHER THAMES.

ALL London bullying me,
All London sullying me,
Insult to injury adding thereby;
Steamers up-churning me,
Quick-lime up-burning me—
Never was river so ill-used as I.

Sewage and slaughter-lymphs
Kill off my water-nymphs,
All between Teddington Lock and the Nore;
Swans growing dim in me,
No more will swim in me,—
Birds—save the mud-lark—abandon my shore.

Sewage-stained sedges all,
Sewage-clad ledges all,
Sewage-filled urn upon which I recline!
Sewage-crammed eyes and nose—
Blind eyes and pisoned nose—
Stink, steam, and swelter these sighings of mine!

Rouse near and far lament,
Breathe into Parliament,
Poison each Vestry and stink out each Board;
Creep in each water-main,—
Crush HARTE and QUATERMAINE,—
Make white-bait dinners a nuisance abhorred.

Fill the low fever-nests,
Huddled like beaver-nests,
Under my level, soaked green with my slime;
Flavour for Bumbledom,
Fat pies of Humbledom,
For *laches* that 's murder, neglect that is crime.

Never did preacher preach,
Never did teacher teach,
Sermon so wakening, or lesson so deep,
As the whiff from my waters,
That tells in high quarters
Facts ignored till my stink roused nobs' noses from sleep.

Cinders and stone-heaps,
Churchyards and bone-heaps,
Sewers and cesspools, have sermons to preach;
Vain, though, their urgin',
Till Thames, *à la* SPURGEON,
'Gins, through their noses, the million to teach.

Thanks to Apollo,
Good 's sure to follow
When the hot summer sets Thames in a blaze;
In strong effervescence
Freeing the essence
Of wisdom deep stored in my silent highways.

Odours less vagrant,
Breathings more fragrant,
Ne'er would scare BUMBLE, or stink out M.P.;
Lesser stinks come
To humble back-slum,
Leave the great folks and fine houses to me!

EFFECTS OF THE HEAT.

THE weather has been so melting that all the 6*s.* 8*d.*'s of a certain Lawyer in Chancery Lane were found the next morning to have been reduced into 3*s.* 4*d.*'s!

A GLUT OF FRESH FRENCH BUTTER.

LOUIS NAPOLEON must have a really wonderful digestion, to stomach all the flattery now daily heaped upon him. Food so gross and fulsome, there are few persons could swallow without feeling much the worse for it. Only fancy, this hot weather, having to gulp down such a quantity of butter as this man has done! The *Moniteur* each morning has churned him a new pat, and from a host of other dairies there comes daily the same present. How the EMPEROR survives it is more than we can tell. It sickens one to think of being glutted with such diet. We had almost as soon breakfast upon Cod Liver Oil, as have such a lot of flattery forced daily down our throat. Besides, however fresh the butter may at first have tasted, it must certainly by this time be getting rather rancid. In the coolest place this weather butter won't keep long: and such butter as the *Moniteur's*, which is never salted with any sort of wit, must of course become quite sour and unpleasant in a day or two. Not even the Attic salt of *Mr. Punch* himself could preserve such fulsome stuff from quickly getting tainted. The EMPEROR perhaps may view it as his "destiny," to have to swallow and digest the glut of butter which is made for him, but we think that he must find it rather nauseating food, and that he by this time must be getting sick of it.

A REMEDY FOR THE THAMES.

WE beg to recommend that the gentlemen, who distinguished themselves in cleaning the pictures of the National Gallery, should have their valuable hands engaged on the present dirty state of our metropolitan river. If only one half of the same success attends their scrubbing efforts in that grand saponaceous operation, there is every ground for hoping that there will be as little of Old Father Thames left, after the cleaning is over, as there was, in the former instance, of the Old Masters. Thanks to their industrious palms, the supposed impossibility of scrubbing the blackamoor white will have been gloriously eclipsed by the still more miraculous achievement of having washed the Thames to a state of something like purity. As for HERCULES, if that gentleman has any decency, he will modestly shut up; his boasted Augean Stables will be, by the superior labour of the purification of the Thames, swept clean out of history.

One Hero makes Many.

IT is reported that MR. LABOUCHERE has refused a Peerage. We are glad to notice that the example, which was so heroically set in the first instance by WISCOUNT WILLIAMS, is now being so generally followed. In fact, since the elevation of MR. VERNON SMITH, what was formerly looked upon as a compliment or a bribe, is now considered nothing less than as a degradation or an insult.

A HINT FOR BUSY-BODIES.—Indiscrétion lays you open to be read by everybody, just like an unsealed letter.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 11. *Monday.* LORD RIPON stated that, in order to make Volunteers clearly understand that they were not Regulars, the Government did not intend to pay them a single shilling on any pretence whatsoever. On the contrary, they were themselves to pay their instructors. The case of the Coolies, who (facetiousness is inevitable) are so coolly kidnapped for the West Indies, came up; but the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE said the subject was really so important that he could not think of attending to it.

It was always a most desirable thing to have a telegraph wire from India to England, and now that the former country has been handed over to such a person as SIR CHARLES WOOD, the necessity of knowing how things go on is greater than ever. Therefore, as the object is a national one, it is very proper that Government, by guarantee, should facilitate the scheme, and a Bill for the purpose was all but finished off to-night. The wire is already laid to Aden, and the Mahometans have been aidin' the promoters very loyally, and whacking some contumacious pilgrims, who, not seeing the use of the signal-posts, naturally knocked them down.

The Great Clock has come to grief again, owing to the architect's interference. The hands have been made very handsome, but so precious heavy that the works will not act on them. Why on earth does not LORD PALMERSTON take the matter up? When he was at the War Office, about eighty or ninety years ago, he had the Horse Guards' clock taken to pieces and improved in every way; and if he would just use his energies, which are as vigorous now as they were in the early part of the last century, the thing would be done.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in answer to MR. DISRAELI, professed total ignorance upon the subject of the negotiations which that very day were going on at Villafranca, between the Eagles. The House then went into Supply, and MR. KINNAIRD pleaded piteously for the poor aristocrats whose carriages cannot get from the Exhibition and FARRANCE'S, the pastrycook's, into St. James's Park, by Spring Gardens. He wanted a new entrance made. MR. FITZROY poohpoohed him, and actually condescended to urge that the part KINNAIRD wanted to cut up was a quiet walk, liked by the humbler classes and their children. It is disgusting to hear such vulgar arguments paraded in an assembly of gentlemen; but bad examples are contagious, and MR. HENRY HERBERT proceeded to point out another bit of ground that might as well also be opened to the poor children. HERBERT may have a sort of right to talk in this way, because he throws open his own lovely grounds at Killarney (O! MATILDA MARIA! O, them eyes! O! SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL!—But lie down, Our Heart) to the wanderer, and is hereby thanked and immortalised; but what need was there for MR. SLANEY to follow with his perpetual pleading in behalf of the children of the poor? Really, Honourable Gentlemen forget their dignity.

It was refreshing, after that display of vulgarity, to find a real specimen of military gentility, full blown. There is in the House a COLONEL DICKSON, whose modesty is so great that he has concealed his merits, hitherto, with so perfect a success that nobody has ever been able to find them out,—a noble answer to the snobs who sneer at military insolence,—but who was on this occasion inspired, by just indignation, to come out strong about "trash in the newspapers." The fact was, that an excellent letter had appeared in the *Times*, written by an officer who is also a soldier, calling attention to one of the most important questions of the day, the position and condition of the Army. The letter infuriated DICKSON (or perhaps he may be a skilful carpet tactician, who likes to please military superiors), and he exploded, as aforesaid, about "trash," and gave GENERAL PEEL an opportunity of announcing that he felt the "greatest possible contempt" for newspaper opinions. This is fair enough, for before JONATHAN was happily ejected from office, the newspapers afforded the public sufficing reasons for feeling the same sentiment touching his abilities. However, PEEL had to answer the newspaper "trash," and, if he has not made any blunders in his figures, his statement is satisfactory, inasmuch as we have 110,000 soldiers at home, including Militia, but excluding Marines and the Enrolled Pensioners, and our artillery is in good order.

VISCOUNT WILLIAMS DE LAMBETH abused the Navy Estimates, for the very reason why VISCOUNT PUNCH DE FLEETSTREET applauds them;—they are the largest ever presented to Parliament in time of peace. They are £12,862,000. There was much more sense in his objection to flogging our sailors. The British Lion should cut low relations, and the Cat is a very seedy member of the *Felis* family. Keep whipcord for the aspirants to hemp, wife-smashers, fraudulent trustees, and the like. The Estimates occupied the rest of the night, except what was consumed in a discussion on a Bill for robbing certain rate-payers in order to make up for robberies caused by the neglect of certain parochial officers.

Tuesday. Came the news that LOUIS NAPOLEON, who had gone to war on a pledge that the Austrians should be driven out of Italy, had "funked" at the Quadrilateral, and, after losing about 100,000 men in

unprofitable combat, had asked for negotiations, succumbed to Austrian dictation, and submitted to leave the double-headed Eagle in possession of the terrible Quadrilateral aforesaid,—to replace the creatures of Austria on the petty thrones from which they had been shaken, and so to end the war; a ridiculous and ephemeral juggle of a Papal Presidency of Confederated Italy, and the handing over a portion of Lombardy to the KING OF SARDINIA (whose Minister, COUNT CAVOUR, retires in disgust), being the dust to be thrown in the eyes of such of the inhabitants of Europe as took off their spectacles after a certain Second of December. *Populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, is to be the device for the Tuileries illuminations. The news was duly announced to the Lords and the Commons.

LORD LYNDHURST got a Select Committee to consider how justice is baffled by the ridiculous mode of taking Chancery evidence. The Commons declined to allow a Scotch parson, named GRIEVE, to transfigure himself into an English parson. LORD JOHN RUSSELL had not decided whether he would let the QUEEN accept the Feejee Islands. MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY'S case, brought on by MR. EDWIN JAMES, has really something in it, and seems to disclose some awful rascality at Hong Kong; but the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE had not had time to read the papers. MR. COCHRANE made an attempt to get rid of some of the hardships of the Civil Examination system, which brutally insists that a young gentleman, in describing himself, shall not begin Jackass with a G; but KOCKREIN, as one of his *protégés* would probably write it, failed. On the appointment of two Committees, the usual row was made by the Irish, and then came part of the Howling Shindy predicted by *Mr. Punch*, touching the Bill for permitting a Catholic to be Irish Chancellor. Government supported the Bill, and the debate stood over, after some good firing; nobody, of course, except Exeter Hall, being in the least in earnest, and Exeter Hall being in earnest only in wanting to spite the Papishes.

Wednesday. Religion—that is to say, Church-rates—all day. SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY'S Abolition Bill on for second reading; and, after a decorous fight by the Conservatives, and some unblushing Ratting (which is politely called submitting your own opinion to that of others) by PALMERSTON and JOHN RUSSELL, such second reading was carried by 263 to 193, in about which proportion the Bill will be rejected by the Lords.

Thursday. LORD CAMPBELL introduced a very unnecessary Bill, for the purpose of letting attorneys loose upon the public at the end of three, instead of five, years' study, if they have graduated at a university. However, solicitors who get on by Degrees are usually preferred to those who get suddenly rich. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE stated that Government intended to refuse to renew the licence to the Hudson's Bay Company, who are a sort of modern incarnation of the feudal game system, and endeavour to keep an enormous territory clear of human beings, in order to promote the breed of animals whose skins will sell. The DUKE OF SOMERSET explained that we are not to look at our mercantile steamers as possible war-ships.

In the Commons, after some practical discussion touching the Indian army, Supply came on again, and all the Navy Estimates were disposed of, the debate pleasantly finishing with a row between SIR J. GRAHAM and SIR C. NAPIER on the old subject, the Baltic fleet. "*He* man the Fleet!" exclaimed CHARLEY, in a rage: "there never was a fleet sent to sea in such a disgraceful state!" And he demanded leave to read to the House his enemy's private letters, which, SIR JAMES retorted, the impolite Admiral had already done. SIDNEY HERBERT then moved the Army Estimates,—made a very good statement, and got several votes on account of about £12,000,000 which he means to have for the soldiers.

[*Mr. Punch* was leaving the House, soon after two on Friday morning, when the odour of the abominable river came upon him in a foul flood. He staggered, and was carried by LORD PALMERSTON, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and MR. DISRAELI to his carriage. After some minutes he felt a little better, thank you, but owed it to himself, and the world immediately to leave town for his beautiful country seat, where he is at present staying with his attached family.]

Morality Rewarded.

IT was but a few days ago that it was announced, *apropos* of the Quadrilateral, that Austria was going, for the first time, to "deal on the Square." See how Virtue prospers! No sooner has she taken this course, than the War ends, and she saves nearly every pound of her Italian bacon. Who would not be virtuous?

"THE EDUCATED CLASSES."

CAN the pets of LORD MALMESBURY, who at an examination cannot pass from getting impaled on their own pothooks and hangers, be supposed to belong to the "educated section?" If they do belong to the class, we will wager they are at the bottom of it.

FIGURES AMONGST FLOWERS.

IN the tropical aquarium in Kew Gardens (which can now be admired in all their gay holiday attire, and are visited by thousands of happy droppers-in every day—only what a pity it is that their beauties are not visible until One o'clock P.M., as though Nature were a coquette, whose toilette would not possibly allow her to "receive" at an earlier hour!) there may be seen a fine specimen of that most wonderful of all vegetable productions, the lace, or lattice-leaf, plant of Madagascar. Ladies, who have an educated eye for lace-work, are particularly recommended to pay it a visit. We suppose young Madagascarine brides wear veils and entire dresses made of this particular lace, on their wedding-days, and doubtlessly fancy it as becoming as Valenciennes, or the most pointed production of Brussells. We are told that this plant has been largely copied by artificial florists, and that many millions of leaves have been made and moulded into wreaths, garlands, and chaplets. It has produced considerable profit to the manufacturers, who have named it "the skeleton leaf." We should have preferred a more flowery name. It isn't a pretty notion to wreathe round the brow of Beauty a coronal with such an anatomical association of ideas. Fancy the head of your beloved smothered in skeleton-leaves! However, it is too much to expect poetry and millinery too from a manufacturer. If the flowers of his imagination were not as artificial as the others he sells, the contrast might be injurious to his business. We should have thought rather that it had been the poor milliners, who realise starvation prices only by their needles, who had given this plant the ironical name of the "skeleton-leaf." In their bitterness and want, they must mockingly think that the thread of their existence could have been made out of no other leaf.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS OF A PARLIAMENTARY LIFE.

AT a Finsbury dinner (Finsbury ought to be doubly blest, for it can boast now of its "PET," and its PETO), MR. T. DUNCOMBE, after alluding to his five-and-twenty years of Parliamentary services, said:—

"Of all things he desired to see before terminating his political career, was one more, good, honest, liberal Reform measure carried through Parliament."

We only wish that MR. DUNCOMBE may live to see the full accomplishment of what his heart desires. A good old age would evidently be in store for him. "You owe me sixpence, PADDY," said SIR WALTER SCOTT, good humouredly, to a beggar, when he gave him a shilling in the absence of smaller change. "And may your Honour live till I pay you," was PADDY'S reply. Parliament owes us a Reform Bill,—and, borrowing the beggar's ejaculation, may MR. DUNCOMBE and all of us live, say we, until Parliament has paid us! What Old PARRS and NESTORS we shall be!

JONES, WHO CAN'T SLEEP WELL IN LONDON DURING THE HOT WEATHER, GOES TO HAVE A QUIET NIGHT IN A VILLAGE!!
Portrait of ONE *of the Village Cochins, &c.*

ITALY IS FREE.

ITALY 's free—Italy 's free—
From Savoy to Sicily, shore unto sea!
The Frenchman has come—with his "hey presto, quick!"
The two-headed Eagle before him to kick.
Why ask antecedents? Why hint of a doubt?
Coups-d'état, Boulevard massacres, why prate about?
Don't you hear how he swears—a bold swearer is he—
That he 's come to set Italy free—very free—
Look again, little dears, clear as mud it must be,
That his promise is kept, and that Italy 's free!

True, you might have asked voice as to sheathing the sword:
You might have wished Piedmont to put in her word:
Might have wished the black vulture's broad wings to be clipped:
Might have wished certain dukes of their dukedoms well stripped:
Might, some, p'raps, have wished for a little less POPE,
For some folks not so much and for some folks more rope:
Might have wished one United Italia to be—
But a truce to your wishes and wants—aren't you free?
Yes—only look hard enough; plainly you 'll see,
That Italy 's free—oh—exceedingly free!

Of the POPE at your head—that kind well-meaning man;—
You are free to make just the best use that you can:
With an Austrian rivet on leg and on arm,
To prevent you from making too free to your harm,
And a Tuscan grand-duke and a Modenese too,
And a youthful KING BOMBA—who 's freer than you?
Of course you 're not free to bite, struggle, and kick:
Austria's maxim is still, "Spoil the child, spare the stick."
You can't wish to be free, to make rumpus and row;
You don't know what 's good for you, of course you 'll allow—
So to pastors and masters obedient you 'll be,
Like a good little Italy—though you are free.
Free—free—from the shore to the sea—
From the Alps to the Appenines—free, all so free!

DEAD WELLS AND DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

PUT this and that together. This is part of one letter in the *Times:*

"SIR, Seeing a recommendation from SIR JAMES DUKE to erect a fountain to be supplied from the well at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, I have taken the liberty of stating I saw that said well filled up to the brim with the bones of the dead who had been buried in the old Church; therefore I think it advisable the fountain should be erected at some distance from that sacred spot."

That—subjoined—is another letter in the *Times*, printed immediately below the preceding;—

"SIR, If your Correspondent 'S. J. M.' refers to the Church on St. Dunstan's Hill, E.C., I beg to inform him that there is at the present moment a pump, the water from which is deliciously cool, and very extensively used."

Ugh!

"I had been happy,"—the consumer of St. Dunstan's well-water may say, borrowing, with a slight difference, the words of *Othello*,—"if the general parish, myself, and all, had tasted the contents of that well, so I had nothing known." The two letters are quite reconcileable one with the other. If the old well was filled with the materials named in the first letter, the pump mentioned in the second must belong to a new well sunk close by. The delicious coolness of the water, which causes it to be "extensively used," is just what confirms the statement of both the correspondents of the *Times*. Water, derived from the sources which St. Dunstan's fluid must, by their united account, come from, is known to be popular; chemistry explains why; it is a saline draught. But chemistry also shows that it is something more and something worse; and sanitary science says that it is very unwholesome. Drink not that water, the constitution of which suggests that it might be drunk standing and in silence.

Nobility Sharpens the Appetite.

Swell. Do you know, my fine fellah, I was dining with the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE yesterday.

Envious Friend. Nonsense!

Swell. Yes—true, 'pon honnah,—at the London Tavern!

FREE ITALY (?)

LATIN FOR LADIES' DRESSES.

HERE is an advertisement which may interest Paterfamilias, who has no end of milliners' bills to pay:—

WATCH-SPRING PETTICOATS. — MADAME AMET cautions persons from dealing in the above, unless signed "AMET."

Paterfamilias will be amused, as well as interested, by this announcement. Considering that there is nothing in the isolated word AMET to show that it is a French proper name, and not the third person singular of the imperative mood, present tense, of the Latin verb, "*amo*," "to love," he may be disposed to smile at the idea of his wife and daughters going about with such a word inscribed on any portion of their dresses. If MADAME AMET wishes to advertise her Watch-spring Petticoats, perhaps she has her name marked on the under margin, so as to be exhibited in walking, in the case of most young, and in that of some old, ladies by the voluntary upholding of the skirts. That name elegantly embroidered in that situation, would be highly ornamental, and might be useful as an advertisement, not only of the maker but also of the wearer, if unmarried and wishing not to remain so. AMET, whatever the word may be understood to mean by womankind, will, by mankind be translated, "Let him love;" that is, "Let somebody love" (understand) me—with a view of course to marrying me—in other words, "I am in want of a husband." "*To be Sold*," in fact, chalked on a "trap" is about what would be signified by "AMET" displayed on a petticoat.

No doubt, watch-spring petticoats are highly fashionable, and the watch-springs are calculated to make the petticoats go; and if they have the same effect on the single daughters of Paterfamilias, they will be worth that gentleman's money.

EXTREME PROBABILITIES.

WE live in high-pressure times, but *Mr. Punch* flatters himself (or, rather, does himself simple justice in asserting) that *He* can keep ahead of the times, the telegrams, and even the talk of his wife, or anything else, no matter how distressingly fast it may be. He believes he has rather been and done it with the following information, which has not yet reached even Printing House Square:—

IMPORTANT TELEGRAMS.

RECEIVED THROUGH MR. REUTER'S OFFICE.

"*Paris, August* 24.

"The EMPEROR is dissatisfied (*mécontent*) with LORD PALMERSTON'S explanation on the English National Defences. He still regards them as a menace to the independence of France and an insult to her glory. He has desired the DUKE OF SOMERSET to be sent over."

"*Paris, August* 25.

"The DUKE OF SOMERSET has been waiting in an ante-room of the Tuileries for five hours. The EMPEROR has just sent to say that he is going to the Opera, and the man must come again early in the morning (*de bon matin*). The Duke was in such a rage at being called a man that he pulled the nose of the menial who brought the message. This has complicated matters."

"*Paris, August* 26.

"The nose has been put straight, but the EMPEROR has given the Duke orders to return, instantly (*tout à l'heure*) to discontinue all work in your dockyards, and to despatch one half of your entire fleet to join the anti-slavery squadron, off Brazil."

"*Paris, August* 27.

"On consideration, the EMPEROR sees in the Battery at Brighton a standing menace to Dieppe. He has sent orders to have the flag-staff taken down, and the platform turned into a station for donkeys."

"*Paris, August* 28.

"You will hear to-morrow that the EMPEROR has desired the Tower of London to be dismantled (*dépouillé*), and the LORD MAYOR sent over as a hostage for the performance of the decree."

"*Paris, August* 29.

"His Imperial Majesty has transmitted directions to the English War Office to disband the whole of the various Rifle Associations, and send over their weapons to Boulogne for the armament of the Capecure Zouaves."

"*Paris, August* 30.

"The EMPEROR requires the dissolution of the English Yacht Clubs, and the destruction of all yachts whose tonnage is over three tons and a quarter. LORD ALFRED PAGET and MR. A. ARCEDECKNE are to be forwarded to Paris by the night-train."

"*Paris, August* 31.

"The Court of the Tuileries is extremely dissatisfied at the delay in carrying out the requisitions already made, and regards it as an approach to the perfidious system of treachery (*trahison*) so often and so unworthily practised by England in her relations with her foreign friends. A demand will be made to-morrow which will decisively intimate His Majesty's feelings."

"*Paris, September* 1.

"The EMPEROR selects this day, the first of the partridge season, to demand that every English person possessed of a gun of any kind shall instantly pack it in a box, and remit it, carriage paid, to the Minister of War, Paris. Pistols are included in this order."

"*Paris, September* 2.

"The EMPEROR desires that the Buoy at the Nore be cut loose, as it acts as a kind of bait (*amorce*) to the English to indulge in excursions and cultivate that nautical taste which has rendered them so insolently rough in their behaviour to Continentals."

"*Paris, September* 3.

"The EMPEROR demands that Ramsgate, Dover, Plymouth, Lowestoft, Aberystwith, Southampton, and Gravesend, be at once ceded to France, not as accession of territory (a view which France abhors and repudiates), but in trust for the Liberty of Europe, as defined by His Majesty."

"*Paris, September* 4.

"The EMPEROR has heard with sympathy Ireland's cry of agony. Her bitter cup is now full, and it is reserved for him to dash it to the ground. Her liberation is at hand (*tout près*). GENERAL MACMAHON, a descendant of her Kings, who were allies of France before England was discovered by CÆSAR, is charged with the execution of this decree.

"*Paris, September* 5.

"THE EMPEROR DEMANDS THAT MR. PUNCH BE SENT OVER TO PARIS, INSTANTLY, IN CHAINS."

"*Dover, September* 9.

"ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER has just annihilated the united fleets of France, Austria, and Russia, and is swearing awfully because his grog is not strong enough."

ERROR OF THE PRESS.

SPEAKING of the peace, a philo-French contemporary of ours is pleased to say:—

"Throughout the whole campaign, which the Villafranca treaty, we think, fairly terminates, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON has kept one consistent course. From his first step to his last, he has advanced with firmness, but with moderation. In France and in the field, in the Court and in the Camp, he has acted all along with a *suaviter in modo*, which not many men in England believed that he possessed, and fewer still that he would have the strength of mind to exercise."

There is in this statement an error in the spelling, which, to please LORD MALMESBURY, we hasten to correct. However suavely the EMPEROR may have acted in the Court, it is sheer nonsense to say that he has done so in the Camp. But rather than impugn the wisdom of the writer, we look upon his error as a typographical mistake. If he had said that in the field LOUIS NAPOLEON acted "*Zouaviter in modo*," the statement would have been more in accordance with the fact.

CONJUGATOR DE SE.

A REMARKABLE appeal from the Court of Exchequer in Ireland came, the other day, before the House of Lords. The case was that of BEAMISH *v.* BEAMISH, and the point in question was the validity of what may be called a truly Irish marriage. That marriage took place in 1831, privately, between the REV. SAMUEL SWAYNE BEAMISH and ISABELLA FRASER, at the house of one ANNE LEWIS, in the City of Cork, and the ceremony was performed by the reverend bridegroom himself. Matrimony and hanging are often spoken of as mutually analogous, the parties in both cases being said to be "tied up;" but though many fools have hanged themselves, very few have ever thought of marrying themselves, and perhaps nobody but a clergyman of MR. BEAMISH'S country could contemplate the rash act of sui-splice.

THE OVERCROWDED DWELLING-HOUSE ACT.—No house is big enough for two wits to live in together!

Courteous Stranger. "*Em—Would you like to see the Newspaper, Sir?*"

[Exhausted Editor, who has seen *nothing but* Newspapers for the last four-and-twenty hours, looks aghast!

THE FORTIFICATION OF LONDON.

THE Dutch once came up the Thames and burnt our ships in the River. Catch anybody serving us the same trick now, at least in such weather as this, when the state of the Thames is such as not only to secure it from the approach of an invader, but also, alone, to maintain it irresistibly on the offensive. Whilst the Thames enables us to hold our own in holding our noses, as at present, there is little fear that any enemy will venture to show his nose in the River. That is our ditch of defiance; our moat inaccessible. The great Copropolitan tidal drain is a sewer-intrenchment against all adversaries, and will be found an impregnable British stronghold by the dirtiest foreigners, who have hitherto always been supposed to be much stronger than we are, including all the strength of our Great Unwashed. The most powerful of strangers to England and ablution will recoil from our overpowering Thames.

A Trifle from the River.

AT the Thames Yacht Club Meeting the other day we observe that "*Zouave* got near *Vestal*, and then came *Alarm*." Just what would happen, we should think, if one of the red-breeched *vauriens* called Zouaves had the chance indicated. However, "after *Zouave* came on *Destiny*." If ever the situation be realised ashore, we trust that the rigging of the last-named craft will comprise one rope only.

A PRIZE BUTCHER.

THE sign-boards of certain rural hostelries of the good old style promise the equestrian traveller "Entertainment for Man and Horse." That is to say, eggs and bacon, bread and cheese, cold meat, perhaps, and chicken, are at the service of the biped; whilst the quadruped will find hay in his manger, and may get a feed of corn. The horse will be entertained with water; the man with beer and pipes. The entertainment of the one will differ considerably from that of the other. Until lately, the idea of a man and a horse entertaining themselves, or being entertained, with the same meals, would have been deemed absurd. The subjoined testimonial, however, appended to an advertisement of "HENRI and Co.'s Patent Horse and Cattle Feed," seems to show that, however ridiculous it may be to imagine the superior being, except in danger of starvation, resorting to the diet of the lower animal, that preposterous eccentricity is nevertheless a fact:—

"*Dulwich.*

"I hereby certify, that in consequence of having experienced the beneficial effects of HENRI & Co.'s Cattle Feed, I have taken one cwt. more, and will continue to use it, and also to recommend it to my friends and the public generally.

"GEORGE SHAW, Butcher."

A butcher, of all men, is the last one would expect to find regaling himself upon cattle food. Is MR. GEORGE SHAW a vegetarian? That is possible, even as a brewer may be a teetotaller; and many brewers, for reasons which are best known to themselves, never taste their own beer. What must that beer be, then, after it has undergone the manipulations of the publican? But this is a digression; and we return to MR. GEORGE SHAW, with the question, now that he has taken more than one cwt. of HENRI and Co.'s Patent Horse and Cattle Feed, how much he has gained in weight on that provender? Also, to what extent he carries his vegetable feeding: whether he ever grazes on a common; whether he munches the furze there, and the thistles? We hope we shall see MR. SHAW at the next Smithfield Club Cattle Show, among the spectators if not in one of the stalls; and wish him, in advance, a merry Christmas, and success to the beef which, as well as his own carcase, he has doubtless fattened on HENRI and Co.'s Horse and Cattle Feed.

AN ITALIAN ECHO.

"ITALIANS! What 's your gain by Solferino?"
"*Corpo di Bacco*, English, bless'd if *we* know."

THE WESTMINSTER PALACE CLOCK.—Since it was thought time that this Clock should do something for its money, it has been decided to put it at the head of HER MAJESTY'S *Stationary* Office.

A SHYLOCK, AND A SKYLARK.

IT is not often we find poetry in the purlieus of a Police Court, but the following case shows that it is sometimes to be met with there:

"JOHN PINNEY, a boy about fourteen years of age, was charged with stealing a cage containing a skylark, the property of a foreign Jew, named SOLOMON BERNARD POLACK, of No. 15, Mount Street, Whitechapel.

"MR. YARDLEY, after hearing the evidence, said, I shall sentence the prisoner to fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing the cage. As to the lark, it ought to be singing in the sky.

"The Prosecutor. It sings at my house.

"MR. YARDLEY. It ought to be singing in the air, over the fields and meadows. Do you recollect the beautiful lines beginning 'Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings.'

"The Prosecutor. No, I know nothing of that.

"MR. YARDLEY. Give the lark freedom; release it.

"The Prosecutor. I will try. It cost me money.

"MR. YARDLEY. Now, do oblige me: release the bird.

"The Prosecutor. I'll try, I'll try. It cost me much money—think—the money, Sare! (*Laughter.*)"

We almost wish MR. YARDLEY could have acted like the "wise young judge" in SHAKSPEARE, and, like that "Daniel come to judgment," could legally have turned the tables on the Jew. We regret almost that skylarks are not subject to the Game Laws, and that any one caught catching them and caging them might "catch it." Larks are God's free creatures, and pray what earthly right can man claim to imprison them? Viewed as Nature's property, they belong to the green fields which MR. YARDLEY speaks of; and stealing them is clearly an act of petty larceny, which our Magistrates by law should have the power to punish. Humane man as he is, it would doubtless have rejoiced the heart of MR. YARDLEY, if, after sentencing the boy for the stealing of the cage, he could have sent the Jew to quod for the stealing of the skylark.

A Liberal Offer.

THERE is a hideous French column recently erected near the house of the late victor of Waterloo. We all cry out for its removal. Now, our friend L. N. of Solferino must just now want an Advertising Column, like his Uncle's in the Place Vendôme. Will he take ours? He shall have it *so* cheap, say for the value of the Italian Confederation. Is it a bargain?

THE HEAT.—We have it upon the most reliable authority (as the *Morning Advertiser* is always saying half a dozen times every day) that the keeper of the Koh-i-Noor diamond, when he went to look at it the other day, about dinner time, found to his astonishment that the "mountain of light" had been turned by the excessive heat into a heap of—the reader will never believe it—of boiled *carats!—Record.*

ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC NOTICE!

SEVERAL myriads of anxious correspondents requiring information, *Mr. Punch* begs to give notice, that the Bill which has been moved for "to prevent the setting up of advertising columns" will in no way interfere with the setting up, as usual, of HIS advertising columns. These columns will, as heretofore, be "set up" every week by his most careful of compositors, and no pains will be spared to keep out typical mistakes. *Mr. Punch* may speak with truth of his advertising columns as being at once useful and most highly ornamental. Unlike the mad monstrosity which now disfigures Hyde Park Corner, more even than the monster statue of the Duke, *Mr. Punch's* columns always are set up in good taste, and nothing that is objectionable is ever to be seen in them. So far from being an eyesore, and disfiguring the streets, *Mr. Punch* avers that his advertising columns adorn and greatly beautify the fortunate shop-windows in which they are displayed. *Mr. Punch nihil tetigit quod non ornavit;* and he may point with pride to his advertising columns, as proving with what good taste he blends ornament with use. It also is a proof of the good taste of the public that his advertising columns are held in such repute. Still, although each week adds inches to their high reputation, the charge for entrance to the columns remains at a low figure.

Mr. Punch concludes this notice by expressing his opinion that, while the public have HIS advertising columns at command, there can be no public need of having any others; and he therefore begs to pat MR. COWPER on the back, for bringing in his Bill to prevent the setting up of columns by French companies, whom, if need be, *Mr. Punch* will use his columns to set down.

THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

AT high water the other day, Father Thames was elevated to the House of Peers. His reception was not of the most cordial nature, all doors and windows being unceremoniously closed to prevent, if possible, his admission. The Peers, too, fled hastily in all directions to avoid being brought into contact with this very superfluous, and anything but agreeable, addition to their aristocratic House. The question is, what can be done to purify the dirty old gentleman, so that he shall smell sweeter in the nostrils of their offended Lordships; or, better still, what precautionary measures can be resorted to in order to prevent for the future similar unpleasant introductions?

Negative Proof.

IT is said by the first of critics that a Great Poet is discerned in his knowing when not to write. It is said of LOUIS NAPOLEON, by his admirers, that he is a perfect master of the art of fortification. He evidently knows when to let a fortification alone.

COMPANION TO THE HYMENEAL ALTAR.

THE aristocracy, and other persons of good taste and high refinement, are apprised by the subjoined announcement of a means by which they may pay an elegant compliment to persons about to merit, or who may have just merited, that delicate attention:—

"AN APPROPRIATE WEDDING GIFT.
In square 16mo, price 7*s.* 6*d.*, elegantly bound,
THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.
Printed in Gold on a tinted cardboard, and Illustrated with emblematical designs on every page."

This truly interesting and exquisite novelty offers an opportunity of eligible investment to those industrious and enterprising young gentlemen who hawk the penny papers about the streets, and introduce their heads into omnibuses, with cries of "*Daily Telegraph!*" or "*Hevening Stawr!*" If they would lay in a stock of the resplendent edition of the Marriage Service above described, and, posting themselves every morning at the doors of St. George's, Hanover Square, thrust a copy into every carriage containing ladies crowned with orange-flowers, and gentlemen with white satin bows in their buttonholes, they would sell immense numbers of that appropriate wedding-gift, perhaps without much danger of getting their heads punched for impertinence by the bridegroom's "best man." On the contrary, it is probable that the graceful act would be rewarded with many a sunny smile bestowed on the gallant urchin, and accompanied with the sympathetic greeting, "Welcome, little stranger!"

The Marriage Service, illustrated with doves probably, and Cupids, and printed in gold letters on tinted paper, is a step in advance of the silver twist which unites the fashionable couple, represented by their respective pasteboards, in an envelope enclosed to their friends. So gold lace excels silver lace; and the Marriage Service akin to the former would be a suitable companion to that Altar which persons whose pronunciation is peculiar call High-Menial.

THE MODERN "STAR CHAMBER."—The EARL OF ROSSE'S Telescope.

PUNCH TO CAVOUR.

"COUNT CAVOUR * * * has retired in disgust, from the proud position he has so long filled."—*Times, July 14th.*

COUNT O'CAVOURNEEN, the bubble is breaking,
You 've had the last scene, Solferino's red hill,
The cannons no longer the echoes are waking,
COUNT O'CAVOURNEEN, what, Minister still?
O hast thou forgot the diplomacy clever
In which thou didst bear so distinguished a part,
Thy vow to clear out all the Hapsbugs for ever?
The vermin still linger, CAVOUR of my heart.

CAVOURNEEN, CAVOURNEEN, the dead lie in numbers
Beneath the torn turf where the living made fight;
In the bed of My Uncle the EMPEROR slumbers,
But Italy 's Hapsbugs continue to bite.
Well done, my CAVOUR, they have cut short the struggle
That fired all the pulses of Italy's heart;
And in turning thy back on the humbug and juggle;
CAVOUR, thou hast played a proud gentleman's part.

HARVEY'S BONES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, writing about the remains of the illustrious HARVEY, says:—

"The person who showed me the vault rattled the bones, apparently as part of the exhibition."

Had this knave a notion that he was paying a suitable honour to the memory of an anatomist, when he rattled the bones of the great discoverer of the circulation of the blood? Without attaching too much importance to bones, we may suggest that HARVEY'S might be, at least, allowed to rest, instead of being rattled. A fellow who would rattle HARVEY'S bones would also rattle those of SHAKSPEARE, or play at loggats with them, if he were not afraid of the malediction which protects those relics from irreverent clowns.

Old Mr. Dibbs. "WHY, GEORGE! YOU NEVER RIDE HERE IN THE AFTERNOON—HOW'S THAT?"

Young Swellington. "NO-O-O. IT LOOKS AS IF ONE HAD SOME OCCUPATION, YOU KNOW, AND COULDN'T WIDE OF A MORNING. I ALWAYS WIDE BEFORE BREAKFAST, BETWEEN ELEVEN AND ONE!"

ECONOMY OF THE BUDGET.

As safely a man may live up to his means,
Upon his mere labour whose whole income leans,
As he who subsists on the surest of rents,
Or on interest due from the firm Three-per-Cents.

On the strength of precarious earnings, he may
Be quite as luxurious, jolly, and gay,
Keep house, horse, and carriage in just as fine style
As long on his toil as Dame Fortune shall smile.

His charity needs no more measure nor stint
Than it would if his hand or his head were a mint;
He may give without danger, or lend without fear,
If he just keeps within what he earns by the year.

For old age or misfortune ne'er let him provide,
But spend all he gets upon pleasure or pride,
For he has no greater occasion to save
Than one who is sure to go rich to his grave.

Oh, oh! do you cry? do you question my rule?
Do you even declare that I talk like a fool?
Don't you see that of prudence the point I advance,
Is a truth that 's deduced from the soundest finance?

The principle wise legislators enforce,
That income is income, no matter its source,
And whether uncertain it be, or secure,
Should just the same weight of taxation endure.

Now taxes, 'tis clear to a person of sense,
Are perfectly like any other expense,
And those who afford them with quite equal ease,
Are equally able to live as they please.

But if I 'm mistaken—if want may await
Each man that 's unblest with a certain estate,
That man is a fool to spend all that he gains
By the sweat of his brow or the wear of his brains.

That man is a fool, if, with confidence rash,
He lives like the landlord or man of fixed cash:
That equal expense which 'twere folly to share,
Is injustice to him forced its burden to bear.

Now then, clever Sir, you who have to compose
The Budget, and make us all pay through the nose,
Your wisdom will find some contrivance, no doubt,
A fair contribution to wring from each snout.

CLOSING OF THE THEATRE OF WAR.

OUR readers—that is, everybody—will rejoice, we think, to hear that a new farce having lately been accepted by the Managers, it is announced that this theatre is closed till further notice. In consequence of their production of this peace, the (field-)pieces which have recently been brought out at the Theatre have, by order of the Management, for the present been withdrawn. The new peace, the plot of which is taken from the French, is called *The Peace of Villafranca*, or *The Patched-up Treaty*. It is a peace of serious interest, though some critics regard it in the nature of a farce. After the tragedy of *The Campaign*, any peace, however frivolous, is an agreeable relief; and we trust that the accepted peace may have a good long run.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.—The first thing a man takes to in life is Milk—the last is, his Bier.

A SECRET ABOUT SECRETS.—A Secret is my Slave as long as I keep it under; a Secret is my Master the moment it escapes from me.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 5, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, July 23, 1859.

THE TURCOS, AND THEIR MODE OF FIGHTING. FROM THE LATEST FRENCH ACCOUNTS AND SKETCHES.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED MEMBER.

My hack is tired of Park and Square:
My kennelled pointers pant for air;
My trees at home are fresh and green;
My Highland bothy's swept and clean;
The grouse are crowing on the hill;
The red-deer crouching in the gyll—
The sun is hot, the Thames is strong,
The House is drear, the Session long.

Oh, would I were by Solent's side,
Where white-winged yachts at anchor ride;
Oh, would I were beside the pool,
Beneath the hazel shadows cool,
With rising trout and circling fly,
And soft west wind in cool grey sky!
Not stifling, in St. Stephens' here,
Debaters' prosing in my ear!

For country air I pant and pine;
I have no appetite to dine:
E'en iced gin-twist can cool no more,
And sherry-coblers are a bore:
The smell of Thames is in my nose:
The flags are hot beneath my toes—
Fly, Session, fly: dissolve, O House,
And speed me to the sacred grouse!

Hadfield of Sheffield.

"A LAMP upon a dinner-table is objectionable," said an eminent diner-out, at the Reform Club; "in the first place, it takes up room, and in the second, it prevents your seeing your opposite neighbour. Rely upon it, there is nothing like a hanging light." "Yes," said MR. HADFIELD, "or what is called in Latin, *Pendente lite*."

MR. RAREY'S EXHIBITIONS.—Entertainment both for Man and Horse.

IS IT "J.?"

MR. PUNCH, writing nobly himself, can afford to enjoy noble writing by others, and so far from possessing any of that meanness of spirit which leads some folks to detract from the merits of their rivals, he delights to bring forward with honour and glory anything that deserves applause. In that beautiful spirit, he extracts from the *Leicester Guardian* the following exquisite account of a *fête* in Bradgate Park, good-naturedly lent for the purpose by the EARL OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON:—

"The day was the Queen of Summer's fairest, not a cloud obscured the sky, whilst a refreshing breeze gently wafted through the studded slopes and glens, and as the happy gatherings, exuberant with mirth in the plenitude of their gambols, their innocent pastimes and recreations, luxuriated well-nigh to satiety, their cup of joy was filled to overflowing by the soul-stirring strains of the band, which continuously poured forth from the venerable ruins with magic grandeur and sublimity."

Isn't it *sweet?*

The same lofty and lovely style is preserved in personal narrative, for we are next apprised that—

"The COUNTESS OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON, who, with the Noble Earl, *was engaged in piscatorial pursuits throughout the day*, kindly forwarded to MR. H. NICHOLSON, the handsome sum of £25,"

which was very kind of her Ladyship. It would have been vulgar, when a Countess was being spoken of, to say that she was fishing; and *Mr. Punch* makes his best compliments to the Editor of the *Leicester Guardian*, and congratulates him upon the charming contributor whose services he is happy enough to have at command. Our friend the *Post* has long since got rid of its old taint of Jenkinsism; but—a thought strikes us!—has the ostracised JENKINS taken refuge in Leicester?

Hapsburg.

THIS celebrated House, which has lately received such a severe shaking, is about to change its name. So subject has it been to crosses and reverses lately—so much so that its foundation is by no means so sound as it used to be—that for the future it is to be called "THE HOUSE OF MISHAPSBURG."

A REAL SCOTCH ROMANCE.

THE fact that oatmeal is extremely fattening for ducks, may account for the rare growth of this fine Scotch *canard*, which appeared the other day in the *Glasgow Bulletin*:—

"GARIBALDI A SCOTSMAN.

"SIR,—Being allowed two days' recreation last week, I bent my way to the banks of the Allan, to enjoy a day's fishing. In my rambles I neared Greenloaning, where I met an old man—by name, JAMES ANDERSON, pensioner, late of the 42nd Highlanders—and a most intelligent old man I found him to be. After the weather, the next great topic of the day was the war. I had bought a copy of your paper at the Bridge in the morning, which I gave him. He said, as most others do, that GARIBALDI was the hero of this war; and, with laughing face, exclaimed, 'Faith, we may be proud of him; I kent his faither and grandfaither baith.' Of course I questioned him about him, when he related the following:—

"'His grandfaither, auld JAMES GARROW, was a shoemaker at the auld brig o' Stirling, who often mended my shoes, and his son—BALDIE—listed in our regiment, was present at mony a hard battle along wi' myself, got a severe wound at Toulouse, and, under the care of a pretty Italian girl, a servant in a noble family, got quite recovered of the bullet wound, but not so easy of the wound made by her dark eyes. In short, they were married, and had one child. E'er I left France, he went along with the family to Italy. They could never call him BALDIE GARROW, but GARIBALDIE, and his son, I am certain, is the present great commander.'

"On my return to Stirling in the evening, I made strict inquiry, and find there are still a great many families of the name of GARROW; and an old man of the name of DANIEL KARR recollects the same BALDIE having enlisted in the gallant Forty-Twa. Delighted with my success, I determined to communicate to you as soon as I returned, in the hope that your giving publicity to the foregoing, may elicit something more concerning this mystery.

"I am, &c.,

"25, Hill Street, Glasgow, June, 1859." "JOHN SINCLAIR."

There, young ladies! isn't that a nice romantic story? and how clinchingly it proves that in the quality of strangeness fiction falls far short of being comparable with fact! The mending of the shoes by the venerable "auld grandfaither;" the 'listing of the fiery and frolicsome young BALDIE, who, not content to step in his aged parent's shoes, aspired in his soul to higher things than soleing; the "mony" battles BALDIE fought; his wounds by black eyes and by bullets; his nursing, love, and marriage; and the birth and boy-behaviour of his first and only chy-ild, who grew up like ALEXANDER, and became a "great commander;"—what novelist could hope to fill up his three volumes with a string of more exciting incidents than these? How sad it is to think, that there are brutal-minded readers who unfeelingly would question the truth of the narration; who would prick up their sharp ears at the first words of the story-teller, and very likely pencil a curt query in the margin, as to whether the word "faith!" is a Scottish exclamation, and whether all that follows be not similarly false.

For ourselves, so far from casting any doubt upon the statement, we believe that, in reality, it falls short of the facts. We believe that its narrator, had he further taxed his memory, might have remembered that, while serving with the "gallant Forty-twa," he "kent" the forty-second cousin of GENERAL GYULAI, whose name by those of his relations who could write was written "GILLIE;" whose birthplace was the "Hielands," and whose Court dress was the kilt. Had he further stretched his memory, he might have also recollected that GENERAL MACMAHON was a hero of Scotch parentage, as, indeed, is plainly indicated by the prefix "Mac;" and that the French hero, CANROBERT, was by family a Briton, having in his infancy been christened "ROBERT CANN." So, too, we opine that, by a little further stretch, the "intelligent old man" might have still further recollected that the soldier BALDIE GARROW was so called from being bald; and that he inherited his baldness from his "faither," who was scalped by the Red Indians, when they fought at Bunker's Hill, commanded by the Austrian—but then Yankee—GENERAL SCHLICK.

All this, we repeat, might the old pensioner have stated, had his hearers only lent him their long ears a little longer. We, who in our youth have turned believing aural organs to the tales of Greenwich pensioners, can quite easily imagine what Scotch veterans could tell us. The keen air of the north is sharpening to the wits, and invention comes to aid when memory is failing. Had MR. ANDERSON been treated to a sup or two of "whusky" he might have made up something stronger than this tale of his about the mother of GARIBALDI, which our readers will, we fear, consider as a *mère's*-nest.

TO AND FROM THE WAR.

TO.

THERE came an Emperor over the sea,
(And it 's "Up with the Tricolor!")
And outspake the heart of Italy.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

To the boom and the flash of three hundred guns,
(And it 's "Up with the Tricolor!")
To greet the Deliverer Genoa runs.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

Men, and women, and children small,
(And it 's "Up with the Tricolor!")
There 's a cheer from each, and a smile from all.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

The flowers are flung before his boat,
(And it 's "Up with the Tricolor!")
A people's blessings about him float.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

What works beneath that guarded breast?
(And it 's "Up with the Tricolor!")
So strange and sweet it is to be blest!
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

As in Genoa, so in Milan,
(And it 's "Up with the Tricolor!")
The faith of woman—the trust of man.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

At length he knows what 'tis to move—
(And it 's "Up with the Tricolor!")
Girt about by a people's love.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war).

'Tis thus to the war NAPOLEON goes,
(And it 's "Up with the Tricolor!")
His friends are Italy's—his, her foes.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war).

FROM.

THROUGH those same streets who rideth back,
(And it 's "Down with the Tricolor!")
With brooding silence about his track.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

Men and women, and children small,
(And it 's "Down with the Tricolor!")
There 's a frown from each, and a curse from all.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

The tongue that blessed to ban doth wait,
(And it 's "Down with the Tricolor!")
And a Nation's love is turned to hate.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

Close brow, close breast: yet something shows,
(And it 's "Down with the Tricolor!")
That old, familiar, chill he knows.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

From the horror that tracks the Tyrant's tread,
(And it 's "Down with the Tricolor!")
The shade of the sword over DAMOCLES' head.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

The thorn hath borne but thorny fruit,
(And it 's "Down with the Tricolor!")
And thistles have sprung from the thistle-root.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

The scarce-sheathed daggers are flashing fain,
(And it 's "Down with the Tricolor?")
And the plotters, turned soldiers, are plotters again.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war!)

'Tis thus from the war NAPOLEON goes,
(And it 's "Down with the Tricolor!")
His friends are Austria's—his, her foes.
(Woe, woe—'twas not Freedom's war!)

MATRIMONIAL ALLIES.

WE understand that Colonel the HON. JOSEPH BUGGINS, brother of LORD BUGGINS, and Private Secretary to the DUKE OF ALDERSHOTT, is about to form a matrimonial alliance with the HON. MISS BLOGG, daughter of LORD and LADY BUNHILL. A matrimonial alliance will shortly take place between the LADY SUSANNAH DORCAS PODGERS, youngest daughter of the EARL OF CARRAWAY, and MR. JACOB BEAN, second son of MR. ABRAHAM BEAN and LADY SARAH BEAN, of Strathfogie, N.B." Such, in essentials, which do not include names, are the terms of a recent announcement in the *Post*, headed "Approaching Marriages in High Life."

Why are marriages in high life always called, in the language of that superior state of existence, matrimonial alliances? Is it that they are not, in fact, regular out-and-out marriages, like the conjugal unions of the inferior classes? Is high life so much of a heaven that there are no such things as common coarse marriages in it? Does matrimonial alliance mean an engagement which somewhat resembles matrimony, but is by no means identical with that union? We know that when a matrimonial alliance between persons of quality is ratified at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Marriage Service is read, every word of it, in the vulgar tongue, out of the Common Prayer Book; although dignity is usually imparted to the rite by the Bishop who generally performs it, assisted by a clergyman who is an Honourable as well as a Reverend gent. Before the law, therefore, a matrimonial alliance and a marriage are precisely the same thing. What, then, constitutes the social difference between them? If the matrimonial alliance is not a complete marriage, in what particular is it less than a marriage? In the alliance, the hands of the high contracting parties are joined as hard and fast as those of the lowest couple in the marriage. Are the matrimonial allies of high life supposed to be distinguished from common married people by the non-existence of union between their hearts?

A SONNET UPON A SCENT.

A LEARNED Chemist writeth to the *Times*,
That Thames stink is innocuous—"mere ammonia,"
That neither sulphuret reeks from its slimes;
Nor carburet. Oh, had that Chemist on'y a
Lodging upon Thames-brink, (as for my crimes
I have, I grieve to say) his brains were stonier,
Steeled to all tests, save that sure test which climbs
Into the nose, and I would bet a pony a-
-gainst science upon smell. Oh, let these rhymes,
At which I sweat, under my light Siphonia,
(A Templar—one whom London smoke begrimes,
And briefless prospects steep in melanconia—)
Proclaim (whate'er tests prove, howe'er THWAITES limes)
Thames-mud ain't smelling-salts—*pace* the *Times*.

BAVARIAN SMALL BEER.

WE are ashamed to say, that we have a namesake at Munich, if the Paris correspondent of a contemporary is quite correct in making the subjoined statement:—

"The *Punch* of Munich, in its last number, contains the following:—'Proud Albion is rejoicing in its neutrality; the Thames becomes daily more fetid.' The readers of the Munich *Punch* think this very fine and witty."

Mr. Punch is happy in the certainty that he has no readers, indeed, no one reader, so profoundly stupid as the readers of *Herr Punch*, of Munich. Wherein do the fineness and the facetiousness of the parallel between England's rejoicing in neutrality and the daily increase of the Thames in offensiveness, consist? As the weather grew hotter, the stench of the river increased; but, whilst the war proceeded, the neutrality of proud Albion remained the same. Our neutrality may have been disagreeable and unpleasant to the sanguine absolutists who expected the assistance of a free people; but neutrality is mild, and the Thames, like some unwashed, reeking, beery, smoky people, not far from the Iser, is full-flavoured.

HERO-WORSHIP AT ST. CLOUD.

To celebrate the return of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, crowned with victory, Imperial service was celebrated on Tuesday evening last week at the Palace of St. Cloud, where his MAJESTY in person received the homage of his votaries, consisting of the Senators, Deputies, and members of the Council of State, together with the grand officers of state, and ladies of honour.

The celebrants were, M. TROPLONG, the COUNT DE MORNY, and M. BAROCHE, Presidents, respectively, of the Senate, of the Legislative Body, and of the Council of State. They wore gorgeous vestments of the finest cloth embroidered with gold lace, in combination with plush of inexpressible splendour, and the most brilliant pumps and buckles.

The imposing ceremony was commenced by M. TROPLONG, in prostrating himself thrice before the EMPEROR, repeating at each genuflexion the words, "*Salam Aleikoum!*" when the dignified assistants responded, "*Aleikoum Salam!*" This done, the adoring servant incensed his master; not, indeed, offending him by any excess of adulation, but fumigating him by means of a thurible, or censer, whence a grateful smoke ascended to a nose which had room enough for some quantity.

Having again knelt, and embraced and passionately kissed the EMPEROR'S feet, TROPLONG then proceeded to vindicate his name by addressing his IMPERIAL MAJESTY with a glorification of a length that allows us to quote only some of it. Thus began the sacrifice of praise:—

"Sire,—If your Majesty, consulting only the superiority of your arms, had allowed the war to continue, the general feeling in France, and perhaps in Europe, is that nothing would have delayed your irresistible march, and that Magenta and Solferino would have been followed by new triumphs. Why, then, did the EMPEROR resolve to stop at the height of fortune?

"Your Majesty has told us."

At these emphatic words, the congregation lifted up their eyes and smote their breasts: some wept. They comprehended that if the EMPEROR had not vouchsafed to reveal his gracious purpose, it would have been inscrutable.

M. TROPLONG then proceeded to tell his IMPERIAL MAJESTY what it was that his IMPERIAL MAJESTY had told his creatures,—exactly as an Archbishop sometimes does in a similar composition. He then burst into the following strain of panegyric:—

"Sire, France has understood this noble language: she has recognised in it your devotedness to her, as well as your elevated foresight in the presence of unjust jealousies, and of the extravagant pretensions of revolutionary passions. After having followed you with pride to the field of battle, she admires and sanctions you in that heroic moderation which belongs only to great characters."

Not any nausea being manifested by him to whom this homage was rendered, the sacrificator proceeded, carried away by his enthusiasm, which, assuming a classical character, rapt him into antiquity, with reference to SCIPIO and HANNIBAL. He concluded by performing a symbolical ceremony, which consisted in presenting LOUIS NAPOLEON with a plate of bacon cut preternaturally fat.

DE MORNY, kneeling, with clasped hands, burst out in the following devout exclamation:—

"Sire,—In three months how many prodigies have been witnessed!"

He then went on to relate the marvellous works of the Victor of Magenta and Solferino, and the hero of a fight yet more tremendous; saying:—

"But the noblest of all victories is that which you have gained over yourself. In the intoxication of triumph, you have shown yourself a generous enemy as well as a faithful and disinterested ally; surrounded by victorious and ardent soldiers, you have only thought of sparing their precious blood; you have given to Italy true liberty by freeing her from despotism, and by interdicting there all revolutionary proceedings; and with the marvellous moderation which characterises you, you have gone as far as the honour of France called for, but not further than her interests required."

M. BAROCHE, with truly religious earnestness, pronounced the following benediction:—

"Blessed be God, who brings you back safe, covered with fresh glory, to France, of which you are the saviour and the hope, between this august Consort, of whose firm courage and lofty reason we have had proofs during your absence, and this noble child, who already learns to thank Heaven for the triumphs of his father."

So saying, the Minister knelt and reverently tendered to the EMPEROR a packet of soap composed of the purest glycerine; whilst his two companions, in the same humble posture, laid each of them hold of an Imperial leg, and began vigorously to clean the boot thereof, by means of a towel moistened with rose-water, earnestly declaring what pleasure they should have felt, had not the boots consisted of patent leather, in giving them a splendid polish with the most refulgent blacking. The solemnities concluded with a sacred dance, executed by the ladies and gentlemen of honour bright.

Board of Ill-health.

MR. CHARLES KEAN, we regret to say, has been very unwell since the night of his "Banquet," having had on that occasion to swallow a quantity of the rankest butter.

"OH, THAT I WERE IN THAT BALCONY!"

WISH EXPRESSED BY LITTLE TOM TIT, AS HE WALKED IN THE TIGHTEST OF BOOTS, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET.

THE MILLENNIUM ARRIVED.

FROM Alps to Adriatic
Now Italy is free,
Though not quite democratic
As she may wish to be;
In Venice though remaining,
The Kaiser keeps a throne;
The POPE a new name gaining,
And holding still his own.

All Europe's flaws are mended,
And France has won renown;
All quarrels are well ended,
So we shall settle down.
The master of the regions
That lie next Britain's land,
Will have no work for legions
Which he 'll, of course, disband.

All sorts of swords and sabres
To ploughshares we shall turn,
Because, our good French neighbours
War will no longer learn.
All guns, now Discord's stifled,
And Peace prevails at last,

Instead of being rifled,
For boilers will be cast.

No national defences
Requiring for our shores,
To pay their past expenses,
We'll sell off all our stores,
Avoiding new taxation;
Hope told a flattering tale:
Oh, fond imagination!
How very like a whale!

Palpable.

Two men were convicted, on a recent Friday, by MR. BROUGHTON, of having endeavoured to obtain money from the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER! The poor demented wretches have been sent to a criminal prison. Where is the Lunatics' Friend Society? Where is the gallant CHARLES READE?

A ROSE WITHOUT THORNS.—A Woman Without Nails.

How to Sweat Sovereigns.

THIS process is done most effectually by a series of revolutions following closely one upon another. A long line of sovereigns has been known to disappear in this way very quickly. The Bourbon dynasty in France vanished entirely by means of this process—and so completely that there is not a feature of them left in the country, excepting in some old antiquarian's museum.

The Knife and the Lancet.

A PORK butcher, be it respectfully said, is so far in advance of the medical knowledge of the age, inasmuch as he both kills *and* cures. Now, it is rare indeed that a doctor can achieve more than one of those delicate operations successfully at a time; at all events, there is no living proof of the two having ever been performed completely to the patient's satisfaction.

AN UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOUR.

MR. BULL. "HERE HAVE I GOT TO PAY DOUBLE *INSURANCE*, ALL ALONG OF YOUR CONFOUNDED FIREWORKS!"

KING PUNCH SWEARETH ALLEGIANCE TO THE (BRITISH) QUEEN OF FRUIT.

Oh, juicier than the cherry!
Oh, sweeter than raspberry!
Oh, what delight,
To appetite,
Can equal thee, Strawberry!

E'en creams, though iced by VERREY,
E'en coblers named from Sherry,
Are not more sweet
In summer's heat,
Than thy cool fruit, Strawberry!

Of turtle-soup a plateful
Is not to me more grateful:
Not ducks and peas
This child so please;
Without thee life were hateful!

Not melon or mulberry,
Although they're luscious, very,
Not peach, or pine,
Or nectarine,
Compare with thee, Strawberry!

Oh, bliss when with a pottle
Of Queens I cool my throttle!
I envy not,
The toping sot,
Who cools his with a bottle.

With cream when thou art blended,
Some deem thy flavour mended,
Yet 'tis such treat
To taste thee neat,
I sigh when thou art ended.

Though cherries hang in clusters
As large as waxlight lustres,
Their size will ne'er
With thine compare,
Thy berries grow such busters!

More fragrant e'en than roses,
Or Covent Garden posies,
Thou art as sweet
To smell as eat,
And charm'st both mouths and noses.

With thee no fruit compareth,
Thy crown no rival shareth:
To thee, I ween,
Oh, British Queen,
King Punch allegiance sweareth!

WHAT WE ARE INDEBTED TO THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

THE *entente cordiale* has been maintained at an expense of thirteen millions additionally of taxation every year. Eight millions of these are spent on warlike armaments. This has been going on ever since the beginning of the French Emperor's reign. In truth, LOUIS NAPOLEON has been a very *dear* friend to England. The question is, if friendship, like gold, may not be bought too dearly. The article ought to be of the most precious value, and of the most refined description, to command so high a price. Is the *entente cordiale* worth purchasing at that extravagant rate? and has JOHN BULL grown such a mad spendthrift in his epicurean tastes, as to be able to spend thirteen millions every year in the mere outlay of "cordials" alone? We can recollect the time when the old fellow spurned such effeminate luxuries, and was all the healthier for it. The British Constitution does not need the support of French cordials.

THE LATEST MARVEL IN THE NEST-BUILDING WAY.—A little Wren has built its nest in the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER's pocket! It has not been disturbed since it laid its first egg.

A FEAST FOR A PHILOLOGIST.

"LOOKEE here, *Mr. Punch*. Here, now, 's an interustun parrigraff vor 'ee out o' the *Times* noozepyaaper:—

"PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE.—PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE is at present sojourning among the hills at Stanhope and St. John's in Weardale, translating the Song of Solomon into the dialect of the county of Durham. He will proceed hence to Craven with a view of translating the book into the Yorkshire dialect."

"Now, Zur, I wunder what that are 's vor. Is this here BONYPART gwiun to translate the Zong o' Zolomon into Durham and Yorkshire vor to have un zet to music and zung in them there dialicks? Cause if zo, there 's another wherein I 'm bound to zay that are zong or ar another ood zound a precious dale swater nor in ather o' they. I manes the Hampshire tongue, which is the one ZOLOMON his self would ha chose to write his riginal zong in if he 'd only a know'd on't. 'Tis the purtiest in all England, ever so fur, a young ooman in the pianner parts bates the nightingull holler, and in the base, a chap wi a strong vice, down the bottom o' the droat, makes the pewter pots ring again. Next thing BONYPART dooes you tell 'n to come down among we, and we 'll tache un to translaait the Zong o' Zolomon: aye, and zing ut too melojus enough to charm the heart of a broomstick.

"I be, your umble sarvant,
"BRISTLEFINCH."

"*The Piggery, Snoutbridge, July*, 1859."

FUMUS GLORIA MUNDI.

IN a will case a few days ago, SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, remarking on an allegation that one of a certain Lunatic's habits was to smoke a good deal, is reported to have said:—

"I have a great objection to smoking, but certainly I should not carry my objection so far as to hold that it was evidence of insanity."

Different things are objectionable to different men. *Mr. Punch* happens to be fond of his weed, but, if occasion arose, would probably say this:—

"I have a great objection to lawyers, but certainly I should not carry my objection so far as to refuse to dine with a clever judge, like CRESSWELL, for instance, if he asked me."

After this, it is only necessary for *Mr. Punch* to mention that he is disengaged for Saturday fortnight.

[On second thoughts, *Mr. Punch* supposes that SIR C. CRESSWELL, as a Divorce Judge, said his say to please the female world, which looks up to him with a certain fascinated admiration. Probably he had his cigar-case in his pocket in the robing-room all the time.]

EMPERORS AT ODDS.

ON arriving before the walls of Verona, says LOUIS NAPOLEON,

"I found before me Europe in arms, ready either to dispute our successes, or to aggravate our reverses."

FRANCIS-JOSEPH, on the contrary, declares that he found himself likely to obtain less favourable terms from Europe in arms than those which it was probable that LOUIS NAPOLEON would dictate to him. He was afraid that Europe in arms would aggravate his reverses, and by no means dispute the successes of his adversary. It is to be hoped that there is some mistake between the two Emperors, for at any rate that which lies between their Imperial Majesties is not the truth. Is it quite certain that they knew what they were about, or that they know what they are about now, in making impracticable agreements for the settlement of Italy? The most respectful and moderate conclusion to which we can come is, that one of these august personages is a booby. May *Titania* haply awake, and find out *Bottom?*

A Double-Edged Motto.

THE Saloon Omnibus Company (which may be compared to the Westminster Clock, inasmuch as everybody seems anxious—and nobody able—to get it wound up) bears, on its vehicles, the motto "*Jam omnibus satis.*" One of the facetious Counsel of the Bankruptcy Court the other day expressed his hope that this motto,—which he translated "enough for everybody"—might be found applicable by the creditors, when the Company's assets came to be divided. We should prefer to apply the motto to the unlucky Shareholders, and to translate it, "We 've had quite enough of omnibussing by this time."

THE H. P. C. NUISANCE.

THE present DUKE OF WELLINGTON has done one thing which his heroic father never did. He has made an unsuccessful attack upon a French Column.

ALARMING EPIDEMIC—THE WHISTLEPHOBIA.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. PUNCH was condescending enough to explain to the world, last week, how the Thames breezes drove him from town, after the Thursday night's debate. In consequence of his absence the discussions on Friday were entirely without interest. In the Lords there was some unprofitable talk about the unprofitable peace, and something of the same sort took place in the Commons. The latter, however, got to work, and voted all the Army Estimates and a good many Civil Service ones, and were informed that we shall soon have 300 Armstrong rifled cannon. *Mr. Punch* passed four days on his back on his lovely lawn, reading MR. TENNYSON'S new volume of poems, giving, of course, a day to each of the four. (He may remark, *en passant*, that the Laureate's Quadrilateral is a noble fortification of his fame.) The number of cigars and the quantity of iced liquids which he imbibed during that happy horizontalism are nobody's business but his own. Finally, he got so imbued with the Laureate's beautiful work, that he would think and talk of nothing else, addressed his children as *Enid* and *Elaine*, and upon *Mrs. Punch's* caressing his manly beard, and suggesting an extra cheque for some ridiculous purpose, responded—

"With all my heart, my pretty Vivien."

In this mood he returned to town on Monday night, in order to hear the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER open his Budget, but the exquisite Tennysonian music clung to his brain, and he actually composed the following *resumé* of the speech, without being aware that he had turned it into poetry:—

GLADSTONE the good, GLADSTONE the eloquent,
GLADSTONE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer,
Rose in the chamber on the Moon's warm night,
And gave long talk to the perspiring throng,
The while the Thames stank like the very deuce,
Lime striving vainly with his tainted slime.

And GLADSTONE, gravely smiling on them, said:
"Sit still and gather honey. I presume
Before I state the expedients I design,
'Twere well I summarised the grand result
Of my Caucasian predecessor's work.
His estimate of what the year would bring
Was six three nine two ought, and three oughts more.
The tin accrued, however, in excess:
Six five, and four seven seven, and two eight four.
Expenditure was less than this last sum,
And we've in hand £800,000."

Then plaudit issued from the listening House,
But GLADSTONE gave a deprecating smile.
"Neither the stamp on cheques, nor the increase
In duty on Hibernia's ardent spirits
(Deem not I mean her sons, I mean her swizzle)
Has yet produced, so far as I can tell,
The sum DISRAELI supposed they would.
Who can know all things in this mundane world?
Touching those cheques, I find the man who draws
May hand his coloured slip across the counter,
Unstamped, and (if his balance will permit)
Receive the coin; a practice I shall stop,
And he who draws shall stamp: 'tis like he'll stamp,
And may-be swear, if he have over-drawn,
And the mild clerk declines to draw it mild."

And smiling once again, or at his joke,
Or at the thought of what was coming next,
GLADSTONE proceeded. "Now, my estimate
Of next year's income thus do I announce.
Six four, three four ought, and three oughts beside.
That is the sum the Country should produce
Up to the end of March approximating.
Sixty-four millions and about a third.
'Twere fine to clap an Income-Tax on that,
And fine the country fivepence in the pound—
A thought of genius, lent by godlike *Punch*."

At that loved name they rose tumultuously,
Cheering and shouting, and, with peace restored,
The fluent speaker thus took up his tale.

"Now, hearken to the year's expenditure,
And if it is not heavy, I'll be blowed;
Armies and Navies, and Gibraltar Cables
And the new work in China and Japan,
And nine-and-twenty millions on the Debt,
Are items that mount up, with other things,
And Nine and Sixty millions, (not to name
A fleabite of two hundred thousand pounds,)
We, that is I, and PALMERSTON, and LEWIS,
And savage SOMERSET and courteous HERBERT,
And all the rest of us, propose to spend
Before the thirty-first of coming March;
Put that, my gentle hearers, in your pipes,
And, at your pleasant leisure, smoke the same.

"Now," he continued, in his honey tone,
"This shows, you see, a gross deficiency.
When I say gross, I do not mean reproach,
But use a cant-word of commercial slang,
Because it sounds uncommon business-like.
And this deficiency subtraction's rule
Shows to amount, O friends, to Millions four
And Hundred Thousands, added, eight, six, seven.
Where shall we get that money, O my friends?

"Bear with me while with me I would bear you
Into reflection, for some moments' space.
Though space is not a cognate word with time,
And time—but that's a thing we will not waste
Dissecting nicely every passing phrase,
When we should be prepared for other frays,
The thought whereof affrays the patriot mind.
This year I think we'll call Exceptional.
We have a grand Armada, and besides
A noble army; both we've lately raised
For reasons understood of all of you.
If in six months, or twelve, things grow not Worse,
(You all know what I mean, and worse means war)
We may suppose that they will surely Better.
Therefore, I say, let's pay our way at once,
And be prepared for what contingency
Fate hath in store—if war, we'll want all cash
Then to be got; if peace, at twelvemonth's end
We'll kick the Income-Tax to Belzebub,
Lucifer, Moloch, and their President,
Friend of the President of Italy."

Cheering from anti-Papal NEWDEGATE
Led louder cheering from the Liberal bench.
Then onward went the Homeric Chancellor.

"Do not, O brethren, do not let us borrow,
O let a loan alone, O do not go
For money, either, unto Spotty WILLIAM,
More popularly called Exchequer BILL.
There's time enough for that. We will not pledge
The credit of our children, pretty pets,
Whether from silver spoons they lap rich cream,
(Tending to bile) or, grubbing in the gutter,
They suck rejected cabbage-stalks, alike
They're our posterity, and we'll not mortgage,
Remorseless, their inheritance and labour.

"Shall we tax malt yet more? It would not pay.
Or spirits? 'Twould create a smuggling trade.
Or tea and sugar? Trade, and the consumer,
Were both the sufferers, and we've made, beside,
A bargain on this subject which we'll keep.
No, as *Virginius* says, 'No way but this'—
I FEAR WE MUST AUGMENT THE INCOME-TAX."

He would not note the shudder which went round,
But eager in his eloquence spoke on.

"There is a credit which the maltsters take
In paying duty—we'll deny them that
(Allowing certain discount in return),
Nor let the maltworms wriggle out of sight,
But pay at sight, like any other folk.
So I can collar almost on the instant
A sum that's near £800,000;
Then my Deficiency, you see, comes down
To just Four Millions. Now, I tell you what,
At present we pay Five Pence in the Pound
Upon our Incomes. We'll pay Four Pence more.
All have desired the tax were laid more nicely,
In future it shall be as nice as Ninepence."

He gave the blow, but ere they well could feel it,
Followed it up with one more cruel yet.

"I must have money *now*. I cannot wait.
The word must be—fork out upon the nail:
Upon the very first half-yearly payment
I'll charge the whole year's Fourpence, which I add,
To twopence halfpenny already due,
And the next time that the Taxgatherer comes
With his ill-omened face, JOHN BULL must pay
As if the tax were Sixpence halfpenny
In every pound he earns by sweat of brow,
Or takes from bank, or from his father's land,
Adjustment is of course impossible.
But those whose income is exceeding small,
Under One Fifty, but above One Hundred,
Shall pay three halfpence only. I have done.
Let my Four Millions be at once made up,
I trust your loyalty and patriotism
And to herself that England will be true."

"O Masters, do you love my tender Tax?"

This little exercise having in some degree relieved *Mr. Punch's* mind, he reverts to his usual but inimitable prose, and proceeds to record that, in the House of Lords on the above night, viz.:—

July 18. *Monday*, LORD MALMESBURY found great fault with a letter LORD JOHN RUSSELL had been writing to the Prussian government, warning it against going to war. LORD WODEHOUSE defended his chief, and declared the despatch to be a precious deal better than anything MALMESBURY had done; and NEWCASTLE and GRANVILLE, as colleagues of LORD JOHN'S, cried out, "Of course it is!" There is, however, no of course in the matter, some of MALMESBURY'S late despatches having been very tidy, and JOHNNY being by no means a Complete Letter Writer. The Commons, as has been said, had the Budget; and not much was said beyond a general grumbling acceptance of the scheme,—a reception which the polite and grateful GLADSTONE called "generous."

Tuesday. Sensible observations by divers Lords on the necessity of our having telegraphic communication with all our QUEEN'S possessions. GRANVILLE mentioned that the Gibraltar wire would not be laid until next year. The QUEEN recognises HOSPODAR COUZA, of the Principalities,—a piece of information which is not so unimportant as it may appear to the ignorant. The Public Health Bill had rather a near squeak for it (sycophants of vestries canting against "centralisation," as if Bumbles were to be trusted when a sudden epidemic comes), but was carried by 101 to 95. It is to arm Government with powers in the event of an emergency. A discussion as to how many soldiers ought to be kept in India, was ended by its being unanimously agreed that nobody could know. MR. FORSTER wanted Parliament to ask the QUEEN to assemble it in the winter instead of the summer, but LORD PALMERSTON got almost into earnest in protesting against such interference with shooting and Christmas, and by 121 to 48 the notion was scouted. MR. BAINES failed in convincing the HOME SECRETARY that everybody ought to be allowed to print the State version of the Holy Scriptures; and considering the extreme beauty, accuracy, and cheapness of the innumerable editions of The Book, and the importance, while a particular version is authorised, of preserving exact uniformity of text, MR. BAINES'S grievance may be pronounced visionary.

Wednesday. A certain Scottish Kirk-rate received considerable damage. A Weights and Measures Bill was read a second time; it is to do away with local bushels, and establish imperial dittoes. MR. COWPER withdrew his Bill against the hideous Hyde Park Corner lamp, but promised a great Bill to knock down all lamps of a fantastic character. MR. EDWIN JAMES, in a debate on a Criminal Bill, repeated a good story about the way certain attorneys get rich,—namely, by making their prisoner-clients assign to them their goods, and then taking care to have the said clients hanged or transported. *Vivat lex!*

Thursday. Rather a good debate on the Budget, MR. DISRAELI making a great speech in his own honour, and proposing that the new Income-Tax should be spread over the year. Thereon, MR. GLADSTONE, who had previously been highly polite to his predecessor, walked into him like fun, and explained in the frankest and most candid manner that MR. DISRAELI knew nothing about anything. MR. BRIGHT abused everybody, especially the Press, in a Peace speech; and LORDS JOHN RUSSELL and PALMERSTON made ridiculous protests against the newspapers saying that our enormous armaments were to protect us against possible invasion by LOUIS NAPOLEON. Now, what *is* the good of sensible men talking such twaddle? And who is going to be silenced? Not *Mr. Punch*, for one. Look at his Big Cut in this very Number. Now then! MR. GLADSTONE'S Budget was accepted; and so PATERFAMILIAS, with a lot of extra tax to pay, had better begin to consider how he can best cut down the expenses of his family, without any self-denial or inconvenience to himself personally.

Friday. An Education Bill was objected to by certain admirers of Voluntaryism, who base their objection to national grants, or interference, upon the notorious fact that every child in England is regularly sent to school by its parents. However, there are bigots who will not admit this, and not only insist upon grants in aid of schools, but allege that there are parents who neglect to send their children to them, and ought to be punished for that wrong to society. Unhappily, too, that tyrannical notion is gaining ground; and it was only the other day that three parents, earning large wages, were wickedly compelled to fulfil promises to pay something towards the support of their children in a Reformatory. And this is called a free country, where a man may not bring up his child in ignorance and vice if he likes! Thanks, *Mr. Punch's* warmest thanks, to MESSRS. BAINES, HADFIELD, and others, who deny the right of society to interfere between parent and child. Such noble patriots shall never lack any recognition *Mr. Punch* can make of their worthiness.

LITERATURE FOR LADIES.

ALTHOUGH, in common with all editors, we are supposed to be possessed of almost universal knowledge, we are at a loss to know who wrote the following advertisement, which was conspicuously printed in the *Times* of Thursday week. Clearly it could never have been written by a gentleman, and as certainly, we think, no lady could have penned it:—

TO AMATEUR LITERARY LADIES.—Females of good education, are invited to JOIN A COMPOSITION SOCIETY. No remuneration offered, and no expense incurred. Address ——.

Attractive as the first four words of this advertisement may be, we think their influence must be greatly weakened by the fifth. It is all very well to say that no expense will be incurred: but no well educated lady would accept an invitation to appear in a Society, at the cost upon her entrance of being called a "female." From the knowledge of her dictionary which her "good education" would probably have given her, she would know that the word "female" is no synonym for "lady." The term "lady" is applied exclusively to women, and it is not every woman who has properly a claim to it. The word "female" may, however, be applied to other animals; and to call women "females" is to speak of them as part of the inferior brute creation. Fine ladies think it vulgar to be spoken of as "women:" but they had better be called this than bear a synonym with "creatures," and have a word applied to them which perhaps may leave it doubtful if they be not even cats.

THE ILLUMINATED PILLAR AT APSLEY HOUSE.

THEY say that this beautiful work of art—acknowledged by all to be one of the most shining lights of the age—is the proposed testimonial to MR. CHARLES KEAN.

CRICKET.—CAPITAL PRACTICE FOR THE ROUND BOWLING OF THE PERIOD.

FRANCIS-JOSEPH THE GREEN.

HOPE appears to have told the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA a flattering tale. In his late manifesto, that Imperial young man, after having expressed himself as "bitterly deceived" in his "well-founded hopes" that—the late contest not having been entered into for the defence of the rights of Austria only—he was not going to be "left alone in it," proceeds to say:—

"In spite of the ardent sympathy, worthy of acknowledgment, which the justice of our cause has inspired, for the most part, in the journals and peoples of Germany, our national allies, our most ancient allies, have obstinately refused to recognise the great importance of the grand question of the day. Consequently Austria would have been obliged all alone to face the events which were being prepared for, and which every day might have rendered more grave."

He seems really to have imagined that not only Prussia, but even England also, would take up arms, and actually lay down money, to support his cause, that cause being, in addition to the Austrian despotism, the papal tyranny. He fancied that we, even we, would be sure to fight for that crown in which the brightest jewel is the Concordat—black diamond! What can he have been thinking of, what can he have been dreaming of? Has he not heard the British Lion, any time these seven years, roaring "No Popery"?—has he not seen the writing on the wall? Alas, no! Civilisation has yet to chalk "No Popery" on the walls of Vienna. Will Europe have peace till it is inscribed on those of the Vatican?

This imperial youth is a remarkably ingenuous one. Witness the following passage from the document above quoted. A confession more artless was never made by a penitent schoolboy:—

"The honour of Austria coming intact out of this war, thanks to the heroic efforts of her valiant army, I have resolved, yielding to political considerations, to make a sacrifice for the re-establishment of peace, and to accept the preliminaries which ought to lead to its conclusion; for I have acquired the conviction that I should obtain, in any event, conditions less unfavourable in coming to a direct understanding with the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, without the blending of any third party whatsoever, than in causing to participate in the negotiations the three great powers which have taken no part in the struggle."

Experience has instructed the juvenile ruler. He has acquired the conviction—perhaps it has been beaten into him—that he would gain better terms for himself and his Concordat, from LOUIS NAPOLEON, who wears, or fears that he wears, his crown partly by favour of Roman Catholic priests, than any that he could expect from Russia, Prussia, and England; powers which agree in disowning the POPE: the last-named one of them considering him spiritually a humbug and temporally a tyrant, and wishing that everybody would renounce his authority altogether, or that he would go to Jericho.

However, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has at last found out the mistake which he had the wonderful greenness to make—under the misguidance probably of Jesuits, who were older and ought to have known better. He may get wiser as he gets bigger—unfinished, perhaps, at present, in the upper storey. Some sign of amendment in him may be spied in the resolution, which his manifesto declares him to have formed, to improve the shining hour of peace by devoting all his attention and solicitude to a certain "fruitful task" which he proposes to accomplish:—

"That is to say, to found in a durable manner the internal well-being, and the external power of Austria by the happy development of her moral and material forces, and by ameliorations conformable to the spirit of the time."

Ah—that's something like! as the Hampshire agriculturist at a public dinner said, when he had put sugar into his Hock. Ameliorations conformable to the spirit of the time? Representative institutions—ecclesiastical tribunals ignored by law—perhaps a Court of Probate and Divorce established, together with some approach to the liberty of unlicensed printing. Then we shall get on. Then will invigorated Austria flourish, and FRANCIS-JOSEPH the Green acquire a name which Posterity will call Evergreen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A KEAN BANQUETEER" is informed that there really was a MR. MACREADY who, some years ago, produced, both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, the plays of SHAKSPEARE and others, with every necessary accessory of scenery and costume. MR. C. KEAN was not born at the time, and therefore no reference was made to his once-celebrated predecessor on the night of *the* "Banquet."

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The gallant Captain Tomkins, of the Blankshire Rifles, is found practising the Bugle calls, that he may know them when he hears them.

THE SOLUTION OF ITALY.

YE Powers!—ye Statesmen, o'erladen with cares,
The solution who seek of Italian affairs,
You have got the solution, to speak chemist-wise,
But the substances in it you can't crystallise.

The solution is turbid—all waters are so
That are troubled—the Tiber, and, worse than the Po,
The Thames, that is making our Parliament sick,
So vile is its odour; its filth is so thick.

The Italian solution two bodies contains,
The Pope and the Kaiser, poor Italy's banes,
With a King in excess, whose oppressed people groans,
And a sort of sub-monarchs, the Dukes who fill thrones.

Some spirit there's in it, whose presence is proved
By rising whenever the pressure's removed;
Inflammable spirit, like spirit of wine,
With King, Duke, Pope, Kaiser, that ne'er will combine.

Expose it to light; and that agent, there's hope,
Will produce a precipitate—throw down the Pope.
Then add a free acid, for that is the thing
Which will send to the bottom the Dukes and the King.

Now shake up the liquor and carefully strain;
Collect on a filter the dregs that remain,
In a crucible put them, and roast, and reduce,
Reserving the extracts for show—if not use.

Then there's your solution pellucid and clear;
Evaporate gently till crystals appear;
Allow them to form in the shape they like best:
And Italy's question will soon be at rest.

What would my Uncle say?

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the papers writes that "at Nice he saw the people dragging LOUIS NAPOLEON'S bust through the kennels of the town." Relations usually quarrel, but this is rather vulgar behaviour of Nice to Nephew.

ASTONISHING A CONGREGATION.

THE subject of the following paragraph is not one which usually comes under *Mr. Punch's* censorship, but, as COWPER says:—

"Laymen have leave to dance when Parsons *play*."

The other day, we read that:—

"There was a special choral service in Westminster Abbey, the sermon being preached by the REV. HENRY DRURY, B.D., Prebendary of Salisbury, and Chaplain to the House of Commons, in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The reverend gentleman *astonished the congregation* by giving out a text which no one recognised as a passage of Scripture. The words were, 'We may, we must, we will,' and he obtained them in the following manner: 'We may,' from the 3rd of Genesis, 2nd verse; 'We must,' from the 14th of Acts, 22nd verse; 'We will,' from the 24th of Joshua, 21st verse. The combination of the three formed the text, from which he proceeded to argue that we may, we must, and we will, evangelise the world."

Now, "astonishing" a congregation is not, *Mr. Punch* humbly submits, the exact object with which a clergyman should ascend his pulpit. It might be inconvenient, did our ministers take that view of their duty. There is no saying to what lengths energetic parsons might go. A young Boanerges might not be satisfied with a mild bit of Mosaic work, like MR. DRURY'S, but might adopt some other method of "astonishing" his flock. Suppose he blacked his face, and said, "Ah, you see how black I am, but you don't see how black sin is." Or suppose he fired off one of MESSRS. DEANE'S revolving pistols (loaded only with powder, of course) at the organ, and exclaimed, "This is a revolver, and *apropos* of that, my beloved brethren, let us revolve in our minds the meaning of the words which you will find in, &c."

On the whole, we recommend our clergy to avoid illegitimate arts of attraction, and to rely for effect upon eloquent and affectionate expositions of the Truth. MR. DRURY himself is a very excellent minister, and will take our hint in good part, especially when we remind him of another clergyman's story about the way in which he stopped a chattering person who was stringing isolated texts of Scripture together, after the fashion of certain "serious" talkers. Scandalised at the use the quoter was making of the most solemn and pregnant language, the worthy priest calmly said, "Suicide, you know, is recommended in the Book." The "astonished" talker was brought up very short indeed, and stammered out something about a jest. "Certainly it is, upon your principle of quotation." "Eh? What? Where? How?" "Are we not told that 'JUDAS departed and went and hanged himself?'" "Ye—es." "Is it not also said, 'Go thou and do likewise?'"

Next time our excellent friend MR. DRURY proposes to astonish a congregation, perhaps he will remember this narrative, and give them a text without solution of continuity.

THE BEST AND THE WORST.

THE Papal States have generally been described as the worst government in the world. MR. BOWYER would wish us to believe that they were the very best. MR. BOWYER is a Papist, as his position of brass-trumpeter to CARDINAL WISEMAN fully verifies; and his opinion on such a subject as the Papacy must be as true as it is disinterested; but we should like to know if the Roman government is to be looked upon as the best in the world, what kind of government must the worst be? If the government in the Papal States is so superlatively good, we wish the ministers who attempt to govern us, and do it so badly, would go to Rome for the sake of learning to do what Rome does. The English would then be as happy as the Romans now are.

Epitaph for Vauxhall.

1862.

ON clean large flagstones now the Peeler tramps,
Where evil smelling lamps, and mouldy damps,
Made Paradise for male and female scamps.

A NAPOLEONIC IDEA.

A COURTIER was comparing the PRINCE NAPOLEON to CHEVALIER BAYARD. "Oh, yes! very like," exclaimed the PRINCESS MATHILDE, "only a hundred times greater—for cannot PLON-PLON boast of being a hero of *cent peurs et cent reproches*, whereas BAYARD was content with not having even one!"

FOOD FOR TEETOTALLERS.

ACCORDING to "recent experiments in France, it appears that a horse will live on water alone for five-and-twenty days." Here is a fact that Teetotallers, if they are wise, should make the most of. In their travelling lectures, they should have one of these aquatic horses with them. The old parallel might be drawn between the brute and the human being, proving how much more addicted to habits of temperance the former was than the latter. Then the pertinent question might be asked, in stentorian language and teetotal logic, "Where, pray, will you find the man who will live for five-and-twenty days on water?" At his death, too,—for we do not suppose that this horse, turned in his lifetime into a water-cask, would live long,—the poor animal might be brought into use by being sold at a hippo-restaurateur's. To a conscientious Teetotaller, the flesh would be both meat and drink. However, we do not believe the equestrian feat was ever performed. In our opinion, it has been maliciously put forward to prove the cruelty of French surgeons in always trying worthless experiments on animals, and is an absurd story that is only fit to be told to the horse-marines.

THE POPE AT HIS LITTLE GAME.

THE POPE is indulging in his little game again. He threatens any one, who has the impertinence to attack in any manner the temporal power of the Roman Pontiff, with "a major excommunication!" The threat is magnificent! VICTOR EMMANUEL, when he heard of it, must have fallen on his knees, and have humbly sued for pardon. It is amusing, when real cannon-balls were rattling about, to see the POPE popping off his little sacerdotal powder and shot. We are afraid that all "the thunders of the Vatican," let them thunder ever so thunderingly, until every disbelieving Protestant is deafened with the noise, will not avail much by the side of NAPOLEON'S new artillery, and that not all the canons of the Church will be able to do as much execution as one of the recently-invented *pièces de précision*. Of course, it falls to the duty of these "canons of the Church" to keep up a constant supply of the "thunders of the Vatican."

Crabbe's Tales.

IN a recent volume of travels it is stated that the monks of an Oriental convent had amused themselves with taming and teaching a great number of crabs. One great crab, who had been ten years in the pond, could, it is said, repeat the Apostles' Creed. Is this such a marvel for a great crab? We will bet that the DUKE OF SOMERSET could do it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 25. *Monday.* LORD LYNDHURST, at whom it had pleased MR. BRIGHT to scoff, in reference to his Lordship's recommendation to England to be armed, let fly at that respected Quaker, and caught him what (if pugilistic terms be not out of place when one is alluding to so pacific a personage) may be designated an extremely neat one on the conk, in return for a sarcasm "so pointed, so keen, so bitter, and so creditable to the talents and taste of MR. BRIGHT," as the calling LORD LYNDHURST "an old peer." His Lordship then demanded of the DUKE OF SOMERSET whether the French ships were not armed with rifled cannon, and whether our own were or could be. SOMERSET made one of his usual mild and affable replies—he had heard that the French ships were, and he knew that our own were not, and wouldn't be for ever so long, but he wasn't going to talk about the matter. LORD BROUGHAM made a good speech about his own grey hairs, and Education, and referred to the general opinion that the humbler classes have better schools, in proportion to requirements, than the middle class. This is natural, inasmuch while the schools for the former are to a large extent under surveillance, anybody is free to set up a middle class school, without any inquiry into his or her knowledge of what should be taught or fitness to teach it. There was a nursery dialogue of old days, and it will do again. One *Deborah* addressed her favourite Donkey:—

> "Says DEBORAH, wherefore, since learning's the rage,
> Marrowbones, cherrystones, bundle 'em jig,
> Should not my dear Donkey teach children their page,
> Come, set up a school, and be one of the age,
> Of this wonderful, wonderful, wonderful age."

The Deborah-Donkey classical, commercial, and mathematical establishments are very numerous, as will be found out by parents who are trustful. LORD BROUGHAM wanted the Committee of the Privy Council to inspect middle-class schools, and the BISHOP OF LINCOLN, formerly a first class Preceptor, known at Islington as MR. JACKSON, strongly approved an inspection scheme, but LORD GRANVILLE, of course, thought that the Committee had too much to do already, and he suggested nothing else.

In the Commons, after a discussion whether we or the Colonies ought to defend the latter, and an expression of opinion that they ought to do something for themselves (certain localities of the kind, on the other side of the Atlantic, defended themselves very well indeed, once upon a time), SIR DE LACY EVANS moved for a Commission to inquire into the condition of our national defences, but Government obligingly said that it should appoint one of its own, and would not trouble SIR DE LACY. A Bill for preventing Vexatious Indictments was advanced. We should consider any indictment vexatious, and particularly so if we were guilty of the offence charged, but the Bill is not to do away with everything of the kind, but only to prevent such things being brought without the sanction of a magistrate. In the course of discussion of estimates, MR. GREGORY called attention to the very small salaries paid to the gentlemen who have charge of the various departments of the British Museum. Now, these officials are none of your ignorant or crammed humbugs recommended by great people, but scholars thoroughly up to their work, who can tell you from a fragment of an egg-shell what bird it would have come to, can translate, at sight, the inscription on a perfectly illegible coin, and can see through the boards of a portfolio whether the print that is going to be offered them is valuable or rubbish. Yet these highly-educated gentlemen can, by no possibility, attain to the amount of salary of a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay. MR. GREGORY deserves the thanks of all instructed persons for calling attention to the subject, and must persevere. "GREGORY, remember thy swashing blow."

Tuesday. It seems that we are awfully cheated in gas, the vendors having the means of sticking us up for pints, and quarts, and gallons, and in fact what they like. It costs Five millions of money per annum. So we are to have proper measurement, and inspectors to see that those horrid looking black things, like mysterious clocks, that the gas people put up behind our doors, and occasionally come and peep into, tell the truth. But unless the bills sent in are inspected too, what's the use, for the shrewdest Materfamilias gives up at the gas account. The Health Bill, we are happy to say, was read a third time, so we are not quite dependent on Bumbledom, in case there should be an epidemic from the Thames odours. The BISHOP OF LONDON wants more churches, but LORD GRANVILLE does not seem to think it likely his spiritual lordship will get them.

There was a capital bit of rich farce in the Commons. SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY'S Bill for doing away with Church Rates came to the Committee stage, when MR. NEWDEGATE, champion of the establishment, said that he accepted the situation, and agreed to abolish Church Rates, but proposed to levy for the support of the churches two-pence a pound on all property that has paid church rate within seven years, and this imposition was to be collected with county rate, and, if the payer chose, it might be deducted from his rent. The House was so extremely stupid that it could not see the difference between this and a church rate, and rejected the plan by 191 to 99. Then the discussion on church rates got curiously mixed up with one about bells, Members complaining that they went out of the House to be beyond the reach of arguments, on the understanding that they were to be rung for when it was time to vote, and that upon several occasions the bells had not been rung. The SPEAKER promised to make a row about it.

In the evening the new opera, *Dinorah*, by MEYERBEER, was produced by MR. GYE at the Royal Italian Opera. There was, therefore, a Count-Out at six o'clock, which gave Members time to dress and

dine comfortably. The opera was a brilliant success, and the Opera-House did not rise till nearly one in the morning.

Wednesday. The Bill for regulating the County Courts in respect to their power of imprisonment went through Committee. Many instances of the abuses of this power were adduced, and it appears that it is very much used by the rascally hawkers who entrap the ignorant wives of labourers and others into purchasing trash without their husbands' knowledge, and then come down on the latter with County Court summonses. MAJOR STUART mentioned the case of a girl, who, when a child of fourteen, had been induced to buy a shawl which she could not pay for, and at nineteen was committed to gaol in respect of the debt. The gallant Major did not mention the name of the judicial jackass who had made the order. A Bill for getting rid of the Javelin men who are supposed necessary to sustain the dignity of the Judge, when on assize, was lost by 115 to 112. The learned persons themselves think the attendance ridiculous enough, and like IDOMENEUS and ÆNEAS (*Iliad* xiii.):—

"Around their heads unheeded javelins shine,"

but the country folks regard the business as imposing, and anything that makes them think awfully of the Law may probably be preserved with advantage.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER could not get an address for inquiring into the condition of Greenwich Hospital. The fact was, that on account of the state of the river, Members were afraid of being sent down to Greenwich; but their fears are idle. If they go by rail, and proceed at once to MR. QUARTERMAINE'S, or MR. HART'S, they may enjoy a modest repast without other inconvenience than having to pay for it, and the whitebait is capital just now, though extremely apt to get into your head unless you take great care to have the very best of Champagne and Claret, and plenty of both. On a vote for the National Gallery, MR. CONINGHAM attacked SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, against whom the only thing seems to be, that he once bought a spurious HOLBEIN (very likely quite as good as the original), and had the manliness to own that he was wrong, instead of obstinately insisting that the picture was genuine. The House would not allow a reduction of the vote; nor was LORD HADDO more successful, on occasion of his wanting to reduce a vote to Schools of Art because undraped ladies were among the models. He, like a good many other wiseacres, confounded the nude with the voluptuous, and intimated his belief that the downfall of Athens dated from the introduction of naked figures into her art. England and America must be in a bad way then, with *Eve at the Fountain* and the *Greek Slave*, works of eminently demoralising and sensual character. The son of

"The classic Thane, Athenian ABERDEEN,"

ought not to talk nonsense which might be expected from MR. ROCHFORD CLARKE. However, he shares his faith with another worthy man, even the POPE, who hates the nude (the Scarlet Lady is so intolerant of immodesty) and has just let a wonderful Venus go to Russia for next to nothing.

One LEATHAM and one SCHENLEY, Esquires, were respectively walked out of Wakefield and Dartmouth, by reason of the electors having been bribed to return them. The same fate, later, overtook one MONK and one PRICE, Esquires, up to Friday Members for Gloucester.

Thursday. The Lords went on with the Bill for improving the Divorce Act; and by 36 to 9 carried a clause allowing the Judges to shut the court-doors during a case the details whereof should be acceptable only to wicked old dowagers, and the patrons of Holywell Street literature. The Press will do well to take the hint, and avoid making it indiscreet for Paterfamilias to leave his newspaper about the house.

In supply, VISCOUNT WILLIAMS indulged in a vulgar Lambeth sneer at SIR JAMES BROOKE, but was rebuked by MR. ESTCOURT and MR. MILNES, the latter of whom said that RAJAH BROOKE'S name would live with that of SIR WALTER RALEIGH. At this old WILLIAMS hooted "a laugh," and then inquired of his next neighbour "who RAWLEY was." SIR JAMES is to be congratulated on having such enemies. Three election petitions were withdrawn, doubtless for sufficing reasons—given.

The debate then assumed dignified proportions. It was felt that something must be said about Foreign Affairs, but the difficulty was that there was nothing to say. However, the Three Great Lights of the Government, RUSSELL, PALMERSTON, and GLADSTONE, managed to shine out with considerable brilliancy. The question is, whether England is to help in settling Italy, and the answer is, that Italy is so unsettled that there is no call for immediate action, and we must wait and see how things go. LORD JOHN was happy to read in the *Moniteur* that the armies and navies of France were to be put on peace footing; but his lordship is not now on his way to the Tower, and the housemaid there is not dusting up the Block. The public, therefore, may be sure (*Mr. Punch* having been in the House) that LORD J. DID NOT ANNOUNCE THAT OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES WERE TO BE WEAKENED BY THE WITHDRAWAL OF ONE HALF-POUNDER OR ONE DRUMMER-BOY. There was some fencing about England's having been the channel of conveying certain French terms of peace to Austria, and PALMERSTON explained that LORD JOHN had been asked to send the letter, but he objected to being any party to the proposal, and hinted that the French Ambassador had better send it himself, as the postage of even a double letter to Vienna was only about one-and-fourpence. However, as France had spent a good deal on the war, and money was an object, LORD JOHN had consented to forward the document, but was in no way pledged to its contents. He has also repudiated the allegation that he described the Treaty of Villafranca as a just one; the reporter possibly having heard him say, not that a just treaty had been made, but that a treaty had just been made. (*Ambulator.*)

The POPE was a good deal abused, and very properly; but he has two advocates in the House, one being BOWYER, CARDINAL WISEMAN'S cross-bearer, who talked the ineffable nonsense that might have been expected, and declared that the POPE'S government was "progressive," in which opinion *Mr. Punch* is very happy to concur with the Crossbowyer,—believing, also, that such progress is exactly in the direction in which an equestrian mendicant is popularly said to travel. The other advocate was MR. MAGUIRE, who is an exceedingly clever man, but the victim of so infatuated a personal affection for the POPE, that if his H. was MR. M.'s own father, instead of being merely his spiritual PAPA, the excellent MAGUIRE could scarcely be more attached to him. One cannot be hard upon such a sentiment, or be incensed that MR. M. should have apprised PALMERSTON and RUSSELL that when they were forgotten nobodies, the Papacy would still flourish in glory; and that, in the mean time, LORD J. was "detested" and LORD P. "abhorred" in Italy. To all the assertions of the goodness of the POPE'S government, our own had the quiet retort, "Why, then, are thousands of bayonets necessary to preserve the Infallible Man from the vengeance of his happy and loving people?" The debate had, as hath been said, dignity, but no result.

Friday. DR. TAITE objected to legislative shortening of the Church Services, but said that the Bishops could do it.

The Commons went on with the Income-Tax Bill. MR. V. SCULLY, who recently made such a pitiable exhibition of himself on the subject of the appointment of Irishmen (as such) to office, that *Mr. Punch*, in mercy to such wretched helplessness, would not allude to the circumstance, announced that he should renew the tomfoolery. *Mr. Punch* hereby places at the service of SCULLY'S friends a presentation to the Asylum for Idiots. There was a National Defences debate, in the course of which MR. COBDEN politely alluded to *Mr. Punch's* Great Cut of last week, as evidence that JOHN BULL was uneasy in regard to France. MR. COBDEN thinks that reliance should be placed on royal words. Elsewhere than in the House it is said, "Put not your trust in Princes," but may difference of opinion never alter friendship. LORD PALMERSTON intimated, that what a foreign nation might do in the way of disarmament was nothing to us: our business was to be properly Defended. *Vive* PAM!

A FIDGETY SUBJECT.

MR. DRUMMOND was kind enough to tell us, in connection with the Italian subject, with which it had so much to do, that—

"There were fidgets on all subjects. There were private fidgets, county fidgets, and political fidgets, and there was on the part of many people a desire to do what sailors called 'shove in their oar where there was no water.'"

Could not MR. DRUMMOND have elongated his catalogue of fidgets? Are there not the fidgets of the wife who is sitting up for her husband, the fidgets of the adventurer who is waiting for dead men's shoes; the fidgets of the maid-of-all-work who is longing for "her day out" to come round again; the fidgets on the part of ULYSSES, who is becalmed off Kurrachee, for his dear wife PENELOPE, who is fidgeting her life out in Mornington Crescent for his return home; and a thousand other fidgets, far too fidgety for the reader's patience to mention? And lastly, are there not the fidgets of the hon. Member, who is always trying to achieve popularity by eccentricity, and cannot succeed in doing it? Does not that hon. Member often put his Parliamentary oar into shallow subjects that will not hold water? Is MR. DRUMMOND ever visited by such fidgets, and is the House ever fidgeted in having to listen to his vain efforts?

E pur se Mauve.

A GALLANT Trinity College Dublin man was at a charming little hay-making party the other day, and beholding every one of the lovely young lady-rakers adorned with the now indispensable colour, exclaimed, "Bedad (invariable Irish ejaculation), it's the *Rakes of Mallow*."*

* Many Irish witticisms need explanation, and it may be necessary to inform the non-botanical world that the eternal *Mauve* is neither more nor less than the mallow-flower.—PAXTON.

OWING TO THE EXCEEDINGLY DRY WEATHER, MR. HACKLE FINDS THAT THE STREAM HE HAS TAKEN FOR FISHING IS NOT IN SO GOOD A STATE AS HE COULD WISH.

Boy (attending). "No, Sir! NOR THERE AIN'T BIN NONE NOT FOR EVER SO LONG!"

FOREIGNERS IN BAD ODOUR.

THE smell of the Thames is bad enough, Gog knows; but there are other smells in London which are even more offensive. For instance, in the Lambeth Police Court t' other day, the attention of the Magistrate was directed to an odour, which no odour *de Cologne* could obliterate or equal. According to the *Times'* report of the proceedings—

"MR. MARSDEN, the Vestry Clerk of the parish of St. Giles, Camberwell, accompanied by some members of the Vestry and several respectable inhabitants, attended at this Court for the purpose of supporting a summons against some foreigners who are the occupiers of premises situate at the rear of Wellington Place, Southampton Street, Camberwell, used for the melting of fat, and which business, in the process of manufacture, causes an effluvium which, as it had been represented to the Vestry, is a serious nuisance, and dangerous to the health of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

"MR. MARSDEN stated, that from the representations made to the Vestry, it appeared that the premises in question were made use of by a company of foreigners for the purpose of melting fat, a portion of which was packed in casks and shipped off for Holland, for the purpose of being mixed up with butter, and, after the mixture took place, was re-shipped back to London as pure Dutch butter. (*Laughter.*)"

What there is in this to laugh at we are puzzled to conjecture. It is our avocation to be judges of a joke, but we can see no fun in mixing stinking fat with butter, especially when we ourselves may chance to be consumers of it. Such a joke as this we consider to be no joke, and those who laugh at it may do so on the wrong side of their mouths. As for eating Dutch butter after what we here have learned of it, we can only say, that if we do we're Dutchmen.

That we are justified in using the epithet we have done, to describe the nasal properties of the fat which is in question, the evidence which follows will suffice, we think, to show:—

"The first witness called to prove the fact was MRS. GARRETT, a widow lady, who said she lived about 40 yards from the premises, who described the nuisance, and said that for the last three months she had not had the doctor out of her house. Her children were all ill, and she suffered himself from sickness and nausea, and all produced by the gross nuisance on the premises complained of. The smell resembled that produced by putrid meat, and unless something was done to remedy the evil, and remove the nuisance, the witness and her family must leave the neighbourhood.

"MR. BRISTOWE, the medical officer of health for the parish, said he had frequently visited the premises, and that the business carried on there was a gross nuisance, and very injurious to the health of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

"MR. HARRIS, the ground landlord of the premises in question, and other owners of house property in the neighbourhood, said that a number of their tenants had given them notice, and they were quite certain they should not have a tenant left unless the nuisance were removed."

Strong testimony this that the smell was also ditto. Noses however differ, as much perhaps as tastes; and a nuisance, which offends the sense of other people, may in the nostrils of its maker be the sweetest nasal diet. In proof of this we find that—

"A person with an enormous beard, and with a foreign accent, assured the Magistrate that the fat melted was all fresh, and could not be such a nuisance as described."

The effect of this assurance was, we think, a doubtful policy:—

"The Magistrate considered it would be a serious proceeding to shut up the place and put an end to the defendants' trade and business at once, and therefore adjourned the summons for a week to see if the nuisance could not be remedied."

Shutting up a nuisance-shop may be a "serious proceeding," but it is surely not more serious than causing injury to health, and sickening whole families who are neighbours to the nuisance. Putrid meat this weather soon induces putrid fever; and although a week is no long while to wait, it may take a lifetime to cure the ill effects of it. We think that had the Magistrate thought twice about the matter, he would, as second thoughts are best, have ordered that the nuisance-shop should be at once shut up, and that the trials made to "remedy" it should be attempted off the premises. The remedy is often as bad as the disease, and when experiments are made to "improve" a putrid smell, we should certainly ourselves prefer keeping out of nose-shot.

HAS SHE CORNS?—The EMPEROR orders that his army shall be placed *sur le pied de la Paix*. He has been trampling on her so long, poor thing! that even in his grammar he can't help stamping on her foot.

MONSIEUR "WALKER!"

"AH! FRIEND JOHNNY! I CLOSE MY SHOP TO PLEASE YOU!"

THE VISION OF VAUXHALL.

COMRADES, you may leave me sitting in the mouldy arbour here,
With the chicken-bones before me and the empty punch-bowl near.

"Rack" they called the Punch that in it fiercely fumed, and freely flowed:
By the pains that rack my temples, sure the name was well bestowed.

Leave me, comrades, to my musings, 'mid the mildewed timber-damps,
While from sooty branches round me splutter out the stinking lamps.

While through rent and rotten canvas sighs the bone-mill laden breeze;
And the drip-damp statues glimmer through the gaunt and ghastly trees.

And the seedy stucco crumbles from the orchestra hard by;
And the firework-frames like gibbets rear their arms athwart the sky.

And the monster platform stretches blank and bare beneath the moon;
And the night-wind through the boxes wanders with an eery croon.

Let me sit and sadly ponder o'er the glories of Vauxhall;
Sink this mouldy mildewed Present; from its grave the Past recal.

Is 't the Punch that stirs my fancy—or the gooseberry Champagne,
Sets phantasmal shapes careering through the chambers of my brain?

Dimly, as through clouds a-steaming from a thousand fragrant bowls,
Periwigged, pulvilio-scented, CHARLES THE SECOND'S revel rolls.

In gay doublet, trimmed and broidered, ribboned shoulder, ribboned knee,
BROUNCKER rants, and NEWPORT roysters, while SAM PEPYS stands by to see—

Sounds the nightingale's sweet twitter from the green trees overhead;
Shrieks below the City Madam with Court gallants sore bestead.

Hark, 'tis pretty MRS. MERCER, trolling out TOM D'URFEY'S song:
Hark, to CASTLEMAINE'S loud laughter—brazen'st of the brazen throng.

Saucy JENNINGS with COUNT GRAMMONT bandying the *mot pour rire;*
NELL GWYNNE fondling handsome SIDNEY, spite of BUCKHURST frowning near.

CHARLES himself, his black face hidden in a vizor blacker still,
Laughing, ogling, and oddsfishing, light of wit, and loose of will.

See the cheesecake blithely broken, and the syllabubs afoam;
Hark at Thames, alive with boat-loads, for Spring Gardens, or for home.

Drugget-aproned drawers bearing Claret and Canary-pottles,
For wild wits and bona-robas to refresh their thirsty throttles:

And through all, sly, smug SAM PEPYS, with a twinkle in his eye,
Taking careful note for entry in his Diary, by-and-by.

Thicker rise the fumes, and faster, but less furious streams the rout,
As QUEEN ANNE'S decorous following bows the Merry Monarch's out.

See the long, thin-faced Spectator, elbowing his silent way
For SIR ROGER, close behind him, open-mouthed, and eyes astray;

Rapt in wonder at the music, and the movement, and the sights;
Elbowed by the vizored Madams, dazzled by the thousand lights.

This way swaggers STEEL, half tipsy, but still kindly in his drink;
There good-humoured little GAY, to loose MAT PRIOR tips the wink.

SWIFT stalks, rolling indignation in his blazing deep blue eye;
ST. JOHN laughs off state blue-devils with LORD OXFORD smooth and sly.

They have passed and now the GEORGES usher in a duller race.
Blank the scene, till sudden lighted by the look of WALPOLE'S face.

There he sits—the wizened watcher—cynical and calm and cool,
Ready to note others' follies, or himself to play the fool.

There the PETERSHAM sits blazing with her rouge and saucy stare;
There the crowd applauds the GUNNINGS—fairest sisters of the fair.

Here trots BOZZY all in triumph with the Doctor on his arm;
While, not less triumphant, GOLDY guards "the Jessamy bride" from harm.

Pass, familiar shadows, trooping to the Land of Long-ago;
Let the Regency's hot orgies set more brimming bowls aflow.

Room for rampant COLONEL HANGER! Bloods and bucks of Carlton House,
Box the watch, and smash the tables, shiver glass, and wax-lights douse.

Room for PRINCE HAL *redivivus*—petticoats and pimps and all—
Down before that wig so curly and that coat so creaseless, fall!

Room for ALMACK'S maccaronis—room for BROOKS'S playmen true,
MARCH and SELWYN, FOX and CARLISLE,—set the punch-bowls blazing blue!

Masquerade and gay Ridotto blend the cream and scum of town;
Statesman's toils, and senate's glories, with Soho's endearments crown.

While o'erhead the ghost of SIMPSON lifts the ceremonial hat,
In deportment but inferior unto GEORGE the Great (by fat).

With such phantoms for evoking, shall I summon sorrier shades?
Ghosts of gentish generations,—stray of shops and waif of trades?

Shadows of cheap shilling galas, flickerings of a dying flame;
Straws by desperate speculation clutched at, in its drowning game?

No—amid these wretched ruins, trees all black and walks all green—
Be the ghosts of my evoking such as graced the ancient scene.

Be they ghosts girt with a glory, somewhat sulphurous though it be;
Ghosts of the Vauxhall that hath been—not of the Vauxhall we see.

NOTES ON THE RIVER.

IT is truly said that fresh-water sailors do not know what sea-sickness is. The effects of a trip on the Thames are no exception to this rule, for the passengers on the silent highway of London, improperly so called because it smells aloud, are certainly not fresh-water sailors.

The Thames should never be mentioned at meal-times in decent Society. If anybody makes it the subject of remark at table the probability is, that he is a medical student.

A TERRIBLE STATE OF THINGS.

WE have it on the assurance of MR. MAGUIRE (a distinguished brazen player in the POPE'S Brass Brigade), that the name of the hon. Member for the City of London is "detested" amongst all Italians, whilst that of the Noble Lord the Member for Tiverton is "utterly abhorred." We wonder how LORDS JOHN and PAM. have so long survived this horrible affliction. Isn't it a marvel how PALMERSTON can, under the painful circumstances, be as jolly and jaunty as he is? How can he have lived to the fine old age, and have retained his senses, in the happy way that he has done? Can he possibly be indifferent to the feeling of Italian hatred? And does LORD JOHN, sublimated also by a like indifference, sleep as soundly as though Rome existed no more than Carthage? We should advise them, if they have any respect left for the POPE, to offer up candles, and have masses said for their souls, at that pretty fancy bazaar of a chapel that has lately been opened, with such pomp and Popery, in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square; and which, in our eyes, is nothing more than "a House of Call for Romans."

Clerical Magnate, who has strayed a little from the right path. "*My dear child, can you inform me whether this is a public way?*"

Child. "*No, Sir; but come along o' me, and I'll show you the way to the Blue Lion.*"

[His Reverence's horror may be more easily imagined than described.

"IT'S A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!"

THE second column of the *Times* grows daily more amusing. The following appeared in it on the 26th:—

TO I. W. of [never mind the place]. All your DISTRACTED RELATIONS implore you to RETURN. A letter lies for you at the [Blank] Bank. Pray, if you value your own happiness, get it at once.

If we know anything of human nature, we should say that the effect of this appeal upon I. W. would be to greatly strengthen his resolve to keep away. The notion that a man would be tempted to return by the knowledge that some maniacs were in waiting to receive him, seems to our mind so insane that no one but a lunatic could ever entertain it. Were we blessed (or otherwise) with a lot of mad relations, we certainly should try, unless we thought that we could cure them, to go and live as far away from them as possible. No good could come of contact, and possibly harm might.

As for the letter which awaits him at the Bank, we should say that I. W. would be wise not to call for it. Presuming from the context that this letter has been written by his lunatic relations, we would wager any money it would not repay perusal. So many madmen daily put their nonsense in our letter-box, that we may fairly claim some knowledge of "distracted" correspondents, and our experience goes to prove that what they write is not worth reading. Indeed the maniacal effusions with which we daily are afflicted would be enough to madden the robustest intellect, were it not that, as an antidote, *Punch* is ever close at hand, and *Punch* has ever proved a safe preservator of wits.

A Challenge from Father Thames.

WHO says Thames stinks, lies foully in his throat:
Upon the point Thames to the country goes.
The *eyes* don't prove it: put it to the vote,
And you will see it carried by the *nose*.

A HANDY TAX.

A TAX on Gloves! Let the tax be a penny, or a half-penny, per pair. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would finger a nice sum every year, and not a soul would be pinched by it.

THE ENCORE SWINDLE.

EXCELLENTLY well done, MR. SIMS REEVES. Remarkably well done, MR. SIMS REEVES. You have *Mr. Punch's* plaudits, the least whereof will in your opinion outweigh the opinion of a whole Surrey Hall of groundlings, MR. SIMS REEVES.

So there was a great crowd in that Surrey Hall, to hear MISS DOLBY, and MADAME BISHOP, and yourself and others, and the lovers of music permitted themselves to go on as follows:—

"The first piece set down for MR. SIMS REEVES was *Fra Poco*, which he sung with only too great effect. He left the orchestra amidst great applause, which, as usual, was extended to a vociferous encore."

That is to say, that having paid to hear you in one song, and being pleased with you, they endeavoured to obtain a second without paying for it. Well, you did not think proper to accede to the demand, and the amiable audience got into a rage, and would not even listen to an explanation. They "waxed furious," according to the report, because you would not be robbed. However, after a good deal of riot, they condescended to listen to the explanation. It was—

"To the effect that MR. REEVES, having to sing two other pieces, could not repeat so trying an effort as that just made."

This, REEVES, was a conciliatory explanation. The crowd had no right to ask it, but it being made, we certainly agree with the Reporter that it

"Ought to have satisfied everybody. It did satisfy all but an excited minority, who, in spite of overwhelming cries of encouragement to the conductor to proceed, persevered in hissing, groaning, and hooting. This disgraceful scene lasted about *half an hour*, and was only terminated by the performance—despite all demands to the contrary—of the Wedding March, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The drums, trumpets, and violins had fairly the best of it, and the proceedings were tranquil enough till MR. REEVES made his second appearance. Volleys of hisses, groans, and catcalls mingled with the vehement applause that saluted him. For some minutes he took this unusual reception in good part, bowing and smiling at every outburst of the popular humour as if it were unmixed flattery."

Half an hour of blackguardism, vainly sought to be put down by the decent portion of the auditory. We are happy, however, to read that they *were* the majority, and even at the cost of prolonging the scene, they gave battle:—

"But this sort of thing soon gets beyond a joke, and when it was evident that a mischievous few, at various entrances of the building, were determined MR. REEVES should not be heard, a contrary resolution was expressed with equal decision. Deafening peals of cheering were kept up in order to intimidate the disturbers, but still they held out. In vain the great singer tried the effect of his soothing art upon the disturbers. They broke him down in the second verse of '*When thou wilt be my Bride.*' In vain he bowed in his sweetest notes. '*My breast doth swell with pride.*' His offended admirers answered with implacable derision. Clenching his music scroll, he exclaimed, 'I am too much of an Englishman to be beaten!' and coolly took a chair."

However, the majority was now determined on having an end to "this sort of thing," and in obedience to angry demands for the expulsion of the offenders, the necessary steps were taken, and divers blackguards were eliminated, receiving a smiling greeting from MR. REEVES as they were dragged away.

"Thus by degrees the tumult was subdued, the song was recommenced, and MR. REEVES retired amid a tempest of unqualified applause. Half an hour later he sat down to the piano to sing '*My Pretty Jane.*' The cheering that followed was immense, but scarce a single voice ventured to ask a repetition. To the universal surprise and delight, the exultant tenor came back and sang to his own accompaniment the '*Bay of Biscay.*' Of course this completed his triumph, and MR. SIMS REEVES finally retired from the orchestra a greater favourite than ever."

All very well, and *Mr. Punch*, as has been said, is pleased to congratulate MR. REEVES very heartily on the pluck he exhibited. But the scene arose, as many similar scenes have arisen, from the ignorance of English persons as to the law of *meum* and *tuum*. No doubt that amid that crowd of noisy, ill-bred fellows, there were some who supposed that they had a perfect right to command the great artist before them, or MISS DOLBY, or MADAME BISHOP, to give them as much music as they chose to call for, though they had paid only for what was set down in the bill. Now, if there were any such, and one of them were a tailor, what would he say to *Mr. Punch*, who, having bought a waistcoat of him, should insist upon having another for nothing, because the first pleased him so much. "But O," comes in

the coarse and material mind, "that's different. A waistcoat is a thing—cloth, buttons, thread—a song 's only a noise." Well, let us concede that the tailor cannot understand us, and let us take a dentist. Suppose he has pulled out a tooth so neatly for a guinea that *Mr. Punch*, patient, insists on having a second pulled out without extra pay. Come, if a song is only a noise, an extraction is only a pull. "But that would be dishonest, he has been learning for years to pull out teeth, then there are his name and reputation, and his time." Granted, and that *Mr. Punch* would be a swindler, in the case of the waistcoat or of the tooth. What of the singer? Has he not been learning for years to get out the high note that delights you. Are his name and reputation less valuable than the dentist's? Is his time less valuable?

The fact is, painful as it is to declare it, that everybody who attempts to *enforce* (mind, we don't say anything against a complimentary request) a second performance of what has already been given, is a person who is endeavouring to procure a valuable thing without paying or intending to pay for it. The name the lawyers call such a person hath been given above. When this is thoroughly understood, and that a "peremptory encore" means a forcible theft, we shall have no more such disgraceful scenes as that at the Surrey Hall.

Meantime *Mr. Punch* appends, with much approbation, the following passage from the excellent remarks of his contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, upon the whole business:—

"Singers have too long been oppressed by the tyranny of encores and the almost brutal exigence of musical audiences, and it is time that artists should make a bold stand, and emancipate themselves from an intolerable thraldom. The 'general decree' of five thousand persons cannot be permitted to force a man to ruin the finest voice that has been heard for years."

If it were the most worthless, instead of the finest, the argument would be just the same. No audience has a right to dictate in the matter. If the singer chooses to oblige people with a repetition, well and good; but if he declines, the audience ought to apologise for having asked what was unreasonable. The days of "kyind patrons," and "generous benefactors," are gone by, the artist is on a perfect equality with his audience, and gives them the fruits of his skill in exchange for their money. Let him be on the best of friendly terms with them, but let us have no sneaking submission on his part, no insolent patronage on theirs. And so, bravo and farewell, MR. SIMS REEVES, and may the shadow of your moustache never be less.

MEDICINE AND MORALITY.

IN no other country is so much medicine drank as in England. When the Teetotallers have put down the drinking of spirits, they must direct their attention to the putting down of the enormous consumption of medicine, and try to put that down; for, in our opinion, the one habit is just as pernicious as the other, and in its nauseous time has perhaps killed nearly as many. The drug-shop is almost as destructive an agent as the public-house; and where you find the one, you may be pretty sure that the other is not very far off. A Medicine Pledge is fearfully wanted. It seems that the duty paid on patent medicines during the last year amounted to £43,090 14*s.* 1½*d.* Now, the duty on every box of magic ointment, or vial of infallible elixir, amounts, we believe, to three-halfpence, which sum will enable the reader to calculate for himself the exact number of draughts and pills that were consumed in patent medicines alone by the medicine-taking community in the course of one year.

In strong contrast to the above, the sum remitted during the same period to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, as "conscience-money," amounted to £3,015 9*s.* There seems to be a great deal of medicine to very little conscience! The nation is evidently fonder of the former than the latter; or are we generously to take the smallness of the conscience-money as a complimentary tribute to the virtues of the people. The English lead such a virtuous, exemplary life, that their consciences are perfectly easy and at rest, and they have nothing to reproach themselves with, or pay for, on that score. Viewed by this becoming light, the Englishman's love of medicine is only equalled by his love of morality.

One question more, and we have done. We are curious to know how much the above quacks, who sold the £43,000 worth of pills, contributed to the £3,000 of conscience-money?

"Go into a Back Room."

Magistrate's Speech to MR. BABBAGE.

MR. BABBAGE'S Calculating Machine has at last proved a failure. He went home from the Police Court, the other day, and endeavoured to calculate the thickness of the skull of the Magistrate, who, being asked to relieve him of the intolerable nuisance of a gang of street musicians, did the magisterial best to aid the ruffians in driving MR. BABBAGE from his chamber of study. The Machine is unable to register so great a number of inches. However, it can set down a portion, and the sum is Brought-on.

OUR VIVID VISCOUNT.

VISCOUNT WILLIAMS uttered one of his best things in a debate on Supply the other night. In reference to retiring pensions, he said he had observed that "when persons retired from ill health they usually lived a good many years." "Of course they do, WILLIAMS," said MR. TOM DUNCOMBE. "If they *retire from* ill health, they necessarily approach good health." The Viscount could not see this for a very long time, but at last dimly apprehending THOMAS'S meaning, he said it was "a subtlety worthy of IGNORAMUS LOYALIST who invented Jesuits."

INSURE YOUR MEMBERS' LIVES!

WE really think, when a constituency elects a man for Parliament, the least thing they could do for him would be to insure his life, and at their own expense to keep up the insurance. Considering the dangers of the service he performs for them, they ought to take steps at the outset for providing for his family. "Leave health behind, all ye who enter here," may now fairly be the motto for the House of Commons' doorway; and something clearly should be done for the doomed ones who pass through it. If country sceptics have a doubt of the perils which are nightly undergone by their M.P.'s, let them hear what MR. AYRTON has said upon the subject, and then own themselves converted to our Christian way of thinking:—

"MR. AYRTON called attention to the outrageous system of ventilation. Sometimes when the House was exceedingly warm, very cold air was pumped in at the feet of hon. members. This drove the blood to the head, and produced headaches (*a laugh*), which often compelled him and others to leave the House. Then, recently, the most abominable odours had been pumped in through the holes and slits at their feet. The smell of the chloride of lime which was used was pleasant enough; but at other times the uncorrected atmosphere of the Thames was wafted through the floor, and then the effect was dreadful indeed. (*Hear, hear.*)

Unfeeling minds there may be, which are pity-proof, and will in no one whit be moved by sorrow at this story. Still coarser minds there may be, wherein the statement will awaken, not sympathy, but sarcasm, and whence the question will arise, as to whether the "cold-air" pumps be half as great a nuisance as the many greater "pumps" upon whose feet the air is pumped. And there is, besides, a climax of brutality attained by those who choose to moot the savage point, as to whether the production of a headache by iced air be half as likely to occur as its production by iced drink. For our own part, we should scorn to make such mean insinuations; and our benevolence inclines us to conclude as we commenced, by suggesting that each Member should have his life insured, against the Thames and other evils which each Members' flesh is heir to.

Mr. Billy Pothunter having permission for "One day only"—determines to improve the occasion.

"THE COMING MAN."

IN the imagination of every young lady, the coming man is a handsome young officer with pearly teeth, coral lips, rosy cheeks, curly hair, blue eyes, and black moustache, who is dying desperately in love with her, and is coming some day on a prancing grey horse with a long flowing tail, to propose to her. Money is no object, for the thought of money does not vulgarly intrude itself into the young lady's imagination in connection with her Coming Man, only he must be beautifully dressed, and have a handsome riding-whip, and jingling spurs, and neatly-rolled whiskers as tight as watch-springs. Alas! how many thousands are still waiting impatiently, and yet confidently, for the advent of this Coming Man!

DEFINITION OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE.

AN invention for obstructing the Police.

[*Respectfully dedicated to* MR. BROUGHTON.

AN IRREVERENT ALDERMAN.

SUCH a delightful meeting of the Court of Aldermen took place the other day! The subject in debate was the City Privileges, as likely to be affected by a Bill in Parliament for the regulation of the office of Queen's Remembrancer; and, after some remarks from the LORD MAYOR:—

"ALDERMAN HUMPHERY thought it would not be wise to oppose the Bill. He looked upon the alteration introduced in the clause as one likely to be beneficial and convenient in its operation, as the Queen's Remembrancer or his agent might be very well substituted for the high official who had been in the habit of announcing HER MAJESTY'S approval of the Sheriffs, and presiding while the Sheriffs were occupied in the tomfoolery of cutting the sticks and counting the hob-nails. He really could not see what advantage could arise from persevering in such a practice at all. (*Murmurs.*)"

ALDERMAN CURTIS agreed with ALDERMAN HUMPHERY; SIR PETER LAURIE expressed similar sentiments; but

"ALDERMAN CARTER expressed himself strongly upon the word 'tomfoolery,' used by ALDERMAN HUMPHERY. He wished that word had not been used. It might as well be said that the LORD MAYOR'S inauguration was tomfoolery. In fact, every ancient form and ceremony up to the QUEEN'S Coronation might be subjected to an imputation of the kind dictated by a feeling of levity and indiscretion. Such innovations as that to which the LORD MAYOR had very properly called the attention of the court would inevitably lead to others of a more serious nature."

Hear, hear, ALDERMAN CARTER! To be sure, Sir! Quite right, Sir! "Tomfoolery" is an expression which, as applied to an ancient and interesting ordeal for testing the intellect of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, is "dictated by a feeling of levity and indiscretion." It certainly is equally applicable to the LORD MAYOR'S inauguration, and particularly to the LORD MAYOR'S Show. The abolition of the time-honoured ceremony in question would, no doubt, lead to other innovations of a still more serious nature. GOG and MAGOG would soon go the way of the City Barge, or fare still worse, unless some truly worthy Alderman likewise bought them, to adorn the hall of his own mansion. What ALDERMAN HUMPHERY irreverently calls "tomfoolery," is, in proper and respectful language, the comic element in the civic Constitution, and is essential to its vitality. The Corporation would never thrive without it. Laugh and grow fat; but laugh with joy—not in derision—at the Sheriffs cutting sticks and counting hobnails!

THAT'S LATIN.—"How quietly pretty little MRS. PEACHBLOOM is dressed," said somebody in the Park. "Not even a bit of mauve on her." "No," replied witty somebody else, "*Quieta non mauvere.*"

NOT EXACTLY A DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

AN attentive correspondent, writing from Congleton, has sent us the subjoined card, with a request, on the part of the Colliers of that district, for a translation of the Horatian line at the top of the ticket, placed there by the REV. J. LUSH, the Incumbent:—

Fies nobilium Tu quoque fontium.

TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE

TEA PARTY

UPON MOW COP, THURSDAY, JULY 21ST, 1859.

Gentlemen, 1s. 6d. each.

No. 642. J. L.

To comply with our correspondent's request, and translate a quotation from HORACE, would be carrying, as it were, coals to Congleton, but for a fact which he mentions in connection with that piece of Latin. The tea-party for which the card is a ticket of admission, was to celebrate the opening of a well made by a benevolent lady, or rather of an excavation meant for a well, inasmuch as the hole which MRS. RANDLE WILBRAHAM has caused to be dug for the purpose of obtaining water has none in it, and never had any. Under these circumstances, the resemblance between the fountain of Blandusia and MRS. W.'s well, which can render the address to the former intelligible in its application to the latter, is not easily conceivable. MR. LUSH, perhaps, "rapt into future times," quotes prophetically, intending to predict that the well, at present insufficient to fill a kettle, will contain the element necessary for a tea-party one of these days. Or, perhaps, he means to describe the real state of that well without water rhetorically, calling it a fountain by the same figure as that whereby the patron of a tea-party might, as an advocate of temperance, if he were not named, be appropriately nick-named, LUSH. On any other supposition, if that reverend gentleman spouts his HORACE on a dry well, he himself must be considered to stand for the pump.

THE GREATEST CURIOSITY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The curiously small salaries paid to its best men.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, August 6, 1859.

DON'T BROIL YOUR BABIES!

BUT USE MR. PUNCH'S PATENT NURSEMAID'S BONNET-SCREEN. WARRANTED TO KEEP CHILDREN FROM THE SUN IN ANY CLIMATE.

A MORTAL MISTAKE.

WE read in the *Athenæum*, that SIR ROBERT SMIRKE has resigned his place as a Royal Academician. We always laboured under the delusion that no R.A. could resign, except by dying. It was a fine-art impression with us, that the honour of being elected one of the illustrious forty only terminated when Death came, and, in nautical lingo, "let go the painter." It seems, however, that this idea that the forty of the Royal Academy were as immortal as the *Quarante Immortels* of the Académie Française has only been, on our part, a mortal mistake, and we are indebted to SIR ROBERT SMIRKE for having effectually cured us of it. Once a R.A. does not necessarily imply that you are always a R.A. Will other Royal Academicians have the modesty, or the pluck, to dis-R.A. themselves, in a similar manner, of a honour that they must feel they are no longer able, or worthy, of creditably supporting? If they do not, we shall take the liberty, in a week or two, of concocting an art *Index Expurgatorius*, in which they will find their names rudely printed at full length, accompanied with such comments as may probably bring the colour called crimson on their cheeks.

Cloaking and Uncloaking.

THE Imperial cheat
On old dodges refines:
And dismantles his fleet
But to cloak his designs.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

AUGUST 1, *Monday*. LORD TEYNHAM astounded the House of Lords by suddenly getting up and delivering a Reform speech. He actually advised the Government, in preparing the Bill which we are so certain will pass next Session, to omit any enactment of a property or pecuniary qualification for voters at elections; he thought all working-men ought to have votes, and——

But the trance of astonishment was here broken, and LORD DUNGANNON was the first to recover his speech and rebuke the audacious TEYNHAM. Indeed, if the pedigree of the latter had not been a venerable one (he descends from an Attorney-General of HENRY THE EIGHTH, and is not, therefore, a *novus homo*,) he would have certainly caught it. But LORD GRANVILLE, following LORD DUNGANNON, begged that the radical Baron would not say anything about Reform, which should be introduced as early as convenient next Session.

The Lords had a little wrangle over the Divorce Amendment Act, and some of them professed jealousy at the idea of excluding the public, however fit it might be that the cases should be heard in private. The exclusion clause, somewhat modified, was carried, and the Bill passed.

Having favoured the Chinese with sufficient pepper, it is now desired to force our salt upon them; but as salt is a government monopoly in China, the authorities there are not particularly delighted with the idea. As we are to proceed in the most friendly and Christian manner in our dealings with the Flowery Parties, the orders from home are, not to pour in our salt violently, but to "watch for any opportunity of breaking down the monopoly." Doubtless, they will be understood by the adventurous persons whom it may concern.

In the Commons, LORD BURY and MR. SCHNEIDER were announced to have been returned by bribery, and, consequently, to have been returned to private life. The Tories have been chuckling hugely, as Liberal after Liberal has been ejected. Seven of that party have been unseated; and as LORD DERBY was turned out of office by thirteen only, the Conservatives say that had the investigation been made before the vote on the Address, he would now be in office. But there are some cases to be heard on the other side: meantime, however, the laugh is fair enough. Another thing is to be said, namely, that it is believed that the managers of party, in London, go in to win at elections without regard to the wishes of the candidates; and if the men can only be seated, and brought up to the scratch for such battles as that which floored LORD DERBY, the Committees may do as they like afterwards. If the House of Commons were not in the hands of the attorneys, an Act would be passed making it penal for anybody to act as agent at all in any election whatsoever. But you might as well expect the House of Lords to abolish the eldest son's right to succeed to the title.

In Supply, there were grievous complaints of the folly and obstinacy of the Local Boards for governing towns; and there can be no doubt that the petty influences and quarrels of small neighbourhoods cause much jobbery and obstruction to sanatory measures. *Mr. Punch* is being perpetually implored to interfere in cases where helpless people are poisoned by bad drainage, because their superiors either combine or contend. He will be down upon some of the parties, shortly.

The great business of the night was SIR CHARLES WOOD'S speech on the affairs of India. The pecuniary mess into which we have got there is something Awful. It will scarcely bear telling; but it must be told, for there is nothing like taking the Brahminy bull by the horns. There is a deficiency of about Twelve millions and a half, and this must be met. SIR CHARLES begins with borrowing Five millions at once, and will soon have to ask for the rest. However, MR. JAMES WILSON is to go to India, and see whether he cannot introduce some sort of account-keeping, and put an abominable system into order. MR. BRIGHT was largely abusive of our management of India, and it is hard to say that he was wrong.

Later, MR. ROEBUCK was very scornful about the reports of Election Committees, and mocked at the hypocrisy of men who reported their belief that candidates, advancing large sums of money, did not intend it to be used for bribery. MR. BOUVERIE waxed wroth, and assailed ROEBUCK for daring to impute perjury to Honourable Members; for which rebuke, on a following night, MR. ROEBUCK (rudely, but not altogether inappropriately) described MR. BOUVERIE as a Prim Prater.

Tuesday. LORD BROUGHAM spoke about the Strikes now unhappily prevalent, and expressed a wish that they could be prevented. Other Peers wished the same thing, but none of their Coronetted Wisdoms had any plan to propose; so the matter dropped.

The Commons went again at that enormous grievance, the Judges' Javelins, and reformed them; but SIR G. GREY compelled the withdrawal of the reform. SIR GEORGE, either to-night or on another occasion this week, incurred the wrath of COLONEL FRENCH, who strongly advised him to drop his habit of "lecturing" Honourable Members.

A foreign debate was to have come on, but the demise of LORD MINTO, LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S father-in-law, caused its postponement, and MR. MONCKTON MILNES carried an address for the purpose of punishing the ruffianly merchant captains who inflict cruelties upon their sailors. If the Americans would consent to our hanging or flogging their sea-scoundrels, we would gladly return the compliment, and then justice would be got on whichever side the Atlantic the offender happened first to reach. But JONATHAN is extra tenacious on such matters. A Count-Out pleasantly finished the evening.

Wednesday. COLONEL GREVILLE, who ought to have served on the Hull Election Committee, had bolted to Ireland, and was ordered to be chased and arrested, which was done. He said he was very sorry, and had gone on what he thought public duty; so he was discharged on paying his fees, and sworn on the Committee, and probably availed himself of the opportunity to do a little swearing on his own account, when the little bill of the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS was presented to him. MR. LABOUCHERE is made a Lord, because he did not insist on having office at the last change; so a new Member is wanted for Taunton.

Thursday. The only fun of the day was in the House of Commons, in Supply. LORD PALMERSTON, who thinks he knows everything (and does know a good deal), made a speech on Architectural Art, and took enormous pains to prove that MR. SCOTT'S design for the new Government Offices ought not to be adopted, because it is Gothic. The noble Lord seemed to have been reading up MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM'S *Handbook*, and gave a very long list of public buildings in London, in order to show that Gothic architecture was not popular; but the list comprised such a lot of edifices which one would be glad to hear had fallen down, or been burned, that the logic went for nothing. Anybody who really understands the question, knows that Gothic architecture can be rendered suitable for the purposes of any building, religious or profane; and clever old PAM talked nonsense. Even LORD JOHN MANNERS had the "pull" upon him on this occasion. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON set the House right upon the foolish notion that Gothic apartments must be "dark." Greek architects built walls without windows; it was the Gothic builders who made those holes in the walls; and SIR JOSEPH declared that SCOTT'S design actually provided rather too much light. For the credit of the country, *Mr. Punch* hopes that the best design will be adopted; and as the House voted £30,000 for the foundation, and this is to be under MR. SCOTT'S direction, things seem working the right way.

Friday. A queer plan for filtering the Serpentine instead of cleansing it is to be adopted at an expense of £17,000. The world will rejoice to hear that SIR TOMMY WILSON has had another overthrow—he having once more ventured to try it on about Hampstead Heath. LORD FERMOY, as the new M.P. for Marylebone, had the opportunity of walking into WILSON, and did so very properly. A bit of personality, originated by MR. ROEBUCK, touching DR. MICHELL, M.P. for Bodmin, who retires, as he plainly says, rather than ruin himself by defending his seat, though he is innocent of bribery, gave some interest to a dull evening. The House of Commons is intended for Rich Men only, or men whose friends are rich, and people who have simply the incomes of gentlemen have no business there. Our National Defences continued the *pièce de resistance* in the House, as *Mr. Punch* trusts they will prove elsewhere at need. The Ministerial White Bait was ordered for the following Wednesday.

A CALUMNY ON COOKS.

SOBRIETY and honesty do not commonly in Devonshire go hand in hand with cookery, however close connection they may elsewhere have with it. Such at least seems the opinion of the writer of the following, which a correspondent sends us from the *Western Times*:—

IF there is in Exeter, or its neighbourhood, a Sober, Honest, and Respectable PLAIN COOK, about 35 or 40 years of age, with a character of standing, requiring a place, she may hear something to her advantage, at No. 227, High Street.

Our correspondent—who betrays that she belongs to the fair sex, not merely by her writing and the softness of her style, in speaking as she does of our "inimitable paper," but by using needle and thread to fix her extract to her note,—our correspondent "trusts that we shall not imagine" that the character of Devon cooks has "fallen to so low a standard" as the "perpetrator" of this "absurd advertisement" believes. In a culinary interest, as well as that of gallantry, we hasten to allay her apprehensions on this point. Our imagination, we assure her, is in much too firm control for it ever to run riot in the manner she so fears it may. In our wildest dreams of fancy we never could believe in the existence of a cook who was not honest and respectable, and, above all, sober to a fault. We believe this is the general culinary rule, and we see no cause why Devonshire should form a base exception to it. We should as soon think of hearing of a tipsy teetotaller as of a cook being notorious for a weakness for strong drinks. If the "perpetrator" of the above has any doubt of this, let him consult the pages of *The Greatest Plague of Life*, and he will there find the most ample confirmation of the fact. Or let him moot the point in any company of ladies, in which it is his fortune to obtain a moment's audience: and he will learn from them that cooks are all avoiders of strong liquors as carefully as *Punch* is an eschewer of weak jokes.

THE LAMENT OF THE SPIDER.

IN window and in cornice-nook my filmy net I spread,
Or from the ceiling hang aloft my web of slender thread,
Spun from my poor inside in vain; no snare can I devise
That longer will afford me prey: I can't catch any flies.

None are there to be caught, alas!—no luck about the house;
I'm like a cat that 's neither fed, nor yet can find a mouse.
As stingy housewives use their cats, all mistresses treat me,
E'en when dear lazy serving-maids my works leave besom-free.

This dwelling swarmed throughout with flies a little week ago,
And I and hosts of brothers hung our meshes high and low;
But now our quarry 's all destroyed; each fly is dead and gone:
My brothers are departed too, and I alone live on.

Deprived of game, and so of food, starvation I endure,
'Tis poison that has ruined me—that deadly *Papier Moure*;
That web—more fatal to the flies than any net of mine—
Was set for them the other day—from which I 've ceased to dine.

They drank—they flew away—they died—I caught some in their flight,
Woe is me that I tasted them, for since I 've ne'er been right.
With inward pangs convulsed I writhe, and, if I could, should groan,
From eating flies infected with worse venom than my own.

A plague upon the soaking scrap the spider's sport which spoils,
Which mocks his patient industry, by frustrating his toils;
Now is my geometric woof of not the slightest use,
Except to point the cackle of a moralising goose.

Farewell my old, my loved abode, whence, forced by want to roam,
Forth must I go for sustenance, and find another home;
Where, for there only can I live, there only food procure,
The blessed inmates don't mind flies, or don't use *Papier Moure*.

HALF-MEASURES.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in asking for a vote of £10,000 to re-coin the old copper coinage, informed the House that the "intrinsic value of the new coins would not be more than half of the present ones." We ask the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER if this is what he would call turning "an honest penny?"—for every newly-coined penny, according to this statement, would not be worth more than the present halfpenny. This is a system of half-price that the Mint seems to have borrowed from our Theatres. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should write outside his door, "HALF PRICE HAS COMMENCED." This is a new form of taxation, and if for every penny he receives he only gives back a halfpenny, it is a clear gain of fifty per cent., and we do not see what necessity there is for the imposition (imposition in every sense) of the Income-Tax. Will the same reduction be carried out with our silver and gold coinage? for it promises, if adopted, to be the speediest extinction of the National Debt that has ever been hit upon. Putting the revenue down at £70,000,000, he will be able to apply £35,000,000 of it every year towards that amiable purpose. We always thought that MR. GLADSTONE was a first-rate Chancellor of the Exchequer, and now we are convinced of it. He not only gives us a bright new coin, but saves the nation sixpence upon every shilling. MR. DISRAELI was not so good a Chancellor—by one-half.

Things are Much as they "Used to Was."*

AT Milan, the mob flung the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S portrait into the streets. It matters but little about the copy being turned out, so long as the original has the power of turning in again. It has not pleased the Genius of Italy to take FRANCIS-JOSEPH off the hooks just yet. We are afraid that the shadow of his countenance will be felt all over Lombardy for several years to come. The EMPEROR may thank LOUIS NAPOLEON for restoring him to pretty nearly the same place that he has always occupied. The only relief the poor Italians have is, to denounce the restoration as "a hanging shame."

* P. BEDFORD, ESQ.

A HIPPOPHAGISTIC DELICACY.—A horse-eating restaurant has started a new equine delicacy. It announces on its plate-glass windows, "MARE'S-NEST SOUP EVERY DAY."

A VESSEL IN THE KNAVY.

VERY eccentric taste appears to preside over the nomenclature of the British Navy. A screw-sloop of 17 guns, launched the other day at Deptford, bears the odd name of *Mutine*. For a vessel in HER MAJESTY'S service the denomination of Mutine, or Mutineer, is exactly the reverse of appropriate. What could have suggested it to the person who allotted it to the lately launched sloop? A dim recollection, perhaps, of *Hamlet's* saying,

"Methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes,"

coupled with an indistinct idea of the kind of persons designated by the word Mutines. But this blind employment of Shakspearian terms indicates a zeal for SHAKSPEARE which is not according to knowledge, but according to ignorance. The stupidity which has called a sloop *Mutine*, will next, perhaps, name a cutter *Bilboes*. Or if the godfathers and godmothers of the QUEEN'S ships, who give them their names, know what they are about, we shall probably have our vessels of war characterised by such appellations as *Rogue* and *Vagabond* for those of minor rates, while the big ships of the line, the "Leviathans afloat," will rejoice in the higher distinctions of *Rascal*, *Scoundrel*, *Felon*, *Burglar*; or indeed why not *Pirate*, which, for a ship in the highly disciplined navy of England, is a name at least as suitable as *Mutine*.

A BIT OF AN OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

(WINE MEASURE.)

THE PERSÈ owt of Northumberland House,
And a right good dede dyd he,
For he sent to divers hospitalles
Some buttes of old Sherrie.

The choicest Sherris to make speak a cat,
He hadd ytt up and he gave it all away,
By our faith sayd the cryples, and all the sicke men,
We will drink the Duke his health, gyff that we maye.

Conscientiously Speaking.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR is keeper of the QUEEN'S conscience, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER keeper of the conscience of the nation; at least we infer as much from the fact of all the "conscience-money" being invariably remitted to the latter gentleman. The QUEEN so far differs (and to her credit be it recorded!) from her subjects, with whom she holds no other difference, inasmuch as she has never had occasion to send any "conscience-money" to her conscience-keeper.

BOILING INDIGNATION.—Spill some hot soup over an old lady's dress, and see how she will take it!

PUFF-PASTE AND SCISSORS.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"ALTHOUGH myself without incumbrance, I can, as a man of feeling, sympathise with the unhappy husband and wretched father who has, in these days of exorbitant petticoats, to find a number of females in muslin. If, indeed, he has one only to keep, I pity him. It is not, therefore, with unalloyed complacency that I regard the drapers' handbills left at my house with a view to take in the wife and daughters whom, I am happy to say, it does not contain. Here is the inscription on the envelope of one of these puffing circulars:—

A Proclamation.

Appointment of Volunteer Rifle Corps.

Selection of Costume, Arms, Camp Equipage, &c.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

"Whilst I bless myself for being unburthened, I pity others for being laden with calamities so heavy as women who are stupid enough to be gulled by such trickery as the vulgar humbug above instanced, which would disgust and repel any reasonable being. These female fools must be very numerous, or it would not pay the 'Towzery Gang' to print and circulate their appeals to idiotic credulity. The lying envelope above alluded to contained a sheet as large as a local newspaper, also full of lies, the biggest of which were printed in red ink. This tissue of falsehoods commenced with the following sham summons:—

"Official Notice.—THE DILAPIDATIONS to the Premises, No. —.

"To —— —— and all others whom it may concern.

"THE COMMITTEE OF METROPOLITAN SURVEYORS who adjudicated on the above premises, having commanded their immediate restoration, hereby, Further order and decree, and give you Notice accordingly, that the said premises must be cleared of all Stock in Trade, Furniture, or Property, whatsoever ready for the commencement of the works by MONDAY, the 25th day of July, 1859, under a Penalty for further delay of One Thousand Pounds.—So herein fail not at your peril.

"Dated this 12th day of July, 1859."

"Next came the following equally authentic statement:

"The said STOCK IN TRADE to the value of *£50,000* is comprised in the very Richest SILKS, SHAWLS, DRESSES, FINEST TABLE DAMASKS, &c.

"And then ensued the fudge subjoined:

"The above distressing Notice places MR. —— on the very verge of Ruin; the most prompt measures alone can rescue him; that is, to sell his Stock instanter at any price he can; this he has resolved upon, regardless of fate. He frankly submits his terms, and confidently relies upon the British Public crowding to the rescue, as the true benefit is theirs alone.

"The Sale is most positively limited to the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd day of July, 1859, and no longer.

"Parties residing at a distance will be paid Omnibus Fare on Purchases in excess of £2.

"This GREAT SALE will be found to have no parallel both as to Richness, Magnitude, and Costliness of the Goods, as well as the *Fatally Ruinous Prices*, at which they will be sold,—either extremity, of richness or cheapness, it is impossible to define.

"Remember the Sale is limited to Tuesday, July 19th, Wednesday 20th, Thursday 21st, Friday 22nd, and Saturday 23rd, by which time all must be swept away, no loss will be allowed to prevent that great result."

"From the foregoing examples of fraudulent puffery, I suppose the linendraper's name and address must be omitted, lest if any silly women happened to take up *Punch* and see this letter, the extracts contained in it should do the fellow, for their part, all the service of an advertisement. I do not write for them. I write for men about to marry, to whom I would say 'Do no such thing,' or at least 'Look before you leap,' and beware of binding yourself for life to a simpleton capable of being imposed upon by such preposterous bosh as that of these advertising haberdashers.

"The feminine flats are next presented with a list of prices thus headed:—

"A CATALOGUE.—Great and Illimitable Selling Off, in consequence of Compulsory Alterations of Premises, of the Vast, Costly, and Varied Stock of ——, Value £50,000. No goods at more than one-third their value, many much less. A truly commercial wonder of wholesale sacrifice and devastation of Property. For Five Days Only. See margin."

"The prices are of course illustrations of the statement that the goods will all be sold at less, and much less, than their value: a statement I have no doubt that many of the softer sex believe, notwithstanding that it comes under cover with a lie on the face of it. I shall not go into details, for I hate the very name of the articles concerned—'organdi'—'cachmeres'—'alpacas'—'chintz'—'tabbinets'—'balzarines'—things which at the best are flimsy, and at the cheapest expensive. I will only say that among them I observe:

"MULHAUSEN CHINTZ CAMBRICS, Brilliant Grounds, value 8*s.* 9*d.*, now for sale at 1*s.* 9*d.* full dress."

"For MULHAUSEN I would say, read MUNCHAUSEN. But what then, Sir? The confiding creatures who believe these rascally haberdashers would believe MUNCHAUSEN himself; but, Sir, they won't believe their husbands and fathers, which is lamentable to think of as a philanthropist, but, happily, does not further signify to your humble servant,

"SENEX."

"*Sweetbriars, August*, 1859."

Porter. "NOW, MARM, WILL YOU PLEASE TO MOVE, OR WAS YOU CORDED TO YOUR BOX?"

A DUET AT ST. CLOUD.

Louis. WHEN a little farm we keep,
With little girls and boys,
And little subjects, mild as sheep,
And guns for little toys.

Louis. } Oh, what happy merry days we 'll see,
Eugénie. } While Europe to our sceptre bends the knee! (*Bis*).

Eugénie. In costume, I 'll engage,
The Court shall be splendescent;

Louis. By phrases, I presage,
Kings will be kept quiescent.

Eugénie. The *mode* I 'll conduct!

Louis. The world I 'll instruct!

Eugénie. "Mesdames, your Queen obey."

Louis. "L'Empire," Sirs, "C'est la paix."

Both. } Oh, what happy, merry days we 'll see,
} While Europe to our sceptre bends the knee! (*Bis*).

SALE OF GOVERNMENT STORES.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC NOTICE.—To be SOLD without Reserve, several thousand Mortars, field pieces, and cannon; about a million muskets, and as many Minié rifles, of the best and newest make; a large quantity of pistols, sabres, swords, and bayonets; also several siege trains, complete with every requisite for immediate service; some few hundred extra gun-carriages, and spare ammunition waggons; tents for the encampment of above five hundred thousand troops; also a large number of ambulances, baggage-vans, cooking stoves, and commissariat carts; above a million soldiers' knapsacks, and uniforms complete, including tunics, trousers, boots, belts, shakos, and cartouche boxes; together with (at least) Ten Billion rounds of cartridges, and above three million tons of powder, caps, and fire-balls, rockets, shells, and cannon shot. Also all the guns, and small arms, including muskets, pistols, dirks, boarding pikes, and cutlasses, forming now the armament of some three hundred ships of war, which are at once to be cut down, and converted into merchantmen.

All of which said Stores are to be SOLD OFF without delay, being the property of an EMPEROR retiring from the war-trade, and wishing to reduce his naval and military establishment.

For further Particulars and Cards to view, apply in person, or by letter (if the latter, postage paid) to L. N., at the Palace of the Tuileries, à Paris.

N.B. To prevent misunderstanding, no English need apply.

LADIES' MAIDS AND LINDLEY MURRAY.

LADIES have, we know, a hundred thousand occupations; but they really should find time to write their own advertisements. Here is one, for instance, which we cannot for a moment think a lady could have written, and we must, perforce, ascribe it to a lady's maid:—

IF the LADY who has got a WHITE SINGLE SQUARE CASHMERE SHAWL, TAKEN by MISTAKE, at Ashridge, on Saturday, July 9th, will be kind enough to RETURN it to No. 11, Wilton Crescent, Belgrave Square, when the owner will return the White Barège Scarf Shawl, also taken by mistake.

Should the Government Examiners catch sight of this advertisement (and now it 's put in *Punch* they cannot well help doing so), it is likely that the next batch of our Civil Service candidates will be required to point out its grammatical defects, and to remodel and translate it into purer English. Stepping, therefore, in to the assistance of these gentlemen, we may notice that the "got" is an inelegant redundancy; and that the word "when" is likewise a redundancy, not inelegant, perhaps, but clearly incorrect. The insertion of the "when" makes the sentence an imperfect one, and it terminates appropriately with the word "mistake."

It was through gallantry we shrank from ascribing to a lady the composition of a sample of bad language such as this. But our courtesy may, after all, have forced us into error. English ladies have been known to think it fine to talk in French, and for this cause may, perhaps, affect an ignorance of English. Who knows but in Belgravia bad grammar is in fashion, and that writing ungrammatically is thought as much "the thing" as writing quite illegibly? We have heard it said that French is held in more importance at a lady's school than English; and it may be that a servant, though not having the advantage of a "finished" education, is made a better mistress of her language than her mistress. While we keep this to ourselves, no great harm or shame can come of it; but, for the credit of the country, the fact should not go out of it. We, therefore, wish the *Times* would polish its advertisements, lest foreigners who know our language should be led to say, and say with truth, that very many of ourselves don't.

TOAST AND TAXATION.—NAPOLEON and Ninepence in the Pound.

PEACEFUL—VERY!

WHAT SPIRIT-RAPPING CAN DO.

HERE are a few marvels that Spiritualism has in its secret power to do. Our informant is JUDGE EDMONDS, our American friend, who may be said to have fairly given his mind to the study of the subject, for there seems but little doubt that he has gone stark staring mad upon it:—

"I have seen a chair run across a room, backward and forward, with no mortal hand touching it. I have seen tables rise from the floor, and suspended in the air. I have seen them move when not touched. I have known a small bell fly round the room over our heads. I have known a table, at which I was sitting, turned upside down, then carried over my head, and put against the back of the sofa, and then replaced. I have seen a table lifted from the floor, when four able-bodied men were exerting their strength to hold it down. I have heard, well vouched for, of a young man carried through the air, several feet from the floor, through a suite of parlours. I have seen small articles in the room fly through the air and fall at the place designed for them, and sometimes so rapidly that the motion was invisible, and all we could see was that the object had changed its location."

Now, we want to know if Spirit-Rapping is capable of achieving all the above flights of genius, why it is not brought to bear upon some useful purpose? Why is it not engaged in some profitable pursuit, that would bring in money as well as bring down surprise? If it has really the power of "making small articles fly through the air, and fall at the places designed for them," could not it be valuably engaged in moving furniture? There would be a considerable saving in time, bother, and expense. No horses would be needed, no cumbrous carts required, whilst the services of drunken porters, who touch few articles of value without breaking them, could be entirely dispensed with. One effective spirit-rapper would be able to do all the business. He would only have to be put *en rapport* with a fourpost bedstead (a *rap-porter* would not be a bad name for these new spirit-carriers), and, hey presto! before you could give a double knock at a nobleman's door, it would be sent galloping as quick as any four-poster through the air all the way from Pentonville to Belgravia, and that done so rapidly that not a soul would be able to notice its magic flight! ALADDIN'S Palace must have been moved by some such mysterious agency. The surpassing beauty, too, of this new motive power is, that it would do away with all the preliminary trouble of packing. Everything might be despatched precisely as it was, and no fear of smashing the largest article apprehended. Glass-cases, looking-glasses, washing-stands, would all "fall at the places designed for them" with a charming precision, worthy of a flap-scene in a Pantomime. We suspect that Harlequin's wand must have a sly touch of spirit-rapping in its wooden nature, or else it never would transport things and persons with such wonderful touch-and-go nicety and dexterity.

If JUDGE EDMONDS could only get some brother-rapper to send him flying over here (for if spiritualism has the power of carrying wardrobes, why not human beings?) we are sure that a rapid fortune awaits him. He has only to turn PICKFORD on this new expeditious principle, and he will soon have more goods than he will be able to find rappers for. We vote that he exhibit over his warehouse door a board with the inscription:—"GOODS REMOVED IN TOWN OR COUNTRY TO ANY DISTANCE BY SPIRIT MEDIUM OF A 500 SPIRIT POWER."

Could not the same inscrutable influence be likewise most serviceably employed upon travellers, *commissionnaires*, cabs, and omnibuses? By this invisible telegraph, an alderman might be sent flying from Paddington to the Bank for twopence, in less than two minutes. How convenient, too, when one wanted the children sent home from school, instead of having to go to fetch them!

It is clear that the boundary-line of the Spirit-World, and its marvellous powers, have not yet been defined.

ROMANCE IN RUSSIA.

DATING from St. Petersburg, a correspondent sends us a myriad of compliments, and an advertisement which we shall presently transcribe. In general our modesty prevents our publication of the praises which are poured on us; but for a reason we shall state we feel obliged for once to make exception to our rule. We are told, then, with "profound respect and admiration" that—

"*Punch* has certainly gained ground here. He does not get his precious pages mutilated as formerly. He is always looked for with anxiety, and received with pleasure; for he makes us to forget many a long hour, which would otherwise be very dreary in our Arctic winter. He is our constant companion, going with us to office, and when we take our guns for field sport, *Punch* always makes his appearance at the halting-place, and often keeps us longer than good sportsmen wish."

The reason we quote this is not to blow our trumpet, for we have neither need nor liking for such music. Everybody knows that *Punch*, wherever he is read, is read with pleasure and with profit; and to publish to the universe the uses of its *Punch*, would be to publish news so stale that nobody would thank us for it. We simply print the paragraph to show that Russia is pursuing now a more enlightened policy than that in which her Government was "formerly" benighted, and now that *Punch* may enter in unmutilated shape, her progress and prosperity must be regarded as assured to her.

And now for the advertisement, which, taken from the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, runs thus:—

"*Dimanche*, au pont de Chaines, près le Jardin d'Eté, il a été volé un petit chien, race *pintcher*, poils longs, blancs et noirs, à moitié tondus, oreilles longues, nez et lèvres noires, ayant l'air d'un petit lion. Il s'appelle Mylord. La personne qui l'a trouvé ou acheté est conjurée de le rapporter Maison Démidoff, Perspective de Nevsky, No. 54, la récompense sera bonne. Il est l'unique ami de sa maitresse."

To a mind like ours, which ever brims with sympathy and sentiment, there is something inexpressibly affecting in this statement, and we are afraid almost to trust ourselves to speak of it. Overcome by the sad tale of this lost duck of a dog, we cannot dwell as we should wish to do on his surpassing merits. When we think of his "black nose," a tear trickles down our own, and the mention of his "*poils longs, à moitié tondus*" makes us sigh to think of his capillary attractions, and to sorrow that the owner of them should sheer off. His most touching charm, however, is that which claps a climax on our grief at his elopement. "*Il est l'unique ami*," we are told, "*de sa maitresse!*" What a picture of bereavement do these few simple words supply! How sharp must be the pang in the bosom of that blighted one, whose heart and hearth have been made desolate by the bereavement of—alas! her one and only friend! *Il est l'unique ami de sa maitresse.* If he be dead, what an inscription would this be for his tomb! And yet, simple as it sounds, there must surely be some hidden meaning in the phrase. Words so full of love and tenderness could hardly, we should think, be said of a mere lapdog. Perish the thought! No! Clearly, although spoken of as being one belonging to the family of "PINTCHER," the lost one is a creature of far nobler "race." The "*unique ami*" may be possibly a puppy, but he is plainly a two-legged one, and if he wears a tail it is as a tail coat. There are many puppies living who have the air of little lions; and it must be to one of these, who may be known by his "long ears," that the piteous conjuration "*de sa maitresse*" is addressed.

A PET FOR A PALACE.

IT saddens one to think what losses are sustained, which, although one has the will, one has no power to alleviate. Here, for instance, is a sample, which we quote from the unfailing Second Column of the *Times*:—

WHITE COCKATOO LOST, from 77, ——— Street, on Saturday last. Repeats "Pretty Cocky" constantly. A liberal REWARD is offered on its being returned.

A cockatoo which is "constantly" repeating "Pretty Cocky," must really be a charming and invaluable companion, and the most liberal of rewards would hardly represent the worth of it. At the same time, had the treasure chanced to fall into our hands, we should not have felt quite easy in our mind—nor in our ears—while such a pet remained in our unworthy keeping. Had we failed in ascertaining its unhappy rightful owner (who, no doubt, would have been found to be distracted by his loss), we think we should have sent it to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, as being one who would appreciate it even more than we could hope to do. Bored as he must be by the parrot-like repeating of his praises by his ministers, it would no doubt be a relief to him to get a cockatoo to listen to, whose "large utterance" was limited to the one phrase, "Pretty Cocky!"

A LONG SHOT WITH A LONG BOW.'

SENTINELLE OF THE JURA relates the following true episode of the Battle of Solferino:—

"We were fighting to get into Cavriana. The EMPEROR came to satisfy himself as to what was going on; the balls whistled round us, and a shell bursting close by made his Majesty's horse rear. The escort proceeded to the head of the battalion, and the fire became warmer as the uniform of the Generals and the cuirasses of the Cent Gardes served as points to aim at. The Colonel threw himself in front of the EMPEROR, and said, 'Sire, do not expose yourself; it is at you they are aiming.' 'Very well,' replied the EMPEROR, with a smile; 'silence them, and they will then fire no longer.' This expression gave us fresh vigour, and I know not how it was, but at a bound we gained a hundred yards, and in twenty minutes after we had taken Cavriana."

Readers of weak digestion may find it somewhat difficult to stomach this French story; but for ourselves we are not in the least afraid to swallow it. We no more doubt the cucumber-like coolness of the EMPEROR, than we question the assertion that French soldiers "at a bound" can jump a hundred yards. When glory is the goal which a Frenchman strives to gain, he will, we know, go any lengths in leaping to attain it. The fact that he jumps farther upon paper than on foot only proves that his legs are not the strongest of his limbs, and that there is perhaps more power in his elbow. This is proved by his prowess in drawing the long bow, in the use of which weapon few Englishmen can beat him. When we hear it said, however, that a Frenchman "at a bound" can gain a hundred yards, we think that, looked at merely as a feat of strength, the leap must be regarded as coming it too strong. No amount of "jumping powder" would enable a deer even, and much less a man, to clear a hundred yards at a bound—a hundred yards of ground. French soldiers, we have heard, are remarkable for *élan*, but to leap to such long lengths they must be something more than elands.

Charming Congruity.

LORD PALMERSTON tells us that if MR. SCOTT'S design for the new Foreign Office is allowed to be carried out, we should only get "a frightful and disagreeable-looking building" for our money. We think this defect, if true, is a very strong argument in favour of its erection, inasmuch as the more "frightful" and the more "disagreeable looking" the new Foreign Office is, the less is it likely to jar with the other buildings that at present adorn our lovely Metropolis. A beautiful edifice might attract notice, and moreover would only tend to destroy that charming uniformity of ugliness which we have succeeded in maintaining uninjured for so many years in London.

EXPORTATION OF BURDENS.

THOSE who pay the Income-Tax will drink the less French wine. Though the taxation which their navy costs us does not extend abroad to our warlike neighbours, it nevertheless comes home to them.

A "BRAVO" FOR BARRY.

"PRAY, *Mr. Punch*, what is it makes men talk so foolishly in Parliament? From the stuff which is reported of them, one would fancy that the Thames mud gets into their heads, or that their brains are nightly blown out by the blasts of ventilation. There must be something in St. Stephens which is destructive to good speaking, else how can one account for the balderdash one hears there. It is a melancholy fact that nine-tenths of the debates are only fit to be addressed to the constituency of Bunkum. No sooner does a man gain the title of M.P. than, it seems to me, he loses the best half of his intellect. Let him be a DEMOSTHENES before he takes his seat, and he sinks to a mere SPOONER the moment that he rises from it. Why, even MR. AYRTON makes a stupid speech occasionally. The assertion may seem strange, but only listen, Sir, to this:—

"The fact was, that incompetence and extravagance seemed to mark the whole arrangement within this building. For instance, an enormous sum was wasted above their heads in forcing light through plate glass, whereas one-third of that light would be sufficient for the House if it were not placed outside the glass. This extravagant arrangement tended merely to gratify some one's caprice. But from beginning to end the whole building was nothing but a piece of mediæval folly. (*A laugh.*) It carried them back 400 or 500 years with no other end than to deprive them of all the advantages which science had since placed at their disposal. Instead of ample light there was obscured glass, in order to imitate a period when the manufacture of glass was in its infancy (*hear, hear*); and although our manufacturers now produced the most beautiful crystal, the House was full of little trumpery pieces of glass a few inches square, inserted in lead casing, and dignified by the name of windows. (*Hear, hear, and laughter.*) What could have possessed the minds of any man, or any set of men, to insist that everything about the Houses of Parliament should accord with the ignorance of some hundreds of years ago, rather than with the advanced intelligence of to-day! (*Hear, hear.*) And this was called the perfection of art! Why, ornaments of the most trumpery kind stared you in the face at every turn. Look at the absurd paintings within the House, which led many members to attend very little to what was being done, while some could hardly rise to speak without having their thoughts distracted by the lions and the dragons, and the rest of it. (*Laughter.*) This trumpery was repeated from one end of the building to the other. If some man at Birmingham had contracted to erect the Palace, one could have understood his reasons for casting the portcullis and the Tudor rose by the dozen, and for sticking them together afterwards in all parts of the buildings; but that men should carve stone after stone with a repetition of the same design, that they should scribble the History of England in writing which nobody could read, so that the very Policeman on duty had to say, 'You must turn the other way, Sir, to look at that,' passed all comprehension. (*Laughter.*) Yet this was called decoration! It was a disgrace to the country to have erected such a place at all, and the decoration showed a poverty of invention which even a schoolboy would pronounce contemptible. (*Hear, hear.*)"

"There now, did you ever hear more silly stuff than that? Why, in the name of common sense—or, what is more extraordinary, of House of Commons sense—what in the wide world, Sir, does MR. AYRTON want? To complain of the House as being 'trumpery' and 'absurd,' and unsuited for the purposes for which it was designed, seems to my mind as unreasonable as to quarrel with our statues for being ugly and ridiculous, or to find fault with our fountains because they look like squirts. It is the proud boast of us Britons that we never will do anything like anybody else: and in not departing from our insular conception of what is True, and Beautiful, and Loveable in art, we properly maintain our nation's independence, and keep up our reputation for consistency at any rate, if not for common sense.

"With regard, Sir, to the charge that the building, in construction, is behind the time, and carries those who sit in it back to the Dark Ages, I say so much the better, and I rejoice to hear it. There may be dolts and idiots who may think that if the House were built more in accordance with what this MR. AYRTON calls our 'advanced intelligence,' there might be more marked progress in our course of legislation; and that if the windows were made to give more light, our statesmen, peradventure, might be more enlightened. But to my mind, Sir, our progress is too fast as it is, and I am thankful to the architect for planning means to check it. As one of the old school I hate newfangled notions, and the notion that a Government ought to be enlightened is in my view quite a novelty, and I have therefore a just horror of it. None could ever have conceived it in the good old times, and only Radicals and Chartists even now would dream of it. 'Innovation' and 'improvement' are to my mind but the synonyms for 'reform' and 'revolution;' and of these two words I know not which I hold in greater hatred.

"As for the 'extravagant arrangements' of the House, and the 'enormous sums' we have wasted on the lights and (so called) ornaments, so far from our complaining, we ought, Sir, to feel proud of them. Let other nations screw and pinch their builders as they will: there is no reason why England should degrade herself in this way. JOHN BULL can afford to make his payments through the nose, and I am pretty sure he feels a sort of proud pleasure in doing so. The enjoyment that a snuff-taker derives from taking snuff, I believe JOHN BULL deduces from this other nasal luxury.

"In defiance then of all that MR. AYRTON may have said, I contend the House of Commons is a truly British building, and I cry 'Bravo,

Barry!' for having been the builder of it. I like old-fashioned things, and, as the Houses are old-fashioned, I cannot but admire them. Give me old-fashioned buildings and old-fashioned laws to match: and let us hear of no more stooping to consider what they cost us. As a Briton I admire all British institutions. Ugliness and uselessness are both British institutions; and the more we have to pay for them, the dearer must they be to us.

"I remain, Sir, a friend to Sir Charles Barry, and a foe to innovation, one who prides himself on being, by his birthplace,

"A True Briton."

CIVIC POETRY OF PARIS.

The Address lately delivered to the Emperor of the French by the chief Municipal Council of Paris, ought to make the Court of Aldermen perfectly ashamed of themselves. There is no poetry in the congratulations which the Corporation of London occasionally offers to the Queen. Substituting "Madam" for "Sire," the civic dignitaries would never dream of glorifying Her Majesty in the following vein, wherein Eroles' vein, a tyrant's vein, mingles with that of a lover, which is more condoling:—

"Sire, On the day of the departure of your Majesty the population of all France, joining in the idea and the resolutions of the Emperor, offered to him in a warm ovation, its arms and treasures to carry on the war. It promised to watch like a mother over the sacred deposit intrusted to it."

The personification of the people is a poetical idea which never would have occurred to your Worships. You would never have the grace—and elegance—to tell your Sovereign that the population of Cheapside and the neighbouring districts joined her in her idea and in her resolutions, and offered her its arms and treasures in a warm ovation. It is true that an ovation means a display analogous to the lesser triumph of the ancient Romans, which was "allowed to those commanders who had won a victory without much bloodshed," instead of meaning a popular demonstration made in honour of an Emperor on the eve of a sanguinary war. No doubt the description of arms and treasures as "offered in a warm ovation" is not exactly sense. But you could never have composed such nonsense as that any day.

When did you ever talk of the British public promising to watch like a mother over the sacred deposit intrusted to it? Did you ever, any of you, conceive an image so interesting? Image?—What idea have you London Aldermen of images, beyond Gog and Magog?

When did you ever give utterance to an expression of gratitude of this kind?

"The Civic Council of Paris is glad to testify publicly its devotion to your Majesty's dynasty, and its gratitude for that genius which has thrown such new splendour upon it."

What gratitude have you ever felt or even evinced for the genius which is continually throwing new splendour upon you from the Office, 85, Fleet Street? "Hang ye, gorbellied knaves!"

If some of you have occasionally joined in the National Anthem at the prompting of loyal enthusiasm, and under the influence of iced punch, are any of you capable of singing the subjoined *Te Imperatorem*—if you know what that means?

"Sire, the patriotic acclamations of an immense city in the presence of your invincible soldiers—its earnest prayers to God, who guides you, will soon resound on a solemn occasion, and proclaim that the nation, proud of its Emperor, admires you and loves you for this new glory added to our flag, for this firmness which no danger disturbs, for this calmness which dominates even the exultation of triumph, for those blessings of peace so promptly recovered; finally for the noble attitude France assumes towards Europe."

Ah, ye callous old sinners!—how long will it be before your dry and formal religious utterances and allusions will assume the fervour and reverence of the above devotional language? And when will you learn to employ such a grand prosopopœia as that which represents France assuming a noble attitude towards Europe? When will any address that you may concoct and vote at one of those prosy Courts which you hold for the despatch of dull business exhibit England standing in a noble attitude? The sublimest and most beautiful composition of that kind that you will ever produce, will never suggest the idea of Britannia invested with Crinoline, in a hat and feathers, gracefully balancing herself on tiptoe in a posture of triumphant vanity.

Question for a Homeric Statesman.

A Poor's Rate is levied without causing the maledictions which are occasioned by confiscation under Schedule D. Why cannot a War Rate, or a Defence Rate be so equitably contrived that the industrious public shall not execrate its authors and maintainers, any more than they do the parish vestry, the churchwardens, and overseers?

The Gent's Style.—Everything "loud" is necessarily *haut ton*.

THE SONG OF THE WOULD-BE MERMAN.

Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
That 's where this weather 'twere jolly to be;
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
'Twere a paradise charming to me.
In March, March, March,
London is pleasant, but in it at present
I parch, parch, parch,
And pant to be under the Sea.
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
What bliss from the smell of the Thames to be free!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
'Tis there I would revel to be.

Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
How pleasant the full-bodied porpoise must lie!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
E'en a shrimp is more happy than I.
How I sigh, sigh, sigh,
For some good-natured fairy to carry me where I
Could lie, lie, lie
On my back in the bed of the Sea!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
With a mermaid to fan me, how happy I'd be!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
Oh, the life of a Merman for me!

SALE OR SELL?

And so the French Eagle is about to have its claws clipped. Louis Napoleon consents to a reduction of his armaments. *L'Empire, c'est la paix* is once again his motto. Late the Emperor of Pieces, he now resumes his sway as the Emperor of Peace. Tired of war, the soldier throws up his commission, and throws down his arms. His sword is on the point of being sold off as old iron, and the swords of more than half his army will go with it. So says the *Moniteur*, and *Punch* (of course) believes it,—though *Punch* is not quite certain when the sale is to commence; but *Punch* trusts that, when it does, it will be found a genuine sale, and will in no manner resemble what is known as a mock auction. Until assured of this, *Punch* trusts that Mr. Bull will not relax those peaceful preparations for which an extra fourpence is demanded on his income. The announcement of the sale is pleasant news enough; but *Punch* has little wish to learn—and perhaps learn when too late—that the only real sell has been that of our Government.

To an Eminent Whig.

The reporters say that they must give up taking down Lord John Russell if he does not mend his elocution. His voice has now a confirmed habit of dropping at the end of every sentence. Surely his Lordship must know that the only sentence that can properly have a drop at the end is that of a Judge with the black cap on.

TRUE SENTIMENT!

First Small Boy (tossing). "NOW, THEN! WHAT D'YE CALL, JIM—HEADS OR TAILS?"
Second ditto (with feeling). "WOMAN! 'COS I LOVES 'EM!"

VERMIN EXTRAORDINARY.

FROM the subjoined portion of a little handbill, circulated by a chemist at Doncaster, the dangerous classes appear to include persons hitherto deemed highly respectable:—

"POISONOUS WHEAT,

"For the Destruction of Rats, Mice, and Vermin of every kind, Sparrows, and all Birds injurious to agricultural and Garden Produce.

"At the request of several *influential* Farmers the Inventor has been induced to bring this Superior Article before the Notice of the public. *It more particularly claims the attention of Farmers, Gardeners, Florists, &c., and all who suffer from their ravages will do well to avail themselves of its use.*"

We certainly have never yet heard anybody complain of suffering from the ravages of either farmers, gardeners, or florists, whom the above announcement seems to stigmatise under the head of dangerous vermin. However, the poisonous wheat which the Doncaster chemist advertises is, no doubt, very good for its purpose, which, of course, is that of destroying rats, mice, sparrows, and other vermin, not including agriculturists and horticulturists. If it is impregnated with some chemical compound as bad in one sense, as the chemist's literary composition is in another, it must be certain destruction to all the pests of the farm and the garden.

A Colourable Pretext.

A YOUNG GENT of our acquaintance (that is to say, we met him once, and he has ever since been bragging of his intimacy) has at length resolved that he will wear no more *mauve* ties, because he fears he'll be regarded as a *mauvais sujet*.

PALLADIAN PALMERSTON.

OUR friend PALMERSTON made an uncommonly funny speech the other day, at a morning sitting of the House of Commons. Why uncommonly? Because the noble PREMIER'S speeches are commonly funny by reason of the humorous and witty remarks in which they abound, like the pages of this popular periodical. But, on the occasion in question, the noble Lord at the head of her MAJESTY'S Government indulged in a discourse abounding in the sort of fun which is sometimes afforded by the observations of a dunce, who boasts of his inability to appreciate poetry, or music, or painting. He said a number of fine things of this kind in disparagement of Gothic Architecture, in particular as proposed for adoption in building the new Foreign Office. Among these may be instanced the following:—

"The Gothic was not an English style of architecture, but it was imported from abroad."

Our noble friend never heard of the "Early English" style, and does not seem to be aware that the Mediæval architecture of this country had a character peculiarly its own. But did the Palladian style originate in England? did the Tuscan, the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, the Composite? There is, however, a certain style which may be said to have originated in England, just as the English language did, if we may compare a grand language with a ludicrous architecture. LORD PALMERSTON himself exemplified this British order:—

"They had in London the following buildings in styles not Gothic:—The Bank of England, the Mansion House, the East India House, the Royal Exchange, Somerset House, the Custom House, the British Museum, the Banqueting House, the National Gallery, Greenwich Hospital, the University College, the Post Office, Chelsea Hospital, Buckingham Palace, and Stafford House."

These buildings, with a few exceptions—Chelsea Hospital, for example, which is one of the least ugly of them—are mixtures of the classical temple and the modern dwelling-house. They correspond exactly to CONON, and LYSANDER, and ALCIBIADES; to CICERO, CATO, JULIUS CÆSAR, and MARC ANTONY, attired partly in tunics or togas, and partly in the hats and boots now worn by gentlemen or by costermongers; wearing spectacles together with swords and shields, and likewise carrying umbrellas, or smoking short pipes, as they are represented by an illustrious artist in the *Comic History of Rome*, and other combinations of wit and learning. This truly British order of architecture may be called, or has been called, the Cockney Classic. The spirit of the simply Classic is beauty and grace; that of the purely Gothic, beauty and grace with the addition of sublimity, grandeur, and spirituality; but the spirit of the Cockney Classic is mere burlesque. No order can be better than this for a Mansion House, or any banqueting-house, by reason of the gouty pillars which form its chief characteristics, and are appropriately æsthetic when they adorn the front of edifices devoted to excesses of the table, and of whose inmates clumsiness is one of the most conspicuous qualities.

Our dear PAM must excuse these remonstrances. Let him limit his connection with the Foreign Office to the affairs of its interior, which he so thoroughly understands, and not meddle with its material construction, whereon he is so utterly disqualified for entertaining any opinion; unless, indeed, he thinks that diplomacy is humbug, and that the Foreign Office should be regarded as the Temple of Humbug, and ought, accordingly, to be built in a style so base and absurd as to make it look mean and ridiculous.

Paltry Ecclesiastical Ambition.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"WESTMINSTER Abbey Clock, sulky at the burnished glories of the neighbouring Clock-Tower, has demanded a new face, which is now being put on. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus?* We had hoped better things in Broad Phylactery. But Priestcraft is always the same. Bah!

"Yours truly,
"A STERN DISSENTER."

Young Egypt.

IN the Ramsgate Visitors' List of last week, we find the following announcement:—

"TOUSSOU PACHA and suite have arrived at the Royal Albion."

Now, considering the age of his Egyptian Pachaship is nearly six, we should think the printer had made a mistake: the word really intended was "*sweets*."

A Sweet Tooth.

WANTED, for a Borough in the North of England, the Constituency of which is wholly composed of Independent and (as yet) Unbought Electors, a Candidate to represent them in Parliament. Politics immaterial; but a Grocer would be preferred. He must be the proprietor of a large stock of sugar.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, August 13, 1859.

SONG TO SCURSIONISTS.—BY A HAND OF THE "RUBY."

I Hopes I loves most folks ashore,
Likewise most folks afloat,
But I've least pity for the sick
Aboard a Margate boat.
And when I hears 'em bawling Steward,
And sees 'em sad and pale,
I says, says I, my piteous coves,
Why don't you take the Rail?

The Rail she runs from London Bridge,
To the Marine Parade,
The fares is fixed uncommon low,
For clerks and folks in trade:
In fact, it 's cheaper nor the boat,
That 's clear to any Moke,
Because you cannot spend your browns
In brandy, beer, and smoke.

A man 's a Nass that 's sick at sea,
At him I do deride,
But women is a tender flower,
And delicate inside;
And when I sees 'em stoop their heads,
Unable to contain,
I feels inclined to kick the brutes
That brought 'em on the main.

Their little small contrairy ways
Which they delight to show,
As over to the windard side
When ill they always go,
And safe to rush where Neptune's splash
Has made the seats a slop,
These fads of theirs amuses me
When fetching of my mop.

I pities them, and pities more
The little children small,
As never ought for to be brought
Aboard a boat at all.
And when they reaches, pretty dears,
And howls in grief and woe,
I 'm savage with their parents, like,
Which brings them to be so.

Undoing of the good they done
By wisiting the Sea:
But many folks is precious Mokes,
As it appears to me.
Our Capting's observation should
Be constant kep in mind,
"Economy as makes us sick
Is of a spurious kind."—Jim Swobber.

AN ARTIST AND A BABY.

If any confirmation were wanted of the truth that "men are but children of a larger growth," it would, we think, be found in the following advertisement, which appeared the other day in the second column of the *Times*:—

Ten pounds reward.—LOST, by an artist, on Saturday, between Charles Street, St. James's Square, and Coventry Street, a CORAL BROOCH, set in gold, with a coral and gold drop, representing three grapes; a coral hand, holding two small coral charms—a pig and a chair, is attached to the brooch by a coral and gold chain. Whoever will bring it to 5, Cradle Street, St. James's Square, shall receive the above reward.

As the reader may suppose, we have altered the 'address: partly for the reason that we don't wish to be personal, and partly because we think that the word which we have substituted, is slightly more appropriate than that which we suppress. It must, we think, be viewed as a sign of second childhood, when we find a grown up baby with a coral for a plaything: for that's the only use to which we fancy that the corals above-mentioned could be put. Why such things are called "charms" we are too ignorant to know, and too hot to try and guess. If we look at them as ornaments, there seems nothing very charming in a "pig" and a "chair;" and, not being of "the faithful," we have no faith in such relics as being capable of "charming" in a superstitious sense. A brooch is not a common thing for men to wear; and had not the word "artist" been put in the advertisement, we might have thought some "charming woman" was the owner of these charms, in which case, of course our sympathy would have stopped our criticism. But we must confess, we feel no pity for a man for losing what was neither of ornament nor use to him. Had this artist lost his cutty, he would have had our instant sympathy, but we have none to throw away on him for losing what by rights should never have belonged to him. An artist who is capable of wearing coral charms, we really almost think would try to grow a *mauve* moustache.

The Strength of the Sex.

A Woman's tongue is a sharp weapon that she should never draw excepting in her self-defence, and then only after the 'strongest provocation. That weapon, sharp as it is, is never so effective, as when tempered with mercy.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

A BYRONIC LAY.

Election! Election! thy 'larum afar
Gives hope to the needy, and promise of war;
All dodgers and debtors arise at the note,*
Attorney, house agent, each scamp with a vote.

Oh, who is more proud than the scamp with a vote,
With his dirty camese and his greasy capote?
To the pound or elsewhere all his cattle may stray,
While he drives on his cart for five guineas a day.

Let no Briton for nothing his vote ever give,
But for months by its means like a fighting-cock live;
Nor yet in the traffic his vengeance forego,
Unbribed by his friend, he can vote for his foe.

The clubs they send forth an industrious race,
With pockets well lined to continue the chase;
But though heavy the purses, they 're empty before
Th' election is won, and the contest is o'er.

* Query, Bank of England.—*Printer's Devil.*

For the freemen of Glo'ster, who dwell by the waves,
Let them know that the Britons will never be slaves—
That to win a close race, they must well grease the oar,
Sticking out to the last for one Fiver more.

They need not the pleasures that riches supply,
Their votes they shall win what the Member must buy—
Shall win from the tap the long-flowing ale,
The gin and the whiskey, brown brandy and pale.

Remember the moment when Aylesbury fell!
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell,
The votes that they bought, and the voters they squared—
What a number of ponies might Wentworth have spared!

Again we shall hear the sweet sound from afar—
Election's 'larum give promise of war;
Ye Members, who met us with Fivers before,
Must meet us with Fifties, or meet us no more!

An Unpardonable Offence.—There is one thing that the most successful man rarely succeeds in—and that is in making others forgive him his success.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

UGUST 6. *Saturday*. *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, having two tooth-brushes, a new one and an old one, purchased, with the latter, a copy of the Articles of War, from a brother officer of his ship. *Mr. Easy*, on perusing this code, rather approved of it, as enabling him to confute his captain in argument; but SIR JOSEPH PAXTON states that sailors in general do not appreciate this valuable quality in the Articles, and object to come under them. This fact was brought out in a discussion on the Reserve Force of Seamen Bill, when LORD CLARENCE PAGET, who was himself Mr. Midshipman in the *Asia*, at Navarino, allowed that many of the Articles were old fashioned, and said that they were being re-edited.

A hypocritical measure, professing to restrain Corrupt Practices at Elections, was "continued." It reminds folks of the taunt of the silly constable in *Measure for Measure*. "Dost see now, thou wicked varlet, what has come upon thee. Thou art to continue," and it is about as nonsensical. The Election Committees also "continued," in their way, and people are really shocked at the wickedness of poor people in being so ready to sell what rich people are so eager to buy.

For some reason or other the Universities, on MR. GLADSTONE'S motion, were exempted from the operation of the Weights and Measures Bill. The Homeric statesman is probably partial to Troy weight, and would serve out moist sugar—

"Softly sweet in Lydian measures."

Monday. This was a Great Night, according to Parliamentary measure of greatness. An actor, who estimates the value of a part by the number of "lengths," would have been in ecstacies with the quantity of talk, only that it was fairly divided. The *Times* surrenders twenty-five columns and a half to the debates. In the Lords, NORMANBY, that venerable, or at least old Peer (as MR. BRIGHT would say), opened upon the Peace of Villafranca, and declared that the world believed its terms to have been patched up by LORD PALMERSTON and M. DE PERSIGNY. The disgust of LORD P. at its being suggested that he had tried to make peace anywhere, must be a thing to be conceived rather than described. LORD N. praised Austria through thick and thin, whatever that extremely ridiculous and entirely vulgar phrase may mean, and had actually good words for the GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY. When LORD HEN and all his novels are gone where the weak niggers go, one MRS. ELIZABETH BROWNING'S look out of Guidi House Windows, and her womanly belief that the lips of the DUKE LEOPOLD, which were "warm with his children's kisses," could not utter "a cold lie" (they did, though), will preserve that False Duke's memory for the scorn of a century. LORD WODEHOUSE said what was proper in reply to HEN'S charge that our Government had been an adviser in the matter, but admitted that LORD JOHN RUSSELL had acted as Postman.

The attempt of the Dissenters to get into the management of Endowed Schools was squashed for the present, the BISHOP OF LONDON coming out with some mild ridicule of what his respected Lordship termed the imaginary grievances of our dissenting brethren. Those abominable, atheistic, superstitious, schismatic bigots, the Dissenters, have been rather civil to DR. TAITE, because he went preaching in beggarly neighbourhoods, and to omnibus men and other *canaille*, as if a Bishop fancied that he ought not to leave such dirty souls to the inferior clergy; but Zion, and Jireh, and Mahershalalhashbosh will now be down upon Fulham.

But the Grand Bang was in the Commons. Nearly all the best fireworks went off;—the GLADSTONE Catharine-wheel, fizzing three ways at once; the WHITESIDE "maroon, to imitate cannon," and a bad imitation too; the JOHN RUSSELL Jack-in-the-Box; the DISRAELI Flower-pot, remarkable for its flower of brimstone; the HENNESSEY Roman candle, a new affair, and not ineffective, but for its ill odour of sanctity; and the PALMERSTON *pot de feu*, throwing everything but a light upon the subject. The whole business was a Do; and the *Daily News* uncivilly announced in the morning that LORD ELCHO, the promoter of the fray, had been made safe. But the debate was really a good one, and GLADSTONE, especially, whacked the blue book of LORD MALMESBURY'S despatches in a way that did honour to his hand and arm. He warmed to his work, and smashed into LORD ELCHO like a good one, making all sorts of smart hits. Among other things, he complimented ELCHO, who had referred to lexicographic SAMUEL for a definition of "neutrality," for having taken all pains to instruct and inform his mind by a reference to the "all-but-inaccessible pages of DR. JOHNSON." LORD JOHN made a neat, very happy, and perfectly unfair comparison of VICTOR EMANUEL to WILLIAM THE THIRD; and LORD PALMERSTON was exceedingly funny (borrowing the idea from *Bubbles of the Day*) about the uncomfortable position of the POPE, sitting upon so many bayonets. It will be seen, therefore, that everybody did his best to promote the harmony of the evening, and the party did not separate until a late hour, nearly three.

It just occurs to *Mr. Punch*, that he has not mentioned the subject of the debate. It is really of very little consequence how a pleasant evening is brought about; but the curious may as well be informed that the Conservatives pretended to wish to pledge Government not to go into any congress about Italian affairs, and Government pretended to be indignant at any notion of being fettered, but declared that they had no intention of congressing. Of course there was no division,—why, it was only two days from St. Grouse.

Tuesday. We don't kill a pig every day, as the song says; and after some Militia talk in the Lords, they were off before six. The Commons had a personal matter before them,—a squabble about the Pontefract Election, wherein MR. OVEREND, M.P., appears to have been too keen for MR. HUDSON late M.P.'s friend MR. LEEMAN, and to have rather cooked the goose of a MR. CHILDERS (first syllable short, as in guilders), a descendant of the celebrated Flying ditto. This naturally kept them; but as soon as that was over, and the case of a poor boy, stated to have been illegally enlisted, and killed by the discipline of Parkhurst, came on, the House, as naturally, was Counted Out.

Wednesday. The Lords cut away at heaps of Bills; and LORD CAMPBELL volunteered an utterly uncalled-for declaration that he was opposed to a man's marrying his sister-in-law. These spurts of sentiment are not uncommon in the Lords, who never laugh at one another; and a Peer might get up and say he liked oysters with their beards on, or didn't think camphorated chalk good for the teeth, without exciting a smile. And if it were otherwise, you might as reasonably expect to rile the male Hippopotamus at the Gardens by laughing at the female, as annoy our friend CAMPBELL by laughing at him; and if it did vex the brave old Scotch trump, LORD *PUNCH* would sooner spend an evening with VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, or on the river, than do it.

The Overend bother again in the Commons, and the matter referred to a Committee, who finally reported that on the whole MR. CHILDERS had been queerly used, and ought to be replaced in a position in which the law makes it utterly impossible that he should be replaced. This is the sort of justice that may be expected from Committees, and no other kind will be got until a regular legal tribunal takes cognisance of election wrongs.

Then there was a really important debate about the Indian Army, on a Bill, which passed, authorising the keeping 50,000 English soldiers in India, but nobody was much interested in this, and probably a house might not have been kept, but for a subsequent debate on a motion about the way electors are "waked up" at Wakefield.

Thursday. An Indian debate in the Lords, and LORD *PUNCH'S* friend, LORD LYVEDEN, made his *début*, beginning by saying "he could not do"—something or other. Nobody ever supposed he could do anything, except dress so neatly and talk so fluently that young officials were momentarily deluded into admiring him. LORD ELLENBOROUGH wanted strong measures in India, and was pleased that MR. JAMES WILSON was going out to take the finances in hand, though as there are no finances, JAMES'S place looks like a sinecure.

The Commons had another Count Out, but first had a little Catholic row, NEWDEGATE abusing and BOWYER defending CARDINAL WISEMAN, on a Bill exempting Catholic Trusts from proper investigation. The amended Divorce Bill was passed, the clause for keeping out the public on certain occasions being rejected, though SIR R. BETHELL says that the Divorce Court is the resort of "a jeering, laughing, and prurient mob," eager to hear what no clean-minded person would wish to hear.

Friday. Penultimate sitting. No end of work done. Also, LORD DENMAN (we need hardly say that this is not the clever LORD DENMAN, but quite t'other) volunteered the information, that a cousin of his, name unknown, had written to him to say that, in the unknown cousin's opinion, LORD MALMESBURY had been an admirable Foreign Minister.

In the Commons, another Bribery victim was sacrificed—HOARE, of Hull. MR. FITZROY announced that he did not like to stop the Sunday music in the Parks, as requested by certain Sabbatarians. MR. MELLOR expounded the hard case of two men who had received a very heavy sentence of penal servitude for stealing oil-cake, but as the judges were magistrates at quarter sessions, and the men were said to be poachers, the wonder is that they were not at once executed in the court-yard of the Sessions' House. MR. BRADY then tried *his* hand with a private grievance; but this was felt to be too much, and the House was counted out for the last time.

Saturday. The ultimate day. Everything being huddled up and bundled out of the way, Lord Campbell sent for the Commons, into the House of Lords, and delivered the following sentiments on the part of His Royal Mistress.

You may go. You have been good boys.
But next Session you must really do Something.
Foreign folks are trying to get Me into Congress.
I scarcely know whether I ought to consent.
I should be glad, of course, to promote peace and quietness.
I have sent a Plenipo to Pekin.
I am unaware that I am going to be quarrelled with.
India is pacified. She must be reformed,
Especially in regard to money matters.
I am extremely obliged for Military and Naval reserves.
Also to you, Commons, for all money voted.
I am rejoiced that the country is happy and content.
Now go home, and continue good boys.

The usual bowing and handshaking having been performed, *exeunt omnes.*

And so *Mr. Punch*, with infinite satisfaction to himself and the world, once more bottles up the Essence of Talk. Would he could as easily bottle up the Essence of Thames. *Plaudite.*

DEFEND US FROM OUR DEFENDERS!

"Punch,

"Newspapers to my mind are intolerable nuisances, and I don't often waste my time and temper in perusing them. But the other day I had to undergo a railway journey, and as the train of course was late (these newfangled conveyances are never punctual to their time), I walked up to the bookstall and asked for the *John Bull*, that being the only paper which an Englishman may read without being disgusted with low revolutionary sentiments. 'Haven't a *John Bull*, Sir, but here's last week's *Examiner*, if that will do as well for you.' This was the insulting answer I received. Of course the fellow knew that the *Examiner* was one of the most radical of papers, and seeing by my face that I was Tory to the bone, the blackguard, Sir, no doubt said what he did to chaff me. Being ignorant, however, of its revolting character, I paid my sixpence for the paper, and was surprised to find in some respects, that it was worth the money. In an article, for instance, upon the getting up of Rifle Clubs, I came upon the following most sensible remarks:—

"'There are certain persons in this country who do not hesitate to advocate the arming and equipment, at the cost of the State, of the several hundreds of thousands of men, who with no qualification beyond a stout heart and brawny arms, would claim their right to be enrolled in defence of the kingdom. This would be creating a national force with a vengeance. Why, every common day labourer, whose whole year's wages would not perhaps amount to the price of his rifle and uniform, would come forward as a volunteer, and the State would not only be putting arms into the hands of this dangerous class, but actually teaching them how to use these weapons after they had got them.'

"This *reductio ad absurdum* is excellently put. The idea of common labourers being trusted with rifles seems to my mind, I confess, too preposterous to dream of. Besides the danger to the State, only think of the great peril to our partridges and pheasants. As the *Examiner* points out:—

"'Hitherto our admirable game laws have, in a measure, served to keep the great mass of the people ignorant of the use of fire-arms; witness the majority of our recruits, who on joining the army scarcely know the difference between the butt and the barrel of their muskets; but once give every grown man a rifle, and instruct him how to hit a target at 500 yards, in a few years there will be as many dead shots in England as there are in Kentucky; and although invaders might thus be kept at a distance, it would be at the expense of all we hold most dear; from such men no pheasant would be safe, no deer park would be sacred.'

"A pretty prospect, truly! Defend us, say I, from having such defenders! It is very well to look to the preserving of the country, but we must also keep an eye to the preserving of our pheasants. I for one have far more fear of poachers than invaders. England without the Game Laws would not be safe to live in: and who could hope to see the Game Laws kept in force, when 'every grown man' had a rifle, and knew how to use it?

"People talk with some alarm of the defenceless state of England, but it frightens me far more to think of the defenceless state of my plantations. As it is, by keeping up a standing force of gamekeepers, I manage that my pheasants sleep in tolerable safety; but if rifles be sown broadcast among our poaching population, no army of observation that I could hope to organise would be sufficient to keep watch on their nocturnal movements.

"But a still more clinching proof of the necessity there is to keep our Rifle Clubs select, and to admit no Volunteers but men of known position, is found in the concluding passage of the article:—

"'We are quite prepared to hear the advocates of anarchy and socialism contend that a man may be unable to pay £10 for his weapon and dress, and yet be attached to his country, if only by the selfish tie of a home and a family, which he would desire to defend if attacked by an invading foe. Such claptrap hardly requires serious confutation. A man who does not possess a £10 note, can hardly have a home that is worth protecting; and if, under such circumstances, he should have a family, his gross imprudence only furnishes an additional argument against intrusting him with the use of fire-arms. * * Once admit universal franchise in the Volunteer corps, and it will make its way into other institutions, till the throne and the altar shall be undermined.'

"Precisely my opinion, *Punch*. These Rifle Clubs, you may depend on it, are innovations fraught with danger, and it behoves us to be chary of affording them encouragement. Government has done wisely in damping to some measure the ardour that has flamed for them, and I think the more cold water that is thrown on it, the better. For only just consider, once place the working-men and the well bred ones on a footing (which we should do by admitting them alike, as Volunteers), and where, pray, is the social quality to stop? We should ere long have our peers hobnobbing with our peasants; and our lords, from standing next them, may form friendships with our labourers. In short, there is no saying how these Rifle Clubs may harm us, if we don't take care to keep them properly exclusive. Equality of footing is the thin edge of the wedge, and when the wedge is driven home, all the bulwarks of Old England will be split up for a bonfire, and Republicans and Chartists will dance around it in delight!

"As my life is well insured, and I am not a Member of Parliament (or I might be carried off by the miasma of the river), I quite expect to live to see my worst predictions realised. Meantime, *Punch*, I remain, with great contempt for your contemporaries (the *Examiner* excepted),

"Your obedient humble servant,
"One of the Old School."

*** *Note.*—As we have no wish to deprive any paper of its privileges, we should much regret to weaken the force of this exception. But we feel constrained to state, that we believe the quoted article was meant to be ironical; and by writing as he has done, 'One of the Old School,' has only shown his length of (y)ears.

"That's the way the Money Goes."

In an article the other day upon the Civil Service Estimates, the *Times* began a sentence by remarking that:—

"As for the public purse, it is a mere abstraction."

Yes, exactly. That's just it. The public purse is just a "mere abstraction" from our private pockets.

Cab Law Amendment.

Great inconvenience is often experienced by the rider in a cab, from the want of sufficient means of communication with the driver. To thrust your head out of the cab-door and bawl, is unpleasant, undignified, and for a long time ineffectual. The window behind the cabman generally sticks. To remedy this great nuisance let an improvement of the last Cab Act be introduced early next Session, enacting that in the absence of a check-string, it shall be lawful for any fare to break the window in front of him in order to poke the driver.

Painful Separation in High Life.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret, such as, in our present afflicted state, it would be utterly impossible for us to describe, that we record the following distressing fact, which we extract from one of the French telegrams of last week:—

"The Duke of Malakoff has left Nancy."

What, let us ask in the name of outraged humanity, has "Nancy" done to be left by the Duke in this brutal and public manner?

A PEERLESS EXAMPLE.

The Duke of Northumberland has lately given a thousand bottles of sherry to each of three hospitals. It has been remarked that it would be well for other members of the aristocracy to "do likewise," but that the Duke is *one Per se* (Percy).

A TYRANT.

Master Jacky (who pursues the fagging system even when home for the Holidays). "OH, HERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU GIRLS EVERYWHERE. NOW, YOU JUST MAKE HASTE HOME, AND PEEL ME A LOT OF SHRIMPS FOR MY LUNCH!"

THE MEMBER ON THE MOORS.

THE Member of Parliament goes to the Moors,
Now all of his speeches are made out of doors,
His political game is abandoned for grouse,
But he cannot get rid of the slang of the House.

"Order, order!" he shouts, if too soon the birds rise,
"Hear, hear!" at a hit from his party he cries;
And hails, as his way through the heather he steers,
A bad shot with laughter—a good shot with cheers.

At his bird should another unfairly let fly,
"Oh, oh!" is the Member of Parliament's cry;
He says when his neighbour the game slightly wings,
"I second that motion," and down the prey brings.

Should the ground they are beating no booty return,
"I move," says the Member, "this House do adjourn;
And brace after brace right and left whilst he kills,
He observes, "That 's what I call repealing your bills!"

If he mentions his gun, that short word he 'll expand;
"This weapon," he 'll say, "which I hold in my hand."
To the dogs, hunting wild, "Question, question!" he bawls,
And pot-hunting "unparliamentary" calls.

On the tip of his tongue is the cry of "Name, name!"
"Divide!" 's his proposal of sharing the game.
The game-bag the "budget" he terms evermore,
"This day six months," the season when sport will be o'er.

He is "free to confess," and "he will not deny
That he did not or might not" have wiped his friend's eye,
If he called him a muff, still he meant no offence;
The word was not used in a personal sense.

Thus laughing and talking the whole summer's day,
In that parliamentary kind of a way,
On his legs in the heather, as though in the House,
The Member of Parliament follows the grouse.

THE RIGHT HERO IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

THAT trustworthy French gentleman, ON DIT, informed us, the other day, that when the victorious army entered Paris the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON was to place himself at the head of it. The same reliable authority neglected to tell us what position PRINCE NAPOLEON was to take up on the same occasion. We should say, if the Prince had any respect for others, or even any respect for himself,—if in that valiant breast there was locked up any truthful recognition of his own merits,—that, in modesty, he could not think of presenting himself until the whole army had defiled, when he would present himself proudly at the tail of it; for such has always been the post of honour that PLON-PLON has affectionated the most, as well as the place of danger in which he has always distinguished himself the greatest. We must say, that PRINCE NAPOLEON is the very last man in the French army ever to put himself unduly forward.

A Joke from a Jetty.

"I SAY, SNOOKS," said SYKES, as the two friends lolled together on the pier at Lowestoft, "I say, SNOOKS, my boy, why are our brown faces like Apollo's chariot?"

Gasped the panting SNOOKS, "I haven't an idea."

"No, I don't suppose you have. Nobody has one now. It's too hot to think, this weather. But come, I'll ease your mind. *Answer*—Because it 's the Sun 's tanned 'em!"

Poor SNOOKS gasped again, and groaned, and—well, *didn't* drown himself.

KEEP THE DOOR-CHAIN UP!

Britannia (Going out of Town). "NOW, PAM, THERE ARE A GREAT MANY BAD CHARACTERS ABOUT JUST NOW; MIND YOU LOOK OUT WELL—AND ALWAYS KEEP THE *DOOR-CHAIN UP!*"

GEESE AND GANDERS.

WE quote from the report of a meeting of "Society Masons," relative to the Strike, a rather good thing, which was said by a member of the association:—

"JOSEPH TURNER. It's an old adage that 'what is good for the goose is good for the gander.'"

Combined against each other, reciprocating injury, and mutually suffering and inflicting loss, the workmen on the one hand, and the masters on the other, do certainly exhibit themselves under circumstances which render them peculiarly comparable, respectively, to ganders and geese. In reference to both sides MR. TURNER was very happy in the remark that what is good for the goose is good for the gander. He would, however, have been much happier if he had observed that what was bad for the goose was bad for the gander, and if employers and employed could perceive that combination is equally bad for gander and for goose, it would be happy for all parties.

THE BEST OF SERVANTS.

IF you would wish to have a good servant—one that is faithful, honest, and attentive, and whom you will never quarrel with; one that will never bother you for wages, nor drink your wine behind your back; one that will never object to wear the clothes you have been wearing yourself, nor make a fuss over what meals you give him; one that will not grumble if you keep him up half the night; one to whom you could at any time give with a clear conscience the very best of characters; one that will never wish to leave you, but would rather be remained with you all the days of your life, then you must be *Your Own Servant*—and that is best achieved by your diligently learning how on all occasions to help yourself.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

For a Poet's Critic.

THE *Idylls* a rhymester asperses—
O Public, rejoice and be glad!
If he were not abusing good verses,
He 'd be busily writing some bad.

A "Nom de Guerre."

FRANCE can boast of its MONSIEUR TROPLONG, and can also rejoice now in its MONSIEUR TROPTARD—for such is the name that has recently been conferred on PRINCE NAPOLEON, in consequence of the unfortunate habit he has of always arriving a day after the battle.

A Conscience-Conundrum.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following conscience-conundrum from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:—

Q. What form of currency is most used, when a person has to pay money through the nose?
A. (S) *Cents!!!*

A CONCORDAT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THAT special statesman the O'DONOGHUE, the other evening, in a brilliant speech, most luminously pointed out a tremendous mistake under which LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL have been labouring throughout their respective careers. Erin's bright particular star, before whose name the definite article stands for Mr., is reported to have said that—

"The noble Lord at the head of the Government and the noble Minister for Foreign Affairs were still in pursuit of a phantom which had been the fixed idea of all their lives. That idea was ostensibly the destruction of the temporal power of the POPE, while in reality they had sought the destruction of the Catholic religion all over the world. (*Hear.*)"

Hibernia's distinguished son also administered a fine rebuke to MR. GLADSTONE:—

"He had listened with great pain to the speech of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, (*hear, hear!*) and as one who professed the Catholic religion, he should be sorry to have to sit on the same side of the house with, or even near to that right honourable gentleman. (*Hear, hear, and a laugh.*)"

The laugh was probably a tribute to the humour which insinuated MR. GLADSTONE to be a pestilent heretic. Heresy, so rank as that of the ultra Protestant representative of Oxford, the O'DONOGHUE jocosely treated as contagious. Of course he could not have seriously feared that he might contract the disease himself in consequence of going too near the infected Minister, although, by pitching into that great Homeric scholar, he ran some risk of catching it. However, as it was, he utterly demolished him, by the subjoined crushing refutation:—

"The right honourable gentleman said, at least in effect, that the people of the Papal dominions were chained to the earth. Now, that was not true. It was a statement which was not founded in fact. It was contradicted by the condition of the people, and every one who was acquainted with or had travelled in those dominions must admit that, in a temporal sense, there did not exist in the world a more popular Sovereign than PIUS THE NINTH. (*Hear, and a laugh.*)"

Of course this shut up MR. GLADSTONE, but not only that; it also enforced conviction on LORD JOHN himself, whom we find subsequently making the following remarkable concession, and confession of faith—a faith which the O'DONOGHUE will of course recognise as the faith, or, in other words, the cheese:—

"I believe that if you allow the people of Italy to settle their own concerns (*hear, hear*), and that is the doctrine which my noble friend and myself have always held in this house, especially during the whole course of the present Session—if you allow the people of Italy, whether they have hitherto lived under the rule of the KING OF SARDINIA, or of the GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY, or of the DUKE OF MODENA, under the POPE, or under the KING OF THE TWO SICILIES, to settle with their Sovereigns on what terms they shall pay their allegiance, there will no longer exist the irritation and discontent which has long prevailed, but they will proceed with peace and order to establish the foundations of good Government."

What articles of belief can be more satisfactory to the O'DONOGHUE than the foregoing *Credo?* LORD JOHN RUSSELL believes that the subjects of the POPE ought to be left to settle their own affairs with their Sovereign. The O'DONOGHUE says that PIUS THE NINTH is as popular a Sovereign as any in the world. What better plan then for maintaining the POPE'S sovereignty can he imagine than that of allowing it simply to rest on the broad and firm basis of popularity? The withdrawal of all foreign troops, therefore, from the papal states, will as exactly effect the end desired by the O'DONOGHUE as it will answer the purpose of LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

"WHO HAS TAKEN AWAY MY SCISSORS?"

GRACEFUL, CLASSICAL, AND COMPLIMENTARY IMPROMPTU, BY MR. PUNCH, ON HEARING THE ABOVE INQUIRY MADE BY AN EMINENT MEDICAL MAN.

So baffled Atropos inquired, (a fact 'tis,)
When you had been some little time in practice.

"Call a Spade a Spade."

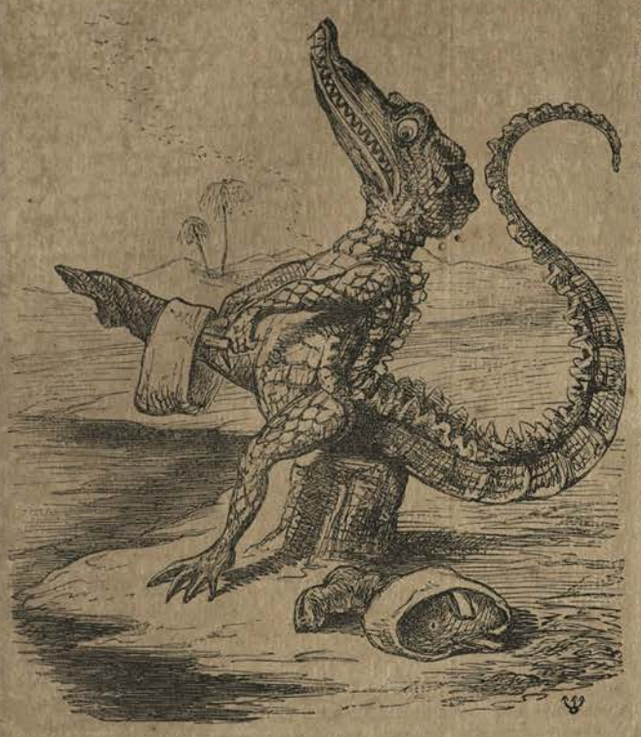
"OH, *do* come to the Ball-room! I'm dying for a *deux temps!*" exclaimed the other evening the lovely LUCY FLIRTINGTON, as she leaned upon her partner's arm in the Conservatory. "The Ball-room!" observed the languid swell whom she addressed, "Aw—wouldn't it be maw appwopwiate to—aw—call it the Boil-room?"

A CONUNDRUM FOR THE JEWISH COMMUNITY.

IF Pigs could speak, what would they say?
Most likely, *Pauca verba.*

SLANG.—The witless man's wit.

THE SERPENTINE THROUGH A SIEVE.



SOME slight inconvenience is likely to attend the ingenious plan for cleansing the Serpentine advocated, and about to be adopted, by MR. FITZROY. If the Serpentine is to be filtered, and there is any filth in the Serpentine, the filth must collect on the filter. If the filter is to occupy nearly an acre of ground, a great quantity of filth will be deposited on a considerable surface. If this extent of filth is to be occasionally exposed to the sun, it will reek a little, evolve a few rather nasty gases in certain quantities, and perhaps engender some fever.

Modern chemistry enables the perfumer to extract the sweetest scents from the foulest dregs, dross, sediment, sweepings, rubbish, lees, refuse, and unspeakable orts. The residuary stuff of gas-works, — the nasty pitch and tar, and their graveolent kindred hydrocarbons, may, however, be mentioned. Perhaps some profound chemist will inform MR. FITZROY of a process by which the mud of the Serpentine, collected on a filter, may be, not, indeed, deodorised, but transmuted into an odoriferous substance, which may be carted away in the day-time, diffusing a fragrance like that of jessamine, violets, syringa, or otto of roses.

First, however, catch your fish. Collect your filth—if the Serpentine contains any. MR. STEPHENSON seems to think, not much:—

"He was in the habit of riding almost daily by that river, and he must say that during the last three or four years he had perceived nothing so offensive to his olfactory nerves as to lead him to coincide in the outcry which had recently been raised. (*Hear, hear.*) He believed the outcry was entirely unfounded, because, whatever the state of the Serpentine had been, it was not now to the best of his judgment in an offensive condition."

Perhaps, MR. STEPHENSON, because, as Grandmother *Shandy* observed, "you have little or no nose, Sir." The Serpentine looks, at least, like soup, if it has no smell. MR. FITZROY, however, is catching his fish, according to the continued statement of our eminent engineer:—

"Supposing, however, that the water was impure, the question was, how the nuisance should be remedied. The Serpentine was a stagnant lake (*hear*), and the other day, in riding along the banks, he observed that a quantity of lime was being poured into the water. The consequence of this proceeding was, that he saw dead fish floating on the surface, and occasioning the most offensive decomposition."

Thus, MR. FITZROY is turning the water of the Serpentine into limewater, and killing all the fish. So that he is catching his fish both literally and figuratively; he is poisoning the coach and dace, and creating filth in the Serpentine; dead fish, occasioning, as MR. STEPHENSON says, "the most offensive decomposition," and doubtless exhaling "a most ancient and fish-like smell."

If there had been no filth in the Serpentine, there was no occasion to put any lime in it, particularly since the lime causes more filth than it cures. The same circumstance may be considered to render steam-pumps and filtering-tanks unnecessary.

According to MR. FITZROY:—

"Two questions which were quite independent of one another had been mixed up in this discussion, the first relating to the mud at the bottom of the river, and the second with respect to the water itself."

In discussing tea, two questions are, in exactly the same manner, mixed up, which are as entirely independent of each other as the water of the Serpentine and the mud at the bottom of it. The tea is mixed up with the hot water which is poured thereon, although the tea-leaves have settled at the bottom of the tea-pot. Infusion after infusion of hot water at length extracts all the goodness of the tea; and in the same way, MR. FITZROY appears to think, washing after washing will remove all the nastiness of the Serpentine. Some time may be occupied in this process, as the dirty bed of the Serpentine is to be washed by driblets, with its own filtered water.

In preference to filtering the Serpentine, MR. FITZROY might, perhaps, as well leave it alone, and, instead of throwing lime into it, stock it with eels. They would assimilate its organic impurities, which, in the substance of eel, might ultimately appear in the shape of stew, or spitchcock, affording abundant nutriment to thousands. But if the filtration of our great fashionable pond is to be carried out, it will be necessary to consume the muddy remainder by some more expeditious means, if it cannot be sweetened by the aid of science. Let a sufficient number of ducks be provided to eat up all the mud,—a measure which every old woman and every child knows will prove infallible. The birds will soon pay their expenses: Bayswater will smell of nothing worse than sage and onions; and SIR JOSEPH PAXTON will acknowledge the mistake he made in opposing the grand project for purifying the Serpentine.

ONE HUMBUG THE LESS.

WE are glad to state, that one little concession has been paid to the British Press, by the removal of an absurd form that was of no legal, or moral, good whatever. Formerly there existed a mock ceremony that imposed on a paper the necessity of making out securities to the extent of £300 or £500, and the trouble consequent on that regulation was almost endless. Many a name of a respectable referee had to be given before the punctilious official would be satisfied with his solvency. This exaction of security was all the more nonsensical, inasmuch as Somerset House never by any accident gave credit. Not a penny stamp would it advance, in spite of all your securities, unless the penny was previously laid down on the counter for it. The *Connaught Patriot* now informs us that this harassing process has been done away with; and we beg most unfeignedly to compliment Somerset House on the wonderful display of good sense that has prompted the removal. It is so much the less red tape in one of our government offices. All parties will move and breathe the more freely for being relieved of the useless trammel. After all, the real security of the press is in the truth, talent, and respectability with which it is conducted. The public are the best judges and guardians for seeing that those conditions are always conscientiously complied with, and they know how to inflict the heaviest penalty by no longer countenancing the paper that does not act up honourably to the spirit of them. A warning, far more effectual than any that could emanate from a minister's office, is a falling circulation.

A MILD COURT MARTIAL.

THE following, from the "Military and Naval Intelligence" in the *Times*, is a remarkable sentence. It is the sentence of a Court Martial on one HENRY PRESTON, a Sapper of the Royal Engineers, for desertion:—

"The Court, in consideration of his former character, sentenced him to be marked on the body with the letter 'D,' and to be imprisoned in Fort Clarence for 56 days."

Eight weeks imprisonment for desertion is a merciful punishment; and instead of having been merely marked with a letter on his body, Sapper PRESTON might have had his back scored with fifty lashes. He certainly had very lenient judges, the rather inasmuch as he was sentenced to be marked with "D" for Deserter, *in consideration of his former character!*

An Extravagant Notion.

CIVILITY, they say, costs nothing, and yet looking at the Civil Estimates, and the enormous sums annually disposed of under them, we should say that it was a very expensive article. It is fortunate that they are "Civil," or else perhaps JOHN BULL would not put up so quietly with them. We have always noticed that when it comes to a question of spending money, what a remarkably Civil Estimate Ministers do take of poor old JOHN, to be sure!

A FEW ITEMS IN A TESTIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Here are a few items out of a Testimonial advertisement. We do not mention names, as it is not against persons we are going, so much as against the system:—

The Ladies of the Ballet	£2 9 6
The Money and Check Takers	2 5 0
Box Office Department	3 3 0
The Gentlemen of the Orchestra	8 5 0

We would rather not, so long as a spark of gentlemanly feeling was left in us, accept a Testimonial that had been purchased by such means. We suppose other items will quickly follow; we miss figures like the following:—

Carpenters and Scene-shifters	£1 10 0
Supernumeraries of the Establishment (6*d.* each)	2 10 0
Charwomen and Bill-stickers	1 2 6

Is it fair to accept contributions from persons who, from their slender salaries, can ill afford, but still are expected, to give them? On such occasions, the rule of contributing is by no means voluntary, but rather compulsory; inasmuch as, if you fail to do as others do, you know what the penalty is sure to be. You lose grace in the eyes of the treasurer,—your name is thenceforth written down in the bad books of the manager; make up your mind that you will never more be allowed to cross that manager's stage-door again. The strong can afford to defy such despotism, but it is the poor who suffer from it. Fancy any one possessed of the smallest generosity of spirit, accepting £2 9*s.* 6*d.* from such poor underpaid, overworked creatures as the "Ladies of the Ballet"! What would be thought of a gentleman who started, or induced his paid factotum to start, a Testimonial to himself, and then made all the servants of his numerous establishment,—from the butler down to the "boots," from the maid-of-all-work up to the governess,—contribute a day's wages towards it?

The whole system is bad, and only fed by meanness and extortion; and we give some slight relief to our indignation, by declaring that we have the profoundest contempt for all those who lend their names, or give their guineas, to the support of it. The time will come, when the fact of a man having received a Testimonial will be generally accepted as a slur upon his character. He will instantly be confounded with the Holloways, Morrisons, and Barnums of society, and branded accordingly.

"There's many a True Word said in Jest."

A Distinguished tragic actor, being asked the other day for his opinion of the Strike, replied that, as far as the sawyers were concerned, he thought that, in the words of the immortal Swan of Avon, it would prove—

"A heavy blow, and *sure* discouragement."

THE MAUVE MEASLES.

Lovely woman is just now afflicted with a malady which apparently is spreading to so serious an extent that it is high time to consider by what means it may be checked. As the complaint is quite a new one, doctors disagree of course as to its origin and nature. There are many who regard it as of purely English growth, and from the effect which it produces on the mind contend it must be treated as a form of mild insanity. Other learned men, however, including *Dr. Punch*, are disposed rather to view it as a kind of epidemic, and to ascribe its origin entirely to the French. Although the mind is certainly affected by the malady, it is chiefly on the body that its effects are noticeable: and having most maturely considered the complaint, *Dr. Punch* is of opinion that it is not so much a mania as a species of measles.

The main reason which inclines *Dr. Punch* to this opinion is, that one of the first symptoms by which the malady declares itself consists in the eruption of a measly rash of ribbons, about the head and neck of the person who has caught it. The eruption, which is of a *mauve* colour, soon spreads, until in some cases the sufferer becomes completely covered with it. Arms, hands, and even feet are rapidly disfigured by the one prevailing hue, and, strange as it may seem, the face even looks tinted with it. Like the other form of measles, the *mauve* complaint is very catching: indeed, cases might be cited, where the lady of the house having taken the infection, all the family have caught it before the week was out. Although its ravages are principally among the weaker sex, there are several of the stronger who are subject to the malady; but with these the *mauve* measles assumes a milder form, and in general one good dose of ridicule will cure it.

It being his desire to check the progress of the malady, *Dr. Punch* has held several consultations with himself to determine on what course of treatment to prescribe for it. There are for certain epidemics some specific forms of cure, but for the *mauve* measles none as yet have been discovered. Where the measles simply springs, as in some cases it does, from a slight determination of *le Follet* to the head, a cure may often be effected by removing for a while the cause of the infection, and by providing for the patient a more healthy mental stimulant. In severe cases, however, such a course is not sufficient; and although the application of the knife may be avoided, there is found not seldom need to use the scissors. Married ladies have been cured by amputation of their pin-money; but this is a strong course, and except in extreme cases, *Dr. Punch* would not advise it. Actual cautery, or burning, has likewise been resorted to; but when applied to a new dress this is a costly form of treatment, and husbands who have tried it, have been known to burn their fingers. Moreover, it may lead to inflammation of the temper, and this is generally with ladies most troublesome to cure.

Dr. Punch therefore prescribes a milder course of treatment, and recommends that when the symptoms of the *mauve* measles first show themselves, a gentle dose of reasoning at once should be exhibited, with the view of ascertaining if the mind be much affected. Confinement to the house is a most excellent corrective, and where it is found practicable, should always be persisted in. Total abstinence from flower-shows must be rigidly insisted on, for these exciting stimulants foster the disease, and indulgence in them therefore is strongly to be deprecated. The same caution applies to milliners' and bonnet shops, which, being infected places, should just now be marked as "Dangerous."

Dr. Punch is not a quack, and he therefore never puffs himself; but in the interests of womanity, *Dr. Punch* may briefly state that, treating the *mauve* measles as a form of mental weakness, the best medicine to prescribe for it is the invigorating tonic, which is exhibited in Fleet Street every week by *Dr. Punch*.

MONSIEUR "BOUNCE."

The champagne which was drank the other day on the *Great Eastern* has set everybody talking of her progress towards completion, and much anxiety is felt as to when and whither her trial trip will be, and who will be the persons favoured with a passage. As *Punch* never stoops to publish exclusive information acquired by sneaking down back staircases and listening at key-holes, he will not say one word about the two first of these questions, however much it may be in his power now to do it. With regard though to the third, the name of one of the chief passengers has already been made public, and *Punch* therefore breaks no secrecy in publicly commenting on it. In the first line of the *Times*' second column of last Friday, it is stated in big letters that:—

BOUNCE IS GOING OUT IN THE BIG SHIP.

Well, but who is "Bounce?" some reader may exclaim. "Bounce" must be of course a *nom de guerre*, or nickname. Who then is the person it is meant to represent?

On most points such as these, there is no need now to be mute. The reader having brains (or he would not be reading *Punch*) may by using them and turning to a part of the same *Times*, very easily discover the real name of "Bounce." As a portion of the Foreign Correspondence in that Paper, the following big words are printed in small type:—

"At the present day there exists not in the world an army at once better provided, better administered, better fed, better kept, better instructed, or braver than ours; and when once there shall have been completed the service of maritime transports, which will permit the unexpected throwing of a *corps d'armée* on a point of the enemy's shore, the enemies of France, or those who are jealous of her, will have to think twice before provoking her."

The writer of these words is Monsieur Granier de Cassagnac; and it clearly must be he who announces, as above, that he will sail in the Big Ship under the pseudonym of "Bounce." Great men are not often users of big words, and to our mind, Monsieur Granier but dwarfs himself by using them. Little minds not seldom are implanted in large bodies: but if the body of Monsieur be equal to his bounce, we should say that the Big Ship would not be big enough to hold him.

SEA-SIDE CONFERENCE. SCENE—A WELL-KNOWN WATERING-PLACE.

Landlady. *"The price of these Rooms, Mum, is three pun ten a week, not one penny less. But stop, Mum, do I understand you to say that you will dine at home?"*

Lady. *"Yes, certainly; I shall dine at home, with the Children, every day."*

Landlady. *"Oh, in that case, Mum, I can let you have the Rooms for two pun fifteen a week, and charge you nuffen for kitchen firing, Mum."*

THE COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL.

WHAT a set of fools the POPE must think the sovereigns and ministers of Europe, at whom he has launched a circular, signed by his Secretary of State, CARDINAL ANTONELLI, informing them, with reference to the interferences of the Sardinian Government with the Pontifical tyranny, that—

"All the measures taken with the view of preventing or extenuating this series of evils having been in vain, the Holy Father, not forgetful of the duties incumbent upon him for the protection of the States and for the preservation in its integrity of the temporal domain of the Holy See, which is essentially connected with the free and independent exercise of the Sovereign Pontificate, protests against the violations and usurpations committed in spite of the acceptance of neutrality, and desires that his protest may be communicated to the European Powers."

Really, one might almost imagine that his Holiness and his Eminence regarded the European Princes and Cabinets in exactly such a light as that in which a titular Irish bishop views the most ignorant bog-trotter in his diocese, and moreover imagined themselves able to palm off upon them just such absurd and monstrous humbug as the mitred impostors of Erin are accustomed to address to the natives of the Emerald Isle. It is difficult to conceive how they can have the coolness, not only to assert that the temporal domain of the Holy See is essentially connected with the free and independent exercise of the Sovereign Pontificate, but even to make this assertion by way of reminder, as if it were acknowledged by all the world. The peasants who believe that ST. PATRICK destroyed the reptiles of their island by preaching, might, with equal gullibility, receive and swallow the assurance that the patrimony of ST. PETER is a certain extent of territory which was really and truly held by ST. PETER; as, of course, it was, if ST. PETER was the first Pope, and if, as PIO NONO and ANTONELLI aver, the temporal domain of the Holy See is essentially connected with the free and independent exercise of the POPE'S spiritual office. No human beings less ignorant and less credulous than those wretched clowns could even listen for a moment to any such fudge. Surely, therefore, the POPE and the CARDINAL must consider the potentates and statesmen, for whose edification they composed their circular, as blockheads and boobies of the crossest ignorance and density. Of course, they cannot for a moment believe their own statement of the essential connection of the temporal possessions and spiritual rule of the Holy See. If anybody else were to make such a declaration, and maintain it seriously, would they not, indeed, anathematise him for heresy?

The condemnation of their own proposition in that case would be consistent inconsistency. It would be quite in keeping with that Orientalism which mingles in the quality of the Western Church, so calling itself—with the spice of Sultan which characterises the POPE—if the imbecile bombast which the Holy Father raves in were not more like the EMPEROR OF CHINA'S nonsense. In point of reason, justice, and dignity, his Holiness exhibits a curious analogy to the Grand Signior of other days. Or we may liken the modern Pontiff to the ancient Caliphs, and look upon ANTONELLI as PIO NONO'S Vizier.

The Past, Present, and Future.

WE sacrifice the Present in regretting the Past that has already gone, and in tormenting ourselves about the Future that has not yet come. It is pretty much the same with a Widow. Between the husband she has lost and the husband she is expecting, her days are spent in alternately sighing over what she cannot change and what she cannot command.—*A Philosopher, who is an Admirer of the Fair Sex.*

MORAL ADVICE TO THOSE WHO WISH TO LIVE WELL.—A Good dinner, gentlemen, is a pleasure you may enjoy but once, whereas a good action is a pleasure, mind you, that you enjoy all your life.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, August 20, 1859.

Mr. Bouncer, having asserted that he had taken a "Moor," receives a few empty Hampers as reminders from his friends.

AN EPICUREAN IN AN ASYLUM.

AT Earlswood, near Redhill, there is an Asylum for Idiots; a place to which the benevolent reader doubtless thinks that competent authority ought to send some of his acquaintance. The idea of such an institution which most people entertain is, that it is simply a place of comfortable confinement; but from an account of a "Visit to Earlswood," by the REV. EDWIN SIDNEY, it appears that the asylum there situated is also an abode for the education and instruction of the weak and limited intellect. Thereat is practised, with considerable success, a plan for making the most of the little mind possessed by the imbecile; of expanding the contracted understanding, so to speak, or of blowing the faint spark of mind into as great a blaze as possible. The instances of the improvement thus effected, as related by MR. SIDNEY, are very interesting. Among them may be cited the subjoined. In the basket-room, where the pupils are taught to make baskets of wicker-work, he says:—

"Here we asked a diligent little fellow which he liked best, being there or at home. 'Happier here,' said he. 'Why?' was the next question, and the answer was, 'Have more to eat, and nobody teases me.'"

This lad may, and we suppose must, have been an idiot once; but surely he now no longer deserves that appellation, but a very different one. What ordinary schoolboy, questioned about happiness, could have expressed his sentiments on that subject better, or would have had any other, at least any other more elevated, sentiments to express? A wiser reply could not be expected from the collective wisdom of the City of London, the Aldermen and Common-Councilmen in Court assembled. Many a man who moves in high society, instead of being associated with idiots; whose club constitutes the asylum to which he retires, and who thinks himself, perhaps with justice, a sensible fellow, would, if asked why he preferred that asylum to home, answer exactly in the spirit, and nearly in the words, of the above terse and pithy speech from the mouth of an idiot boy, elevated, by the system of mental culture practised at the Earlswood establishment, into a philosopher.

HOW TO KEEP FOOD ON A WEAK STOMACH.—*Bolt* it down.

HOW WE SPEND OUR SUNDAYS.

WHAT a mistake it is for foreigners to find fault, as they do, with our observance of the Sabbath. They say that Sunday, as we keep it, is the dullest day on earth,—a day which tempts to suicide as a way of killing time. *Triste* people as we are, we never are so *triste* as we always are on Sundays. All we do on Sunday is, to go to church, and dine, and go to church, and go to bed. Other occupations we have nationally none, excepting when we cut our throats for the mere sake of amusement.

Of course every English reader knows how false are these impressions, but it is not every Englishman who knows the full extent of our enjoyment of our Sundays; and though ignorance in this may individually be bliss, it is nationally advisable to struggle for enlightenment. A case which came on at the Mansion House a day or two ago, throws a policeman's bull's-eye light on our observance of the Sabbath; and those who are in the dark perhaps the flash may somewhat startle. Foreigners who ask how we amuse ourselves on Sunday, should listen to the evidence of Policeman Six-One-Six:—

"I was in Houndsditch, and I heard a row, and upon going to Fireball Court I found the inhabitants, according to their usual practice on Sunday evenings, fighting by dozens together like cats and dogs, and tumbling over one another. It is dreadful to witness such scenes as take place there, and the prisoner was the worst of the set. He was laying about him with his crutch, and it was the second time he had been fighting that night, so I took him into custody."

Tumbling, getting drunk, and fighting like a lot of cats and dogs, these are now our "usual" Sunday evening practices. This is how on Sundays we amuse ourselves at Court,—that is to say, at Fireball Court; and we have many more such Fireballs. Moreover, mark, O Foreigner, these Sunday occupations are not illicit pleasures. They are sanctioned by our law, and only in extreme cases are they stopped by the Police. Mark the logic in the evidence of Policeman Six-One-Six: "It was the second time the prisoner had been fighting that night, so [observe the 'so'] I took him into custody." One scrimmage per night, then, is the legalised allowance. Anything beyond it is a breaking of the Sabbath, and put down as an excess.

But *Punch* has no cause to complain of Policeman Six-One-Six. As he had been taught it, he doubtless did his duty. The question is, however, are the nation doing theirs? Might not something more be done to stop the "usual practice" of fighting upon Sundays than simply stopping would-be combatants from indulging in it twice? Might not other occupations be publicly devised for Sunday afternoons, which would in some measure prevent these "usual" evening practices? For instance, would it not be well to try the effect of opening harmless places of amusement, by which those not quite so innocuous might be possibly shut up? The pastime of inspecting, say, the Crystal Palace Courts, would be surely a not more harmful amusement for a Sunday than the legalised amusement of street tumbling and fighting, which are the "usual" recreations in such courts as Fireball Court.

Judex Damnatur.

(A Trifle from the Western Circuit.)

"GRACE!" cried my Lord, with furious face,
"What nonsense! What the deuce has grace
To do with things below?"
If DAMWELL, like a judge of yore,
Would *go to Church a little more*,
It's possible he'd know.

A PEW-OPENER.

LIBERAL TO A FAULT.

THE Liberals are twitted by the Tories with the fact that their Members were in a majority among those unseated by election petitions for bribery and corruption. As if—says the free and independent but purchased elector—there were anything in paying handsomely for a vote inconsistent with the most extreme liberality!

☞ MR. PUNCH begs to acknowledge from BARON BRAMWELL the receipt of the First Half of a Conundrum, marked "ORIGINAL," which he will be happy to print upon the receipt of the other Half.

PUNNING IN PARLIAMENT.

SOMETHING really must be done to stop the practice of punning which has of late become so scandalously prevalent in Parliament. It is not very often that we wade through a debate, but when we do, we are sure to find it bristling with bad jokes, such as even the most shameless of burlesque writers would blush at. The reporters, we believe, do the utmost in their power to suppress such painful matter, and struggle nobly to preserve the reputation of our senators: but in spite of all their vigilance, scarcely ever a *Times* passes without affording the most melancholy proofs of the low state to which the wits of our "Collective Wisdom" are reduced. No sooner does a Member get upon his legs than his aim seems that of making a JOE MILLER of himself. In point of fact, M.P. means Miserable Punster. Instead of keeping up the decent gravity of statesmen, our senators behave like a lot of Merry-Andrews, and seem to vie with one another as to who can show himself the most devoid of wit. Having duly screwed their courage up to punning point, they perpetrate, like circus clowns, the ancientest of jests: and so insane are the attempts at joking which are made, that the speakers seem less fitted for St. Stephen's than St. Luke's.

As we of course have no desire to nauseate our readers, we will but cite one extract from the evidence before us, to show what grounds we have for making these assertions, and to prove with how much levity subjects the most weighty are commonly discussed. In a debate the other night upon the Civil Service Estimates, MR. CAYLEY is reported to have stooped to utter this:—

"As to the talk about bad air, before they could hope to see any improvement in the ventilation of the House, he would say, with the venerable MRS. GLASSE, 'first catch your hare.' (*A laugh.*)"

Readers who survive this may incline to moot the point as to whether his constituents should not wait on MR. CAYLEY to demand from him some sort of explanation of his joke. The question also may be mooted, as to whether a committee should not sit upon such punsters, with the view of ascertaining the condition of their intellect, and requiring, on occasion, their acceptance of strait waistcoats and vacation of their seats. What makes the matter worse (if puns so bad are capable of any pejoration), is that so far from condemning, the House laughs at the offenders, and weakly shakes its sides where it ought to shake its fist. Besides, as we have shown, the levities are not confined to matters of light consequence. The ventilation of the House is no joke to those who suffer from it; yet the CAYLEYS do not hesitate to try to make a joke of it. They trifle with it as though it were a "trifle light as air," instead of being as it is, a "heavy blow and sore discouragement" to all the throats which are exposed to it.

We recoil with awe from fancying what HANSARD will grow like, unless some measures be devised to check this painful practice. Just conceive what wretched lives will be led by the reporters, when a debate upon a question of deep national momentousness—such as the proposal of a peerage, or a pension, say, for *Punch*—is proceeded with in some such a facetious way as this:—

"LORD PALMERSTON then rose, in pursuance of his notice, to move a vote of thanks to, and of confidence in, *Punch*. His Lordship said the claims of *Punch* were so well known, that no one but a spoon or a SPOONER was not conscious of them. (*Hear!*) Were he to mention, for example, how often *Punch* had saved the country, he should merely be repeating what everybody knew: and though, as Premier, it was his place to be a watch upon the House, there in this case was no need for him to act as a repeater. (*A laugh.*) He (LORD PALMERSTON) knew full well what *Punch* had done for him, and he trusted he knew better than to wish to 'do for' *Punch*. He proposed therefore, in order to lengthen *Punch's* life, to present him with a pension, which would no doubt effect that purpose. (*Hear!*) Brevity, they knew, was called the soul of wit; but this was clearly a misnomer, for the soul of wit, in fact the sole wit, now was *Punch*, (*hear, hear!*) and, not being a lawyer, *Punch* had nothing of the brief about him. (*Laughter.*) People very often wished that so-called 'wits' would cut it short: but so far from people wishing that *Punch* should be cut short, every one who knew him longed to see him longer. Besides voting him their confidence, which was a mere matter of course, the nation therefore plainly should present *Punch* with a pension (*hear, hear!*), which would ensure him a long life, and, there was no doubt, a merry one. (*Cheers*).

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL had intended to play nothing but first fiddle, but his respect for *Punch* persuaded him to second his friend's motion. (*Hear!*) He thought, though, that a pension was a worldly-minded present; and although no doubt a tribute which his friend would not decline (*oh, oh!*), still it was not one that was suited to a mind of more refinement, such as his (LORD JOHN'S), or as he dared say, that of *Punch*. (*Hear!*) He begged therefore to propose the erection of a statue (*oh, oh!*) as a gift more in accordance with our ancient British usage, which when an author wanted bread made him the present of a stone. (*Question! and cries of 'name!'*) Now *Punch* was not in want of bread, and bread therefore was not kneaded (*the noble Lord pronounced this so that thirteen Members tittered*); but the erection of a statue was strictly constitutional, and would show that, as regards our rewards to men of genius, we did as our ancestors, and were still in *statue quo*. (*Laughter.*)

"SIR BULWER LYTTON said, that speaking for himself, he agreed that writers now-a-days were not in knead of bread. (*A laugh.*) But when we make a man a statue, he became a sort of butt, and another sort of butt would be a more befitting present. To use the language of antiquity, he would just remind his hearers that *Gloria claret*. Claret, glorious old claret, clarified the wits, and a butt of claret therefore was a fitting gift for *Punch*. (*Hear!*)

"MR. ROEBUCK said his tastes inclined to something sourer. He would say with HORACE, '*Hock erat in Votis.*' His advice to *Punch* was, in two words, '*Accipe Hock.*'

"MR. HADFIELD remarked, that he had learned another bit of Latin when at school, and his imbibing it had biassed his bibations ever since. He had forgotten whether JUVENAL or HOMER were the author, but the quotation, he remembered, ran in these three words, '*Fortiter occupa portum*,' which, as he translated it, meant '*Stick to Forty Port!*' He proposed the presentation of a pipe of this to *Punch*, as the pilot who so often, when the Government were all at sea, had brought them into port. (*Cheers.*)

"An honourable Member, whose name we could not catch, recommended the addition of a ton of prime cigars, on the ground of the old axiom, '*Ex fumo dare lucem*,' meaning that *Punch* can draw enlightenment even from his smoke.

"MR. DISRAELI had no wish that the debate should end in smoke. (*Laughter.*) 'As a literary man, he wished to see his friend *Punch* well rewarded for his works (*cheers*); and he agreed with his friend PAM (who, though he was not of the craft, knew more of its requirements than his friend JOHNNY, who was), that to a well-read man of letters there were no letters more grateful than the trio £ *s. d.* (*A laugh.*)

"MR. BRIGHT observed, that this was a blunt way of putting it (*laughter*), but being a plain man he was a lover of plain speaking. As a business man, he always kept a sharp eye for the blunt (*great laughter*), and he for one would not refuse a pension were it offered him. 'Hold thyself ever ready for the pouching of the ready' was a maxim which was taught him in his copy-book at school, and he had no doubt that friend *Punch*, being a rather *downy* bird, was equally well *up* in it. (*Laughter.*)

"MR. COBDEN was proposing at once to clench the matter, by voting *Punch* a pension of the yearly sum of [Blank],* when—

"MR. VISCOUNT VILLIAMS interrupted with some warmth. Such a waste of public money, he for one, would never sanction. (*Oh, oh!*) What need was there to talk of giving anything at all? Virtue, as they all knew, was its own reward (*question!*), and *Punch* needed no other recognition

* Our modesty forbids us to mention the amount.—ED.

of his work. However, if the nation insisted on the sacrifice, he (MR. VILLIAMS) would not object to sanction some less costly form of tribute. As blending use with ornament, he would suggest the presentation of a penny china mug, with the inscription, '*For a Good Boy*' printed round the rim. (*Oh, oh! and a laugh.*)

"Several Members rose in wrath at the economist's suggestion, and the question of the pension being left to a committee, the vote of confidence and thanks was unanimously passed. The House adjourned at midnight, and as the Big Bell then struck one, some Member made remark that it was striking twelve 'like one o'clock.'"

"L'EMPIRE C'EST LA PAIX."

WHEN will incorrigible doubts be dumb?
When will injurious suspicions cease?
Proclaim anew, with cannon, fife and drum,
"The Empire is Peace—is surely peace!"

Where is not record of the blessèd truth?
Read, on Sebastopol's blood-boltered stones;
Read, all the way from Petersburg to Pruth,
On steppe and waste, in heaps of whitening bones—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in the rice-fields on Ticino's bank,
Where the green blades wave greener for the slain;
In the blood-fattened grasses that now grow rank
From the death-pits on Solferino's plain—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in each cold and desolate French hearth,
Bereft of brother, husband, son, or sire;
Read, in the rapine, ravage, scathe and dearth,
Through Piedmont wrought by hostile sword and fire—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in the brow of England grimly bent,
Her hands all busy with the gear of war;
In voted war-tax and hot armament,
And out-look as for foemen, near and far—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in the gathering hosts along the Rhine,
The cannon bristling on each fortress-front,
The turfed and angled earthwork's sheltering lines,
On Scheldt or Meuse, against invasion's brunt—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in the gloom, as of a thunder-cloud,
The stir, as of a pent volcano's power,
Where, free a while to speak her thoughts aloud,
Italy, sad and stern, awaits the hour—
"The Empire is Peace!"

And if these records of the truth be weak,
To sweep your stubborn doubts, like dreams, away;
With trumpet-tongue let the armed thousands speak—
Who late through Paris marched in war-array—
"The Empire is Peace!"

GEMS OF JUSTICE.

RICHARD WILSON, a merchant's clerk, and his friend WILLIAM PIMM, a Billinsgate fish-seller, go to the Holborn Casino. The clerk and the fishmonger patronise the amusements of the evening until its end; and in coming out, the clerk, according to the sworn testimony of a young girl named CATHERINE CHAMBERS, grossly insulted her. Remonstrated with, he grins in her face, upon which she bestows a slap upon his hat. Thereupon, the gallant RICHARD WILSON clenches his fist, and delivers a blow upon her forehead, the mark being visible in court (says the report) when she makes her complaint.

The Billingsgate fishmonger is called in support of his friend, but gives a fishy kind of support; for, in his affectionate zeal for his friend, PIMM swears that WILSON "only held out his hands to protect himself," whereas the valiant RICHARD WILSON himself admitted the blow, but stated that he struck in "self defence." The friendly fishmonger's devotion carried him to the verge of scaliness.

SOLOMON BUTLER, a gun-maker, of Stepney, is going home at one o'clock in the morning, and taking offence at some alleged conduct on the part of a woman called SARAH HUDSON, imitates MR. RICHARD WILSON, and gives her such a blow that her mouth is swollen (says the report) when she makes her complaint. Persons of the neighbourhood are vulgar enough to feel indignation at MR. BUTLER'S behaviour, and make a clamour about his door, at which some of them throw stones. He comes out with a gun, which he "levels and fires in the direction of the crowd," and into the face of Policeman SMITH, 253 K. There was only wadding besides the powder in the gun; and though wadding often knocks an eye out, it luckily did not do so in this case.

MR. SOLOMON BUTLER had no faithful fishmonger PIMM to come and swear that the gun went off of itself, or was not loaded at all, or that there was no gun; but he has an attorney, who assured the Magistrate that MR. BUTLER was a well-behaved and well-conducted man.

The two Magistrates who heard the two cases acted to the best of their judgment. The clerk was fined Four Pounds, which was instantly paid. *Mr. Punch* does not read that any remark was addressed to faithful fishmonger PIMM touching his Pythias-like devotion. The gun-maker was ordered to compensate SARAH HUDSON, and he made it all right for Ten Shillings.

Mr. Punch is not inclined to blame either of the admirable Magistrates. He has frequently had to praise both, thereby elevating them to the topmost height of human ambition. But he wants to suggest that there should be a regular scale of charges for smashing the faces of woman. If it were right to make the Casino patron pay Four Pounds, why did the Stepney party get off for Ten Shillings? Next, it occurs to him, that if it were right that SARAH should receive the Ten Shillings, why should not CATHERINE have had the Four Pounds. Lastly, and in reference to both cases, why had not the Magistrates the power of ordering MR. RICHARD WILSON and MR. SOLOMON BUTLER into the yards of the respective courts, and instructing an able-bodied gaoler then and there to endorse upon the backs of the said WILSON and BUTLER a few mild memoranda to the effect that female foreheads, and, notably, female lips, were made for very different purposes than to be smashed into by cowards? It is for such persons, and their like alone, that *Mr. Punch*, devising other punishments for erring but brave fellows, would preserve the "harmless necessary Cat."

The gun, and friendly fishmonger PIMM, seem alike to have been let off without other notice, so no more upon that score; and *Mr. Punch* will merely make POLICEMAN SMITH, K 253, happy for life by congratulating him on not going with his *Oculus Ex.* His inspector will translate this to him.

Fine Bony Fellows.

THE *Turin* Correspondent of the *Post* informs us that—

"A system of skeleton regiments is now being formed in Piedmont and Lombardy."

The materials for the formation of skeleton regiments are perhaps nowhere more plentiful just now than in the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, where they have recently been deposited a little below the surface of the soil in very considerable quantities. But will they ever march?

"NEAT AS IMPORTED."

WHY is a promise like wine?
Because it improves by being kept.

WHILE THEY ARE AT SCARBOROUGH, PATERFAMILIAS THINKS HIS LITTLE ONES OUGHT TO LOSE NO OPPORTUNITY OF DRINKING THE WATERS!

THE NINE HOURS' FIX.

THE Nine Hours' Movement is a misnomer. What is called a movement has been a stand-still, and, instead of nine hours, has occupied many days, during all which time the progress of building has been arrested. The only movement that has been made, whether by masters or men, is one of some distance on the line to ruin,—a terminus to which sufficient perseverance in the strike would carry both parties.

The sympathy of anybody who has the slightest idea of justice must be decidedly with the men. They are perfectly right in wishing to receive ten hours' wages for working nine hours. They would be perfectly right in wishing to work the shortest possible time for the greatest possible amount of wages. They have a perfect right to combine for the attainment of these objects, and are not greatly to be blamed if they make faces and cast reproaches at such of their mates as refuse to join their combination. Besides, it is desirable for the public good that their hours of labour should be lessened, and their means of living should be even increased. Less work and more pay would enable them to learn the fiddle, or anything else better calculated to cultivate and improve the mind, whereby they would become still more orderly and well conducted than they are already; and then they would be enabled to put money in the Savings' Bank,—or why not in DRUMMOND'S?—to the diminution of pauperism, and therefore of poor's rates.

At the same time, everybody who knows what equity means must sympathise with the masters. They have an unquestionable right to make the greatest possible amount of profit on their capital. They are fairly entitled to give the *minimum* of wages that a workman will accept for the *maximum* of labour that he will return. They are justly at liberty to eat turtle and venison, drink champagne, keep boxes at the Opera, ride in carriages, or enjoy themselves in any other legal way, on the proceeds of their business, as much as they please. They are free, if not bound, to give their children the best education they can. They ought to have large balances at their bankers, wherewithal to meet accidents and reverses of trade, otherwise they would be liable at any time to be ruined, and disabled from employing any workmen at all. Moreover, if the sums which they spend in self-gratification were spread over their workmen in additional wages, the increase for each workman would be a ridiculous fraction.

Both parties being thus equally in the right, neither can, in conscience, own themselves to be in the wrong. At this rate, the Nine Hours' Movement—such a movement as it is—must continue till the course of the masters ends in the Gazette, and that of the men in the workhouse. This prospect seems rather to suggest the expediency of a compromise.

The Early Closing Movement was a movement indeed—a movement ahead, not backwards, or downwards and deucewards. Tremendous sacrifices, and awful and heartrending bankruptcies, and alarming failures, have since been announced in the drapery line, but none of them have been ascribed to Early Closing.

Why cannot bricklayers' work, as well as drapers' business, be compressed within a shortened space of time—a space of time shortened by only one hour? Could not the masters, on the one hand, concede the time required, and the men, on the other, ensure the requisite work? Touching one hand and the other hand, by the way, is there not some exceedingly Protectionistical arrangement existing among bricklayers, prohibiting a skilled workman from using both hands, by forbidding him to put down his trowel? This device for extending employment by literally crippling industry, if it exists, is really worthy of the landed aristocracy. Could not a little nonsense of this sort be sacrificed by the men, and sixty minutes in return be granted by the masters, without any loss on either side, but, on the contrary, to the satisfaction of both parties?

Rightem Titum.

STILL Thames odour comes to smite us,
Can't that Board of Works control it?
Happy we, if TITE were TITUS,
And could truly say, *Non olet*.

WOMAN'S MISSION.—To stop at home by the fireside whilst man goes out to collect materials to make the pot boil.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

F. M. H. R. H. P. A. "ISN'T IT ODD! *YOUR* SHOOTING IS JUST OVER—*MINE'S* JUST GOING TO BEGIN!"

CUT FOR A CRITIC'S PENCIL.

AND for your reading and writing, saith our friend *Dogberry*, "let that appear when there is no occasion for such vanity."

Our friend the *Athenæum*, thought by those who admire it not (somewhat of a majority, but let that pass), to be a sort of literary *Dogberry*, is faithful to the counsel of its prototype.

One Daniel Maclise (a name that hath been heard of, though assuredly not through any self-assertion of its owner, singularly ungifted with the instinct that asks critics to dinner, and with its pastry buys their puffs) has for a couple of years, or thereat, been quietly accomplishing a marvel in art. For the Royal Gallery, in the Parliament House, he has prepared a work, vast in its actual size, but a hundred times vaster in its greatness of thought. *Wellington meets Blucher, date Waterloo.* The cartoon for the fresco has been set up, and the artists have visited it. And such has been their, honest, and hearty, and artist-like, admiration, that Daniel come to Judgment of his Peers has been received with a shout of applause, and all the other men who make our Age of Art have taken Maclise cordially by the hand and thanked him for his work. And though he was not likely to forget those thanks, they placed in his studio a memorial of their visit, a trifle in its price, a treasure in its purpose. Artists' chalk is held in a kind of nippers, which the French very properly call a *Porte-Crayon*, from *porter* to hold, and *craie*, chalk; and this, in gold, the artists of England presented to Daniel Maclise, in memory of his having shown them his noble cartoon.

There was none of the Testimonial quackery or vulgarity about it. They did not keep a subscription list open at a banker's, pledging themselves that every man who subscribed should see his name in print. They did not advertise a eulogy, and whip up contributors who, from circumstances, dared not refuse money they grudged. They simply went and bought the little thing, and made it a great one by what it implied. And they did not even send the announcement of what they had done to the Papers, seeing that Daniel Maclise has nothing to gain by the applauding adjectives of penny-a-liners or the approving grin of *gobemouches*.

Nevertheless, (for what deed is not now put into print?) the fact reached the *Athenæum*, and was duly engraven on its adamantine columns. But inasmuch as it is the unhappiness of some folk that they can never speak of a becoming action without a disparagement or a sneer, the *Athenæum* was totally unable to say that the artists of England had given Maclise a *Porte-Crayon*. The recording angel of the *Athenæum* looked down from his altitudes, and gave a becoming snub to painters who dared to act without his leave. He poured upon these audacious painters the bitter sarcasm of stating, that they had acknowledged Mr. Maclise's great merits by giving him a Pencil-Case.

How they must writhe, Sir Edwin, and Stanfield, and David Roberts, and Egg, and Creswick, and the rest of them. A Pencil-Case! *Cieux!* you may notoriously buy *that* in albata for eightpence, in silver for half-a-crown, in gold for a few shillings more. A paltry Pencil-Case! Why, the mere subscriptions screwed out of the ballet-girls give something better than that to a beloved manager. A Pencil-Case! As hath been said, how the painters must writhe!

Nay, somebody having taken the very superfluous trouble to set the *Athenæum* right (or the latter stating that he had), the opportunity is snatched (or made) for a second withering sneer. The *Athenæum* has looked into the Dictionary, and insists that *Porte-Crayon* does mean a Pencil-Case. *Dogberry* comes out with his reading and writing, and refuses to be set right, happy to repeat his biting sarcasm. A Pencil-Case—a lead pencil-case, for *Dogberry* sticks to the lead.

We all know what *Dogberry* desired to be written down. His desire was unfulfilled. The *Athenæum* is happier, and happiest, (as in every day life we all are,) in the happiness being self procured. A *Porte-Crayon* is not a pencil-case in the ordinary use of language, any more than *Porte-manteau* means a cloak-bearer. The word *Porte-Crayon* means exactly what has been said, a nippers for chalk, and its being called a pencil-case also means exactly what we have said; namely, that the *Athenæum* wished to sneer at a graceful act of artist-homage, not perceiving that had the present been a mere *cure-dent* (which the *Athenæum* would probably have translated "a dentist") or a couple of wrist-studs, the homage would have been equally honouring, and that the sarcasm is lost in the malice.

However, it is something that the *Athenæum* did not applaud the homage, and bedaub it with epithetical plaudit, as loyal, and subtle, and chivalresque, and goodly.

Finally, does anybody think that *Mr. Punch* would have condescended to say a word about such small bosh, but for his being thus enabled to add *his* subscription to the *Porte-Crayon*, by shouting *ab imo pectore*, "Well done, D. Maclise!" Does *anybody?* Ha! ha! ha!

REFORM YOUR CALENDAR.

Suggestion by a Sporting M.P.

The sages who took to re-modelling France,
By their famed 'Ninety-two spick-and-span Constitution,
To a new tune thought fit to set Chronos his dance,
That the Calendar, too, might have *its* revolution.

For the old-fashioned names that the months long had borne,
From Rome's gods and Rome's numerals cobbled together,
More natural titles they vowed should be worn
From the crops of the year and the changes of weather.

Winter's months should be "Snowy" and "Rainy" and "Blowy;"
And the Spring months be "Sprouty" and "Flowery" and "Leasy;"
The Summer three, "Harvesty," "Hot," and "Fruit-growy;"
The Autumnal ones, "Vintagy," "Foggy," and "Freezy."*

Now that fashions of France all so widely extend,
From her Crinolines down to her Omnibus system,
Why not our months' heathenish titles amend,
And, like those French sages, to some meaning twist 'em?

There 's August for instance—who cares for Augustus?
Were 't not better re-christened "The month of the Grouse,"
In compliment due to the moor-fowl who thrust us
Hard-working M.P.s from the Parliament House?

Then September—with Mantons and Eley's wire cartridge,
And well-broken pointers the stubbles to range,—
Instead of seventh month, call it "month of the Partridge,"
And the whole sporting world will exult in the change.

And so with October: reminder how pleasant
Of delicate *rôti*, and bloody *battue*,
Were the month but re-christened "the month of the Pheasant,"
Instead of a name that means "Eighth" and ain't true.

So methinks we might go the whole round of the seasons,
And christen the months by the sports that they boast;
So that all on their faces might carry the reasons
Why a man's at his pleasure, and not at his post.

* Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose; Germinal, Floréal, Prairial; Messidor, Fervidor, Fructidor; Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire.—*See French Revolutionary Calendar.*

THE PATRON OF PERUKE-MAKERS.

According to a letter from Berlin, dated August 15:—

"To-day being the *fête* of the Emperor, Napoleon the Third, the Members of the French Embassy were present at divine service in St. Hedwig's Church."

Who was Saint Hedwig? An English Saint, no doubt, who migrated to Prussia, where his proper name came, in the course of time, to be spelt rather improperly. Headwig, no doubt, was its genuine original orthography. This honest English Saint probably derived his name from the good old sensible wig that he used to wear, instead of going about, like too many other Saints so called, with his head shaved, and a sort of appearance like Saturn's ring around it instead of a hat.

Guy's Geography.

Gentleman. Can you direct me, if you please, to Kew Green?

Young Guy. I'm very sorry I cannot; but as you have asked me, I should say that, looking at the colour of 'chances, it was highly probable that you would find Kew Green was the one that immediately followed Pea Green.

What is the Curate's Hope?—For-Lawn.

"Why, Fred, dear boy, what have you been doing to your legs? How dweadfully untidy!"
"Untidy? Very cool and comfortable. Besides, I have promised to walk with Lady Crinoline and her daughter, and then no one can *see my legs."*

FREE TRADE IN DOCTORS' COMMONS.

TOWARDS the end of the late Session was passed an Act which empowers all serjeants, barristers-at-law, attorneys, and solicitors to practise in the High Court of Admiralty. The value of this extension of the field of usefulness, or at least of agency, to the legal profession at large, is perhaps not very great; for if it were anything considerable, we should have heard a loud clamour for compensation from the practitioners who heretofore had all the Admiralty business to themselves, and who, had they expected to be subjected to competition by which they were likely to lose much, would, for the abolition of their privilege, no doubt, have contrived to get what, with a bit of the brogue, may be called an excessive equivalent.

The old Commodore, and all the other old Commodores and Captains, will probably entertain natural but groundless fears for the discipline of the Navy, when they come to hear that there is likely to be a great increase in the number of sea-lawyers.

Two Actors.

THE father—eye with genius bright'ning—
Read SHAKSPEARE as by flash of lightning:
The son, who lets all meaning slip,
Reads SHAKSPEARE as by farthing dip.

A BAD PURCHASE.

"I STOOD for Briborough," said a late M.P., "My election cost me three thousand pounds. To avoid spending as much again in opposing a petition, I resigned my seat. I have exchanged my thousands for the Chiltern Hundreds!"

RECOLLECTIONS, BY JOSEPH TODGERS.

THE remarkable success of a volume which has lately been published under the title of *Recollections, by Samuel Rogers*, has filled *Mr. Punch* with envy. And being one of those persons, of whom there are several, who have no hesitation in trying to trade upon the good fortune of another person's idea, he has been sedulously at work endeavouring to get up an imitation of the novelty. He has happily succeeded in securing the MS. of an old gentleman, who, by a curious coincidence is named JOSEPH TODGERS, and who is in the habit of writing down the smallest remarks made by individuals whom he meets in society, and whom he conceives to be distinguished. These jottings are so exactly in the manner of the late poet-banker, MR. ROGERS, that another instance is afforded of the saltatory powers of great wits. *Mr. Punch* hastens to give his *Todgers' Recollections* to a discerning public.

VISCOUNT WILLIAMS.

Met him near Bethlehem Hospital. He remarked that it was curious that though spelt Bethlehem, it should be pronounced Bedlam.[1] Hoped it would not rain, as he had not his umbrella.[2]

Said he had never been to the Victoria Theatre, but had often seen the Victoria Tower, which latter he remarked was a great height.

Had not read the *Morning Advertiser*, and added that as he should not see it until late in the day, it would be an *Afternoon Advertiser* for him.[3]

Did not know who had written *Adam Bede*. Indeed hadn't heard of the book. Had heard of ADAM SMITH.

The House of Commons occupies much time if a Member attends Committees and all the debates.[4]

Quoted the "little busy bee improving each shining hour," adding that we must be more than bees, for we must improve every hour whether the sun shone or not.

Had been very much struck with JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.

Never smoked.[5]

Could not bear the smell of pickles.

Liked WILLIAM, the waiter at BELLAMY'S. Sometimes fancied he was an Irishman.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD.

Asked me to dinner, very kindly. Could not go, but we chatted.

Hopes he does not believe more people than other people, though it is imagined he does from a celebrated catchword he is famous for.[1]

Rehearsals were a bore, but absolutely necessary.

Speaking of the comparative morality of vocations, said that no actor had ever been a malefactor.

Seeing a little boy run by, very hot, said the only boy who could be cool that sultry day was the buoy at the Nore.[2]

BUCKSTONE had written some very effective melodramas.

Lobster salad was not a bad thing for supper.

Quoted from the *Honeymoon*, "the man who lays his hand upon a woman, except in the way of kindness, is a brute," &c. Said that an actor who had been thrashing his wife, came to the passage and delivered it, "who lays his hand upon a woman, except she richly deserves it, is a brute," &c, and a previously indignant house roared and applauded.[3]

Time and tide waited for no man.

Said, as he went away, *Au reservoir*.

LORD PALMERSTON.

Met him at the Zoological Gardens.

A deuced good shilling's worth.

Ugly beast the hippopotamus, but on the whole a sweeter expression than SIR —— ——.

Very pretty widow looking at the blue-nosed monkey. Wondered whether it reminded her of dear departed.

Looking at the Aquarium, quoted a French proverb, and said he supposed it was an institution meant *apprendre aux poissons à nager*.

Had a good mind to ride down to Richmond and dine at the Star and Garter, but perhaps LORD J—— R—— might feel hurt if he went so near P—— Lodge and did not look in, but really he was in no humour to talk Magna Charta[4] with the thermometer at 80°.

---

[1] But many names are pronounced otherwise than they are spelt. Pall Mall for instance.

[2] This will remind of GEORGE CANNING'S *Quos inumbrelles video*.

[3] And this is the man to whom the faculty of ready wit was denied by scoffers! *O tempora, O mores!*

[4] MR. COX, when M.P., confirmed this statement.

[5] Disagreeing, therefore, with many persons whom I know that he respects. *Non omnia possumus omnes.*

[1] "I believe you, my boy."

[2] "If the tight little Boy at the Nore
Could but get a nice girl from the Needles."—THOMAS HOOD.

[3] Not, of course, that he for one moment defended brutality, and I believe would be the first to chastise it, which from his Herculean proportions, would be an unfortunate thing for the culprit.

[4] The celebrated charter extorted by the Barons from the tyrannical JOHN, King of England, 1215.

Foreign affairs were interesting. Those who lived longest would see most, unless they went blind.

Two charming girls just gone by. Thought they were the L——s.[1]

MR. JOHN A. ROEBUCK.

Met him in the Temple.

Everything was going to the bad.

Had bought a new hat, and of course it was going to rain. Great want of system somewhere.

The Thames smelt abominably. Would continue to smell while we had an aristocracy.

They were watering the Temple with a long hose that ran along on little wooden tressels. He said it was like the Sea Serpent, and that the Sea Serpent was an infamous lie.

Should get his new hat wet if he stayed talking.

Explained to me in detail a plan for the administration of the Colonies.

BROUGHAM was a humbug. STANLEY was a pretender. MOLESWORTH was gone. It was going to rain.

Had got a cold in his head.

Had been reading MILTON. What stuff it was. He himself could have narrated the story much better.

Must go back for a pocket-handkerchief.

REVEREND MR. SPURGEON.

Dined with him at the BISHOP OF * * * * * * *'S.

His new Tabernacle was getting on like one o'clock.

Liked a good deal of anchovy with his sole, unless it were very fresh indeed.

People fancied he didn't know Latin, but the fact was, that you annoyed certain classes if you threw Latin in their faces. Quoted HORACE's beautiful description of the wife making a happy home and a simple banquet for her husband.[2] Laid stress on *inemtas*, and remarked how outrageously dear mutton was.

Liked a double-breasted waistcoat.

Thought the Bishop a good-looking man, but not what the ladies called handsome. Quoted Handsome is as handsome does. He never did a Hansom.

Had been looking into the *Virginians*. Thought *Gumbo* was a splendid blacky, and meant to give his flock a bit of him one of these days.

Never saw MR. WIDDICOMBE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT wrote well.

Very few people could peel shrimps, they eat the shells of the body, and then complained that they were indigestible. But the roe was very nice, and you should suck it off, before picking your shrimp.

Hated gas in a private house.

There were some very good things in Maccabees, though of course they were not canonical.

London was a large place.[1]

Two blacks didn't make a white.

Undertakers were mostly scoundrels.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

Met him at the LORD CHANCELLOR's.

It was very hot.

Had received a present from America. It was inscribed "over the water to CHARLEY."[2]

Seldom carried an umbrella, except in districts where you were not likely to meet with a cab. An umbrella was no protection to your feet, and if they got wet, why, you were done.

Quoted stocks. They were 95⅞.

It was very difficult to get good pieces, pay what price you would for them. A really good piece was worth almost any money.[3]

There was an inn somewhere called the Pickled Egg, but he did not know where.[4]

A pity ermine rhymes to vermin.[5]

Didn't think there was a rhyme to hippopotamus, and preposterous was not a good one to rhinoceros.

Liked to see girls dance, at parties. They enjoyed it so.

[1] They were not, however, those two young ladies, who would nevertheless, fully justify the epithet bestowed by the distinguished statesman, who has as keen an eye for a lady's attractions as for a diplomatist's trickery.

[2]
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus,
Distenta siccet ubera ;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes *inemtas* apparet.

[1] It has been called "a wilderness of brick," but I am not aware by whom. It grows larger and larger every year. COBBETT called it the Wen.

[2] This is the first line of a celebrated Jacobite song.

[3] Some of his own come under this denomination.

[4] I have reason to believe that it is near Clerkenwell Green, but do not speak from personal knowledge of a plebeian locality.

[5] Remembering in whose house we were, this joke was *frappant*.

PARADISE AND THE PERRY.

BOY, GEORGE PERRY, is brought before MR. HALL, the Magistrate, charged with impudently stealing a gold pin from one of the patrons of a tavern where *tableaux vivants* are exhibited. The boy's business was to turn the machinery which made these *tableaux* revolve. The lad seems to have been very well treated, and his guilt was clearly proved. He lied in his defence, and has altogether deserved whatever may be in store for him. But MR. HALL'S address was so affecting that *Mr. Punch* must immortalise it :—

"MR. HALL said it was a very bad case, and the boy had shown the worst possible kind of ingratitude by robbing the gentleman whom it was his duty to assist in protecting from robbery. He (MR. HALL) congratulated the proprietor on having made this discovery at last; for it was a dreadful thing to have a thief in an establishment like his, still enjoying the confidence of his employer. (That the boy should go astray was inconceivable, for we are all made what we are by education and association, and what vocation was so likely to induce habits of morality as that of this lad. His work was to be in a tavern every night, turning round and round a machine which exhibited to a virtuous crowd of spectators, groups of females attired in a garb as nearly that of Paradise itself, as the altered circumstances of the world permitted. Surrounded by all that was pure and proper, this evil boy fell. He must repeat that it was a dreadful thing.) He should send the prisoner for trial."

The reporter very improperly omitted the words between parentheses, but MR. HALL *must* have said them.

A Joke for a Judge.

ON the Western Circuit, the other day, occurred a case of which the sole interest consisted in its denomination, viz., "HARRIS *v.* WILDGOOSE and Another." On this it is impossible to help remarking, that it was well for HARRIS the plaintiff that, in the action which he brought against WILDGOOSE, there was, besides that defendant, Another; for, if there had not been any other defendant than WILDGOOSE, then the suit of HARRIS would have been a WILDGOOSE chace.

The Eccentricities of Bramwell.

AMONGST many other eccentricities, BARON BRAMWELL amused himself and his audience the other day at Bristol by saying, "Persons will hardly regard the rubbish they read in newspapers." Might we inquire whether the observations, so copiously and sledge-hammeringly indulged in of late by the learned Baron, are to be included amongst "the rubbish" that persons "hardly regard," when they read a newspaper?

A BUSY-BODY.

ONE who generally has no business in this world beyond making it his business to neglect his own business, in order to attend to the business of others.

TRIPPING TIME.

TRIP, tired Briton, gaily trip, man,
To the forests and the moors;
Ship thyself on board a ship, man,
Take a trip to foreign shores.
If our own coast will not suit thee,
There to bask and have thy dip,
Let a foreign clime recruit thee;
To another land trip, trip.

Trip to Athens or to Rome, JOHN,
Trip to Cairo or Hong Kong;
Trip—to get away from home—JOHN,
Anywhere—trip up Mont Blanc.
Down Vesuvius his crater,
Lightly trip on tiptoe fleet,
And inside thereof a 'tatur
All hot bake with lava's heat.

Thereabouts, among the various
Things the natives have to show,
See the blood of Januarius,
Find out how they make it flow.
There 's another burning mountain,
Burning in the midst of ice,
Boil your egg in Hecla's fountain;
You will find it—oh, so nice!

Trip to Berlin and Vienna,
Trip to Lisbon and Madrid;
Like a trip what rhubarb, senna,
Salts, the frame of ails will rid?
If both trip and physic needing,
Trip to Homburg; quaff its spring,
Where you may, if too unheeding,
Be cleaned out of everything.

Trip, of course, you will to Paris,
On your way abroad or back,
Every British tourist tarries
There, in tripping on his track;
Tarries on his track in tripping,
In his pockets puts his hands,
And amid a people skipping,
Hopping, dancing round him, stands.

Home at length, before November,
Trip again, my noble Peer,
And mine honourable Member,
Back to British beef and beer;
With your spirits somewhat lighter,
And your pockets lighter still;
Bit by many a foreign biter
With proboscis—and with bill.

NO SUCH LUCK!

UNDER the heading of "Bishops on Strike," the *Dublin Evening Mail* says:—

"We have to announce a formidable strike—no less than a strike of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland. Yes—the Romish Bishops have struck *en masse* for an increase of Popery in the national schools. . . . The strike of the Romish Bishops is still more formidable than the strike of the building trades, or even than that of the master-builders."

What does our Irish contemporary mean by the strike in which, he says, the titular Bishops of Ireland have combined? A strike of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, like a strike of the builders, or the tailors, or any other class of artisans or workmen, is a cessation of work. It is organised under the direction of their central Chairman at Rome, who occupies what they call the chair of St. Peter. This ecclesiastical strike, indeed, whenever it has occurred almost, has been prescribed and dictated by that Chairman or President of the Popish Union, at its Centre of Unity, so called. In short, the POPE has generally directed the strike; not, however, by that name, but under the denomination of Interdict. The observance, however, of the Papal mandate has always consisted in a regular strike on the part of the Popish churchmen. The Bishops and the rest of the Clergy have ceased to perform their functions—a sad thing for people who believed the performance of those functions indispensable for their preservation from the jaws of Tartarus. It was a strike *en masse* and *en messe*. Is this the sort of strike meant by the *Dublin Evening Mail?* Have the Irish titular Bishops, authorised by the POPE, laid Ireland under an interdict because Popery is insufficiently inculcated in the national schools? If this be so, they have acted, POPE and all, in an extremely Irish manner, by striking against their own people because they are dissatisfied with the Government,—which they could not possibly gratify by any proceeding so much as by a strike—by a discontinuance of the work which a British Administration would only be too happy to find substitutes to supply.

Differential Duties.

"HOPE," says COLERIDGE "is a Duty." We mention this for the information of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, so that he may be down upon Hope, and make it pay the duty at once. We wonder if the Hope Duty would yield as much as Hops?

AMERICAN OUTRAGE ON THE EMPEROR.

IT has been said that the Americans admire LOUIS NAPOLEON, and in the event (*omen dii avertant*) of his supposed interests and those of England being antagonistic, the former would be favoured by Brother JONATHAN. *Mr. Punch*, however, can state upon the best authority, American authority, that this is not the case. In a leading article in the *New York Herald*, now lying before *Mr. Punch*, are these words:—

"We are seriously of opinion that if LOUIS NAPOLEON were not Emperor of the French, he would have made a first-rate newspaper Editor. His style is like that of the American papers."

Perhaps bitter, savage scorn of a man could hardly be carried further, and we would not reprint such an insult to the EMPEROR but for the purpose of showing the extreme contempt in which respectable Americans appear to hold him. For ourselves, despite many objections we may have to his Majesty's antecedents, and relatives (including PLON-PLON) we by no means think so meanly of him as does the *New York Herald*.

EXACTION.—The Lawyer's claim when the Action is over.

WONDERFUL MR. STACEY.

AT last the Phœnix is found. SIR BOYLE ROCHE said that a man could not be in two places at once unless he was a bird. SIR B. R. was a Nass. The man who can is found.

We read in the *Times* of August 18th, that one MURRAY, a pickpocket, was charged with picking the pocket of—

"MR. GEORGE STACEY, a gentleman *living at Richmond while he was walking in the Commercial Road.*"

The feat is accomplished. MR. STACEY is the eighth wonder of the world, whoever may be the ninth.

A TRIPLE FOR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

WHY is the world like some Irish gentlemen?
Because it has no "ostensible means of support."

THE COINAGE OF SOCIETY.—Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

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A TURCOS SOLDIER SETTLING WITH A PARISIAN CABMAN.

A LAY FOR LISKEARD.

(ADAPTED TO AN INFANTINE MELODY.)

AIR—"*Roses in or Roses out.*"

MEMBERS in, or Members out,
Accidents I'd pardon.
But would not part
With OSBORNE smart,
For twopence-halfpenny-farden.

Members in, or Members out,
The bargain is a hard 'un,
But of all the pack,
It's him I'd back
For twopence-halfpenny-farden.

Members in, or Members out,
Opened "Tiddler's Garden,"
But voters say
He would not pay,
Not twopence-halfpenny-farden.

Members in, and Members out,
Dread "this MR. SARDON."
He'd chaff a King,
Like anything,
For twopence-halfpenny-farden.

Members in, or Members out,
Punch will keep a guard on,
But (if he must),
B. O. he'd trust
With twopence-halfpenny farden.

POSERS FOR POLICEMEN.

THE prospect of more Income-Tax may incline us to look into our national expenses; and among the lesser items in the Civil Service Estimates, we may possibly be somewhat startled to discover that the bodies of police which we at present are maintaining cost the Government last year above a million of our money. Of this trifle it is shown that the Irish Constabulary, by a new arrangement, swallowed some Eight hundred thousand Pounds. But, high as this price seems, no taxpayer can grumble, when he learns what a superior article we get for it. The Hibernian Police are not merely men of letters, in the sense in which we look upon our "A" or "B" divisions. How deeply they are read may be judged from these tough questions, which have been put to certain of them by the Government Examiners:—

"Explain fully the meaning of the following geographical terms:—'Peninsula,' 'promontory,' 'estuary,' 'delta,' 'plateau,' 'watershed,' and give three instances of each. Describe the position of the following places:—St. Helena, St. Albans, Corfu, Toronto, Salisbury, Copenhagen, Agra, Vienna, Inverary, Singapore, Stirling, Cairo, Allaia, Meerut, Hastings, Owhyhee. Write a geographical description of any one country of Ancient Europe, stating its boundaries, physical features, products, manufactures, divisions, and principal towns."

Ever friendly as we are to the advance of education, we should regret to write a word which might in any manner check it. We have little wish to limit the acquirement of knowledge, or to cause the slightest stoppage in the onward march of intellect. Ambitious minds, however, strive to make such strides of progress that their march seems to be taken in a pair of seven-leagued boots; and then the odds are that the marcher goes ahead too rapidly, and skips much useful knowledge in the leaps and jumps he takes. So long as a policeman has a knowledge of his business, his possessing other knowledge is no cause for our complaint. We think, though, when the Government examines him for service, the Government need only test his serviceable knowledge. To question a policeman in ancient geography appears to us about as needful as to puzzle a militiaman with points in mathematics. We should as soon expect the one to know the boundaries of any ancient European country, as that the other should solve problems on the differential calculus, or show that he had *vous* enough to cross the Asses' Bridge.

With no wish, as we say, to limit their attainments, we think, had we the office of examining policemen, we should content ourselves with putting much more simple interrogatories than those which the "dull season" has just tempted us to quote. Our problems would assume more practical a form; and instead of asking about promontories and plateaus, our queries would relate to areas and kitchens, and our questions about places be confined to those of cooks. A knowledge of topography might be useful to policemen, and we therefore should consider we had quite a right to test it. Instead, then, of inquiring about Agra or Toronto, we should ask for a description of places not so distant; places where, for instance, hot suppers were provided, and where a leg of good cold mutton might be always found in cut. A few queries of this nature might test if the policeman were a man of much inquiry, or had devoted himself much to culinary pursuits. It might likewise be of service to get him to describe the cooks he was attached to, dwelling more especially upon their "physical features," but not omitting to describe what "products" in the way of pastry they were famous for, and whether any "boundaries" were ever put upon their perquisites. His visiting-list might be a test of his fidelity, and might serve to throw some light, perhaps, upon his moral character, as well as to give proof of his judgment and good sense. Speaking generally, we believe that, in the eyes of a policeman, the charms of cooks are found not in their persons, but their pantries, and their attractions consist chiefly in the dainties they dish up. An affection for nice suppers is a weakness with the force; and if her perquisites be handsome, they will court the plainest cook.

As so considerable a portion of the life of a policeman is passed in the discharge of culinary duty, it surely is as well to test his fitness for such service, and to learn as far as may be what experience he has had in it. Should the Government Examiners wisely act upon this hint, they are at liberty to use our questions on cookography, which we really think would prove quite as practically useful as those upon geography, which in fun have called them forth.

NEWS FOR DOWNING STREET.

WE already have the A B C guide for the benefit of railway travellers. This excellent plan is to be shortly followed by an

A B C GUIDE FOR THE FOREIGN OFFICE,

which is to be for the special guidance of young *attachés* and aristocratic clerklings picked out from the superior classes, whose spelling has not been attended to exactly to a letter. The first year's numbers will consist only of words of one syllable, and there will be an increase in the words of one syllable every succeeding year. The work is expected to be completed in about ten years. Each number will be submitted previous to publication to LORD MALMESBURY, so as to guard against the possibility of any errors accidentally creeping into it. The long words will certainly require his Lordship's utmost vigilance, though if any doubt were apprehended as to future success, there is so long an interval before the work can gradually expand into six or eight syllables, that LORD MALMESBURY, (whose word, written or spoken, has never been questioned yet) has plenty of time to render himself before then thoroughly master of his subject. Should any difficulty inadvertently arise, he will doubtlessly be able to command the assistance of the valuable services of MESSRS. JOHNSON, WALKER, TODD, WEBSTER, and RICHARDSON. MAUNDERS', too, with his inexhaustible *Treasury of Knowledge*, will, we are glad to state, always be at his Lordship's elbow, ready to be consulted at a moment's notice.

A PARADOX.—A political writer says, "Property is the base of all civilisation." For ourselves, we thought it was the Capital.

ANOTHER BANQUET AND ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL.

AMONGST the higher circles of the theatrical world, it is in contemplation to get up a Banquet and Testimonial to *Richardson's Ghost*. It is singular, that though nearly the oldest member of the dramatic profession, his valuable services should have been overlooked so long. It is expected that this exciting occasion will have the happy effect of bringing together all classes of the Thespian community under the same convivial shroud, and that everything like jealousy will be buried in the "tomb of all the Capulets," or any other cemetery that may be equally accessible and open, in order to do justice to their honoured guest; who, even though his name be a mystery, greater even than the authorship of JUNIUS, is none the less respected for that merely nominal defect. Supposing he be destitute of any vernacular identification, and has throughout the long apparition of his blue-fiery life been studiously ignored by the envious playbills, still is it not an historical fact, which must silence at once the deafening tongue of detraction, that *Richardson's Ghost* has made himself a fame such as the biggest six-inch-lettered vermilion or cerulean names that adorn our polychromatic posting stations might reasonably envy. A great number of celebrities have promised to attend, and amongst others we may confidently expect to see the SPOTTED BOY, the PIG-FACED LADY, and two or three of our most popular Giants and Dwarfs, who have been endeavouring to rise above each other in their zeal to render homage to the distinguished object of their spectral admiration.

The Dinner will take place in the Shades, and the toast of the evening, "*Richardson's Ghost*, may his shadow never be less!" will be proposed by no less a genius than the "*Ghost* in the *Corsican Brothers*," who has pledged his ghostly word to attend in *propriâ personâ*, and deliver his speech, as he rises through his well-known slide with the usual effective accompaniment of the shivery music. This act of liberality is the strongest proof of the very high esteem in which *Richardson's Ghost* (for a long succession of years the most *rising* actor the stage has ever had) is held by his talented *confrères*.*

"PONTIFICAL TITLES."

THE Pontiff who sanctioned the massacre of Perugia can hardly hope to retain the name of "PIUS," without question. There is only one way in which the Pontifical name of MASTAI FERETTI can be read, after such horrors have been perpetrated under his authority (and that is, by way of question and answer) thus—*Pio? No, no.*

In order to couple the memory of the murders of Perugia and the Papal connection with St. Peter, we would suggest a change of the POPE'S title, from PIUS THE NINTH to "PIETRO PERUGINO THE SECOND."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—A thing much talked about, but never practised.—*Viscount Williams.*

FATHER ANTIC THE LAW.

IN the City Sheriffs' Court, the other day, before MR. KERR—according to law report:—

"In a case which occurred, MR. BEARD applied for his costs.

"His Honour: You will have your costs, but I tell you that on and from the 1st October next, a great many alterations will be made, and I intend to be very strict. Only a day or two ago I allowed a counsel £1 3*s.* 6*d.*, who told me that he did not consider his case of sufficient importance to appear in costume, but I shall require not only counsel, but also solicitors to robe, or I shall not allow fees."

The learned counsel's remark that "he did not consider his case of sufficient importance to appear in costume" suggests a scheme of new and improved arrangements respecting legal uniform. When the gentleman of the long robe assigned the unimportance of his case as a reason for not putting his long robe on, he meant, of course, to imply, that a certain amount of importance attached to a case did require that it should be conducted by an advocate attired in that vestment. He was willing to wear his robe in a matter involving a considerable fee, but could not do it at £1 3*s.* 6*d.* It would have been more satisfactory if he had stated the figure at which he would have thought appearance in professional costume necessary; but suppose a given amount. The question will then arise whether, if that amount demands robing, higher amounts ought not to demand more robing, so that the pleader would be robed with a profusion proportionate to the importance of his case? This principle might not only be adopted and acted upon in Sheriff's Courts and County Courts, but also in *Nisi Prius*, where something like it is in operation already; for there the barristers all wear wigs, or, if not, they become invisible: the judge cannot see them, and will not hear them. The standard of the importance of cases might be either pecuniary or moral, but in proportion either to the money, or to the moment of the question involved, might be the fulness and complexity of the costume. The more serious the case, in either point of view, the more comical the wig and gown might be rendered, the former by additional rows of curls, and lengthened pigtails, and the latter by fringes, embroidery of various colours, and other equally, or more, ridiculous decorations. Characteristic costumes might be worn in special cases; for example, in breach of promise actions, which are usually laughable, and wherein the counsel might figure in the drollest dresses, which would be suitable to the suit. The general rule, however, should be that of absurdity of attire in proportion to gravity of question, as aforesaid. Usage is a great point in law; the judge in the Crown Court at Assizes is a much more elaborate Guy than his learned brother on the Civil side; and when he proceeds to pass sentence of death, he enacts the solemn absurdity of cocking a thing like a pen-wiper on the top of his wig.

MARRIAGE WITHOUT A MOTHER-IN-LAW!

A GOOD many good arguments have from time to time been urged in favour of a man's marrying his deceased's wife's sister: but there is one that *Mr. Punch* may claim the credit of suggesting, which, like all he ever does, is supereminently powerful and transcendant to all else. The clinching proof of the advantage of marrying a wife's sister is, that a man thereby may have a second wife without his having a second mother-in-law. The Mamma of his first wife no doubt would still continue to reside upon his premises, but he would probably have grown somewhat reconciled and used to her; and her presence would be far less irksome to put up with than that of a new mother-in-law, whose temper would be strange to him, and whose tantrums he might find it plaguy troublesome to cure. Besides, it possibly might chance (though the contingency is certainly remote from being probable) that his first wife's mother might have beaten a retreat, and left him monarch of all that he surveyed in his own house; in the which case his felicity would be without alloy, and even *Mr. Punch* might envy him his bliss.*

The only fear would be that, were such unions to be legalised, selfish husbands might be tempted to make away with their first wives, for the sake of the delight of marrying again, without having to maintain another mother-in-law through doing so. Marriage and no mother-in-law seems really such a luxury, that few men could deny themselves the pleasure of obtaining it.

"*The mothers who bore us*" has been long a standing toast, and all who sit in Parliament no doubt would gladly drink it. But were "*The mothers-in-law who 'bore' us*" proposed as the next sentiment, it is possible that certain of our M.P.'s might not relish it. Had the argument which *Mr. Punch* has herein been adducing been used when the Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill was brought before the House, it is doubtful if that measure would not have been carried, and marriage without a mother-in-law have been legally allowed to us.

* *Note.* "How can you write such stuff, Sir!"—*Judy.*

Important to Ladies.

UNDER the head of "Deaths," the ages of the deceased are generally stated by our contemporaries. The "Births," of course, speak for themselves, but the "Marriages" are wholly silent on that particular, the mention of which would, in reference to them, be generally read with much more interest than any that is excited by the revelations of the obituary.

LETTER FROM DR. JOHNSON.

To Mr. Punch.

IR,—Attempts at sycophantic compliment not unfrequently terminate in humiliating blunder, and he who by undue prostration seeks to please an individual discovers too late that he has displeased everybody.

"I am not indifferent to posthumous laudation, nor do I undervalue the suffrages of the polite. It is gratifying to me to understand that a learned society in the Temple, has, upon the re-edification of certain tenements (in one of which I was resident from 1760 to 1765), affixed to them the designation of DR. JOHNSON'S Buildings. The objection that those buildings are not mine may occur to the trivial, but can never disturb the satisfaction of the candid, and the pretended lover of Truth should assure himself that his critique is dictated by the teachings of conscientiousness, not prompted by the carpings of sophistry.

"*O, si sic omnes!* It is with pardonable reluctance that I discharge the duty of indicating an instance of the foible to which I originally alluded, but to accept the compliment of the Benchers of the Temple without protesting against its exuberance were to display a timidity unworthy of a man, and an insincerity unbecoming in a Christian.

"Aware of my indubitable partiality for the Latin tongue, the learned persons who have done me the honour to inscribe my name upon the honorary monument in the Temple, have condescended to substitute for the initial of my surname the classical I. With repeated impropriety the newly erected habitations are twice designated—

DR. IOHNSON'S BUILDINGS.

"Sir, the nomenclature is false and ridiculous, and the absurdity is rendered still more flagrant by the employment of the English possessive case. At the commencement of the name no longer mine is fragmentary Latin, and at the concluding extremity is colloquial English:

"Turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne."

"I might desire that in unsolicited homage regard should be shown to undissembled affection, and that the mural line commemorating my humble name should be composed in the language to which the repose of death has accorded the precision of settlement. In some cell of the Temple a hand might have been found capable of so simple a task. But inasmuch as the appellation of the buildings was destined most frequently to be employed by the uneducated, and almost invariably by the English, there would have been inadvertence in bestowing a Latin name upon a London edifice.

"Of the folly which has now been committed I will delineate the ludicrous character by demanding whether the miserable laundress, circumambient to her sordid toil, replies to an inquiring acquaintance that "she is going to Dr. I-on-son's Buildings?" Rationality repudiates the assumption. Yet for a majority uninstructed like herself were those buildings inscribed with my mutilated name.

"Sir, involuntary ignorance has my compassion, while profane caprice has my contempt. You, Sir, have my unqualified admiration, and I, Sir, have the honour to be,

"Your faithful and obedient Servant,

"*Elysium.*" "SAM. JOHNSON."

A TRIFLE TO FILL UP A GAP IN THE CONVERSATION.

How is the Sun supported?
Why, by its *beams*, of course.

THE ONLY PERSON WHOM THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" HAS EVER PRAISED.—CHARLES KEAN! and he is at perfect liberty to boast of it in the next edition of his autobiography.

BUYING *v.* BUNKUM.

WHICH IS THE WORST?

MR. COBDEN, in his Rochdale speech, talked much and eloquently, of the abominations of Electoral corruption, and the duty of Parliament to impose severe penalties on the authors of it. He drew a striking picture of an M.P. with his head shaved, in Newgate, on bread and water. He might have heightened the horror by describing a LEATHAM at the Crank, or a LORD BURY at the Treadmill.

There are some considerations, however, which MR. COBDEN has, perhaps, not taken into account in this matter.

Admitting that Electoral corruption is a very deplorable thing; that the "good and safe men"—who come down to Boroughs at Election time in false wigs and whiskers, and ensconce themselves in back shops with bowls of sovereigns and bundles of Bank-notes, wherewith to grease the itching palms of free and independent electors,—are great rascals; is it clear that this is the worst style of man who influences the fate of an Election; that the voter, who sells his vote for a couple of sovereigns and an unlimited allowance of beer, is the worst element of a constituency; and that the result of an election thus won, is the worst result for the country? Upon my word, I am not by any means sure of it.

Take the swaggering demagogue, who covers his selfish motives under a cloak of patriotic profession; who promises to the crowd results of political measures which he knows no political measures can secure; who ascribes motives wholesale to opponents, sets classes by the ears, embitters master against man and man against master—it strikes me, that this mouther is more mischievous than the briber, just in proportion as he addresses himself to a less venal class of the electors, and works by putting false and evil thoughts into men's heads, instead of good and solid sovereigns into their pockets.

Again, I take it that a voter who gives his vote under the influence of such a man's hustings-talk, is a more mischievous elector, for the time being, than the stolid freeman, who mechanically barters his sweet voice for beer or bribe, just in proportion as the misled man may be enthusiastic in his belief of the demagogic claptrap, and sincere in his acceptance of the poisonous error. If we are to shave the head of the briber, what punishment is to be reserved for the conscious deceiver, humbug, and bunkum-monger of the hustings?

If proportion is to be kept between penalty and offence, it strikes *Mr. Punch* strongly that the shaved head, the bread and water, the solitary cell, and the crank, would be at least as well-bestowed on the rogue who perverts some of our best tendencies and instincts to his own selfish and dirty ends, as on the buyer of a certain number of votes, which if not given for money, would still be taken into the market for some less tangible, perhaps, but not less sordid, consideration.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

WE understand that the following arithmetical question was recently set to a candidate for a diplomatic appointment:—

"If four clerks could copy a despatch of twenty-four pages in three days; how many days would it take six clerks to copy a despatch of thirty-six pages?"

The candidate finding some difficulty in answering this according to the ordinary rules of arithmetic, sent up the following diplomatic reply:—

"With reference to this question, it appears to me that the answer must depend entirely upon what kind of fellows the clerks were; for within my own limited experience of the service, I could undertake to select six who would never finish it at all."

We are happy to be able, to state that the Civil Service Commissioners immediately recommended this gentleman to LORD JOHN RUSSELL for a Secretaryship of Legation.

☞ MR. PUNCH begs to acknowledge from BARON BRAMWELL the receipt of the second half of a Conundrum, marked "Original," and numbered "32,567;" but declines, out of respect to the Baron's reputation for facetiousness, according to it the large importance of type in his illustrious pages. The conundrum in question is not half so funny as any of the learned Baron's decisions; or it may be that the wrong half has been sent by mistake? The two halves have been pasted up in *Mr. Punch's* office over the counter, as a warning to other culprits who attempt to pass similar bad conundrums. BARON BRAMWELL is earnestly entreated not to try again.

THE READER IS REQUESTED TO OBSERVE, THAT THE LOWER EXTREMITIES REPRESENTED ABOVE DO *NOT* BELONG TO THE FAIR DAMSEL ON THE PLANK, BUT TO THE BOATMAN BEYOND, UPON WHOSE SHOULDER SHE IS LEANING.—WE, HOWEVER, RECOMMEND FLORA TO BE MORE CAREFUL HOW SHE COMPOSES HERSELF THE NEXT TIME SHE GETS OUT OF A BOAT.

A GOVERNESS STRIKE WANTED.

As striking seems infectious, we really almost wonder that the Governesses don't Strike. They have certainly more cause for it than nine-tenths of the workmen who have recently turned out. Few workmen work harder than do our poor Governesses, and clearly none receive worse wages for their work. The following advertisement will show the price of Governess-labour as last quoted in the market, and it seems to us quite low enough to justify a Strike:—

RESIDENT GOVERNESS WANTED (in the country), who is qualified to educate five children, between the ages of 5 and 14, in the English courses, with French, music, and drawing, a person above 25 years of age, and willing to look after the children's wardrobes, preferred. Salary 20 guineas per annum, with laundry expenses. Apply by letter only to J. B., —— Street, Islington.

To educate a "child" of the advanced age of fourteen in English, French, and music, to say nothing of drawing, could scarcely take less school-time than full three hours per diem. For a child of five years old, the schooling might be shorter; but the teaching of five children, aged between five and fourteen, could hardly average less than quite ten hours a day, and such hard labour has a claim upon the interest (and the capital) of people who support what is called the Nine Hours Movement.

The offered wages for this work are one-and-twenty pounds per annum, which is about the same as that of upper housemaids and head cooks. Such pay is at the rate of not one penny more than eight shillings a week; dividing this by five, we ascertain that one-and-sevenpence is the precise cost to the parents of each child's daily schooling. In making out this reckoning, we omit to count the cost of the residence and washing; for we look upon these items as the wages which are offered for the work of "looking after" what the writer calls the "wardrobes," but which, using plainer language, we should call the children's "clothes." To teach "the English courses" (whatever they may be), a Governess, of course, must be well versed in English; but we think, however closely she may look into her Dictionary, she will not learn from it the meaning of the verb active "to look after," as it is used in the advertisement which offers her a place. To "look after," in the sense in which the advertiser uses it, means certainly to "mend," and probably to "make." So that the "person" who is said to be wanted as a Governess, will find the post of sempstress really is her place.

To conclude as we began. We have, in general, we own, no sympathy with Strikes, and, except in extreme cases, we should never recommend them. Men who try by striking to better their condition find it turns out "*vice versa*," and that, for the most part, their turnsout make it worse. But the position of our Governesses is really now so bad, that almost any change would better it; and were a Governess Strike to be attempted, we think some striking benefit might possibly result.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMILK.

ACCORDING to the *New York Semi-Weekly Tribune*,

"A physician in Louisville has discovered that by living principally on buttermilk, a human being may prolong existence to the period of two hundred years."

A bard of Ireland, of later date than the one who—said *Richard III.*,

"told me once,
I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*,"

in a song-book of the early part of this century, informs his readers that

"Potatoes grow at Limerick and beef at Ballymore,
And buttermilk is beautiful—but that you knew before."

The property of causing longevity has not, however, been before known to reside in buttermilk. The beauty of that liquor is, as the Irish bard intimates, no discovery, and perhaps the same observation is applicable to its alleged power to prolong life. The physician of Louisville, who professes to have discovered that a human being can prolong his existence by any means whatever to the period of two hundred years, is, unless he is as old as that himself, most likely a countryman of the buttermilk bard, and perhaps, changing climate and not mind, may have migrated to Louisville from Limerick.

THE FIRST LESSON.

Not so Bad for a Beginner!

KING PUNCH'S AMNESTY.

FOLLOWING the example of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, KING PUNCH proclaims an amnesty to political offenders. A full pardon is extended to all sitters in St. Stephen's who have, during the past Session, committed any crimes against good judgment or good taste, or have made themselves amenable to any jokes or other pun-ishments which have, for public safety, been inflicted by KING PUNCH. In still further generosity, KING PUNCH proclaims that henceforth, and till such time as is stated at the foot of this His notice, He grants His gracious leave to all political delinquents to commit whatever follies and absurdities they choose. Now that they no longer can bore the public ear, the prosiest of prosers may prattle as they please, and Members fond of gabbling may gabble as they wish. Having now retired to the bosom of their families, the geese and donkeys who infest the Commons of the country may cackle, hiss, and bray as loudly as they like. The VISCOUNT WILLIAMSES may preach their penny-wise economy, and practise their cheese-paring to the last scrap of the rind. The WHITESIDES may rant, and the O'DONOGHUES may rave, and the POPE'S Brass Band may strike up at their most discordant pitch. Dog Tear'ems may bark, and grievanced Irishmen may howl; and the long-windedest of lawyers may exercise their lungs to their extremest stretch. AYRTONS gifted with the gab may throw open, when they choose, the flood-gates of their oratory, and *volubiles in omne* may overwhelm the ears of all whose buttonholes they catch. In short, the bores and nuisances who so infest St. Stephen's and disturb the public peace while Parliament is sitting, have now KING PUNCH'S full permission to indulge their separate foolings to the top of each one's bent.

KING PUNCH proclaims, however, that this amnesty will last only up to, and until the opening of, next Session, and that then He will renew the measures He has taken to ensure the public safety from the bores He has denounced.

Given at his Court (of St. Bride to wit) in Fleet Street, this Twenty-seventh day of August, in the Thirty-seventh Volume of his reign.

VIVANT REGINA, JUDY, ET REX PUNCH!

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

M. DE LA GUERRONIÈRE delivered a pious discourse on Sunday last. He preached to the Councils-General of the Haute Vienne. His text was taken from the history of the late Italian campaign, and he improved the occasion by extolling the goodness and wisdom of NAPOLEON THE THIRD. Subjoined is the commencement of the address delivered by the reverent gentleman:—

"Gentlemen, The great events which have preceded the meeting of the Councils-General, authorise me to-day to address you on matters foreign to our useful and modest labours, but which respond to irresistible impressions and sentiments. The present year will count in history among those which God has marked for the glory of France."

The labours of M. DE LA GUERRONIÈRE are no doubt as useful as they are modest. His modesty is apparent from the estimate which, as a Frenchman, he has formed of the position occupied by France in the Universe. This is so high, in his opinion, that the Author of Nature himself, in consideration of the vast importance of France in the scheme of things, has paid her the attention of marking certain years for her glory. Omnipotence itself consults the glory of France. The glory of France ranks among final causes. Will M. DE LA GUERRONIÈRE be content with this proposition? Will he not insist that the glory of France is the sole final cause of creation?

A Wise Reply.

"I 'LL get you up," says BOB to BILL,
"A Testimonial, an you will."
"I thank you, no," says BILL to BOB;
"A Testimonial marks a snob."

INFALLIBILITY'S FOUR REASONS.

"HIS HOLINESS is said to have assigned four reasons for refusing to become President of the proposed Italian Confederation."—*L'Univers.*

"COME, POPE, my dear POPE," says good EMPEROR NAP,
"Make one on this joyful occasion;
I've got a new crown for your three-storied cap,
Be Head of our Con-fed-e-ra-tion.
A favour like this, for the sake of a peace,
I'm sure that you will not deny us;
'Twill give the old Papacy's life a new lease."
"I'm blowed if I will," says POPE PIUS.

"O, don't talk like that, Holy Daddy," says N,
"Remember my aid and my succour;
I saved your crown once, and may do so again,
Next time you get into a pucker.
If you 'll be the Head of the Union, you see,
You 'll give it a Catholic bias,
That 's doing what 's right by the Church and Saint P."
"I'm hanged if I will," says POPE PIUS.

"But why?" says L. N., "if a layman might ask,
And what is your little objection?
I need not remind you there 's work in the task
To keep down your flock's disaffection.
And if you came out as a friend of the free
(You 've power both to bind and untie us),
You 'd make things more pleasant for you and the See."
"I'm dashed if I will," says POPE PIUS.

Says NAPOLEON (*aside*), "The old pig is a fool,
I wish it were lawful to curse him,
He 's got no more sense than his own Holy Mule,
I've a precious good mind to coerce him.
Then (*aloud*) Holy Father, I pray on my knees,
That with more condescension you 'll eye Us—
Come, head the Confederacy, do. If you please?"
"I'm d-BLESSED if I will," says POPE PIUS.

AN IMAGE BY MR. OSBORNE.

AT Liskeard, the other day, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE expressed the following belief:—

"I believe if LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE and LORD JOHN RUSSELL were to meet in a room together, and consult without regard to party, they would come to the conclusion of introducing a very satisfactory Reform Bill. They say, 'We must go with our party.' The consequence of that sometimes is, that the people of this country are crucified between two thieves, and they get nothing except when these gentlemen fall out. (*Roars of laughter.*)"

It is not, however, so much the belief of MR. OSBORNE that merits remark, as his illustration of it, which is remarkable for irrelevance at least, if not for something else. It is somewhat of a puzzle. By two thieves MR. OSBORNE of course does not mean the four statesmen whom he names. He intends, we presume, the Whig and Tory parties respectively personified, and supposes the people of England as individualised under the form of JOHN BULL. How, in the position wherein he represents the parties, it would be possible for the central one to gain anything by the falling out of the other two, it is not quite so easy to understand. The parallel suggested by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE certainly does not run on all fours, and perhaps it was the extraordinary hobble which it consequently displayed that occasioned "roars of laughter." Otherwise we do not understand the laughter; for Liskeard is not Houndsditch. There is, by the way, one consideration suggested by MR. OSBORNE'S very irregular metaphor, which is in a measure satisfactory. It might—without reference to its hon. author—be regarded as a symptom of the parliamentary eligibility of a too long oppressed and enslaved people.

An Eternal Bore.

WE are tired of hearing Rome called the Eternal City, and no doubt the Romans themselves are still more weary than we are of the continual recurrence of that hackneyed phrase. All the rational world, and especially the Roman part of it, would be glad if Rome were to exchange the pretentious title of the Eternal City for the plain denomination of the Temporal City.

A NATIONAL FEELING.—LORD PALMERSTON sets his back against the Gothic. It was but natural that his Lordship should have a leaning towards the Italian, when we remember his oft-repeated declaration of "*Civis Romanus Sum.*"

VESTIGES OF CREATION.

"The Serpentine, and the whole of Belgravia, were formerly a Lagoon of the Thames."—*Sir S. M. Peto in the Times.*

WHAT, all Belgravia grand and fine,
Was once a mess of marsh and lakes!
PROFESSOR OWEN, be it thine
To prove it in a brace of shakes.

Tell doubters that they need not sneer,
Nor set their puddle-minds in storm;
For all the ancient life is here,
And only changed in outward form.

The slimy reptile here, no doubt,
Wriggled and crawled in greed or malice:
Now see the Courtier creep about—
Near as he dares to yonder Palace.

If tadpoles in the marsh were black,
There is one CONINGSBY can tell
Belgravia's Tadpoles swim in track
Where Tapers guide them to Pall Mall.

If the old lake was rich in toads,
Look out, and you 'll be sure to meet 'em;
If not, it is because such loads
Of people here delight to eat 'em.

With cackling ducks the old lagoon
At times, perchance, alive was seen:
Our Ducks come out each afternoon,
And chatter in their Crinoline.

Lay serpents in the wet nooks twined?
We still can point them out at need:
Search any street, and you shall find
Some home empoisoned by their breed.

Doubtful if Thames were ever den
Where the old monsters made their feasts,
But if we 'd Mega-Theria then,
We still can show a few great Beasts.

Adjutants, or Gigantic Cranes,
Croaked o'er the marsh with voices hard.
The first at yonder barracks trains,
The Cranes are loud in CUBITT'S yard.

Just as "in earth there is no beast
But 's rendered in some fish of sea,"
One would not say we 'd lost the least
Of that old marsh's family.

A FEMALE RUSH TO THE POLE.

THE Vice-Chairman of the London and District Telegraph Company informs us, that their staff will be a kind of distaff, inasmuch as it will be exclusively in the hands of females. The hands engaged to work the telegrams, are those of young ladies, and the Company has already fifty-five pairs of them in their employ. We rejoice over this announcement, as each new dial will open a new circle of employment for women, and it is rather too bad that all the loaves and fishes of this world should be monopolised by the men, and nothing but the bones and crumbs should be left for the women. The employment augurs well for the success of the Society, as we are told that female society is the best of all good company, and a telegraph company is sure to answer well, inasmuch as we all know from experience that young ladies are noted for their readiness in always giving a quick and happy answer. Those fifty-five young clerks ought to be the happiest of their nimble-fingered sex, inasmuch as their time will be occupied all day in questioning and answering—and the beauty is, that they will never have long impatiently to wait, as from the nature of things, they will no sooner have put the question, than they will receive all their answers on the spot. Moreover, the preference of employment is only due to the acknowledged superiority of the sex, as it stands to reason that a woman must make the best telegrammarian, if we only take into consideration how much more expert and industrious than a man she is in working at the *needle!* In fact, we expect in time that the best "DISTRESSED NEEDLEWOMAN'S REFUGE" in this country, will be none other than the Telegraph Office.

Legal Intelligence.

SOME Barristers have been returning their briefs—and, still more wonderful, their fees also! There is no precedent for this, we believe, in any of the law books; and certainly it is the first instance that we ever knew of the practice of the Law being equal to its noble profession. May such Practice soon make every Lawyer perfect!

THE ELECTION MARKET.

Elector. An article to be bought.
Candidate. An article to be sold.

"RIGHT ABOUT FACE."—Here is an inscription for a Statue, recently erected to an eminent Physician in Trafalgar Square:—"Wise in his *Jener*-ation."

AIDS TO FEMININE REFLECTION.

Chambers, the other day, contained a quantity of useful knowledge, some of which may have the effect of inducing habits of reflection in the female mind. For example:—

"The French buy our old written parchments, and return them to us in the form of delicate kid-gloves."

Heretofore, too many a girl, in putting on her glove, has only, in eyeing her hand extended in that act, considered the beautiful fit of the envelope to the exquisitely formed member. Knowing that French gloves are made out of old English parchments, she may now think, not only how well they set her delicate hand off, but of what interesting documents they once formed part—leases, indentures, and settlements of personal property; the deeds last named having a peculiar interest for intelligent young ladies. She may meditate on the possibility that her gloves may be portions of some old record of great historical importance, which has been lost to the literature of the country by official negligence and the want of proper custody of public manuscripts and muniments.

Ladies again may thank *Chambers* for informing them that—

"There are certain small brown domestic annoyances which tidy housewives cannot endure to hear even named, and which have received the masquerading definition of 'B flats.' Now, Australia has the misfortune to be prolific in these B flats, and an enterprising colonist has devised the means of obtaining a useful brown dye from them."

This piece of information will enable the female mind to moralise with some degree of novelty. Silk, in this point of view, may be said to be worn out. Beauty and Fashion have long been aware that their finest apparel is the work of "a poor worm," and don't want to be told that any more. The reflection will be new to them that their nice brown morning dress derives its rich warm tint from the colouring matter of a poor B flat, if B flat is the best of synonyms for the insect in question, of which the mordant qualities (independent of its dye) render it perhaps more worthy to be called B sharp.

An Organic Defect.

WE read in the Paris Intelligence that the MESSRS. LAUBENIÈRES have "invented a new system of steam engine, which is contrived so as to work without noise." We must characterise this invention as extremely engine-ious. We wish the same gentlemen would invent a street-organ that could have the same noiseless recommendation.

AN IRISHISM.—The Moon is the Lovers' Sun.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

AMONG the many felicities of MR. CHARLES KEAN must now be reckoned that rarest of all, the opportunity of reading his own Life. Men's lives, as a rule, are not written till their deaths. Their laurels are usually mingled with cypress, yew, and other mortuary "strewments." To MR. CHARLES KEAN has been reserved the satisfaction of listening to one of those performances on the biographical brass trumpet, which are usually sounded only when the ear of their subject is deaf, and his vanity past tickling. In this, at least, MR. KEAN belies the old proverb. He is *ante obitum beatus*.

The passionate enthusiasm of MR. COLE has deluged the hero of his idolatry with such a *douche* of laudation as few men could have stood up under and breathed. Luckily, MR. CHARLES KEAN is case-hardened. He has gone through such a course of puffery, that nothing in the way of superlatives can tell upon him much. Like an Indian stomach, seared with capsicum and curry-powder, to which common Cayenne is tasteless, MR. KEAN'S palate has been accustomed to such high spicing of flattery that even MR. COLE'S praise may seem to it cold-drawn. To be "called over the coals" has hitherto been equivalent to getting a good scolding; but to be "called over the Cole" must henceforth mean to be soaped from head to foot with the creamiest and most unctuous of commendation, and rolled in the butteriest of puff-paste. And this brings *Mr. Punch* to the subject on which he ventures to join issue, no less with MR. COLE than with his unwontedly kind critic in the *Saturday Review*.

MR. COLE complains bitterly of the unfavourable newspaper criticism to which MR. KEAN has been subjected. Both the biographer and the reviewer seem to imply that this unfavourable criticism was due to envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, stimulated by MR. KEAN'S independence of the offensive insects who thus buzzed about him. This is, to *Mr. Punch*, an altogether new view of MR. CHARLES KEAN'S relations to criticism and critics. What he had always heard,—and had been compelled, with considerable reluctance, to believe,—is, that MR. CHARLES KEAN, so far from being "independent" in his relations to his newspaper critics, was all through his career weakly and unwisely susceptible to their praise or blame; that he lost no opportunity of conciliating, cajoling, or otherwise influencing such as he *could* influence in his favour; that he at length placed himself in such relations with his critics as to believe that all who did not praise him were influenced by the lowest and basest motives of personal antagonism, while at the same time he did not hesitate to win favourable notice by means which, had he been less vain, he must have seen deprived praise of all value whatever.

So far from agreeing in the view of MR. COLE, that MR. CHARLES KEAN has had to complain of the newspapers, *Mr. Punch* would say that there never was an actor who has been so unduly puffed and panegyrised; that his efforts, as a Manager, to win audiences over to the Elizabethan drama by spectacle and show, have received, at least, their full meed of recognition; and that this recognition would have been more graceful had it taken more note of what had been done before MR. KEAN'S day, with better taste and less pretension, in the same direction, by MR. MACREADY and MR. PHELPS.

Mr. Punch gladly admits that the conduct of MR. CHARLES KEAN to his actors has been marked by liberality, kindliness, and consideration;—that, in his management, there have been shown an industry, a business-like promptitude and regularity, and an attention to proprieties of costume, place, and period,—all very rare in theatres. But *Mr. Punch* must still be allowed to think MR. CHARLES KEAN a very bad actor. That he has done anything to raise the literary character of the stage, *Mr. Punch* must take leave to deny. Whether he has raised its historical character, by the pageantry he has introduced into the plays he has produced, *Mr. Punch* hopes he may be permitted to doubt. Like other managers, MR. CHARLES KEAN has cast about for means to make his theatre pay. Being unable to give the public good acting, he has given it pretty groups of carefully-costumed supernumeraries and ballet-girls, ingenious applications of the oxyhydrogen or electric light, and clever contrivances of slots, steel framework, and other stage mechanism. That all this has cost him a great deal of money and a great deal of labour, is certain: it is to be hoped that the public patronage has replaced the one and repaid him for the other. But that MR. CHARLES KEAN is a public benefactor, *Mr. Punch* is quite unable to admit: that he has been the subject of undue depreciation or systematic dispraise on the part of the newspaper critics, is a palpable misrepresentation of the fact: that he has done anything to elevate the literature of the stage, or the position of the actor as an exponent of the poetical drama, MR. COLE may believe, but *Mr. Punch* doesn't.

The CHARLES KEAN Management is more likely to be remembered by the *Corsican Brothers* and *Pauline*, than by *Macbeth* or *Henry the Eighth*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the *Tempest*.

BAD JOBS FOR JOHN BULL.

How the deuce can it be, that works always cost me
Twice or three times as much as my neighbours;
And for all that I pay I don't get half what they
Have to show for their taxes and labours?
Be the thing what it will, it is underdone still,
And overcharged ne'er less than double;
Whilst, beside all the cost, an immense time is lost,
And there 's always an ocean of trouble.

In maintaining a fleet by the French I've been beat;
To think that I've e'er lived to say it!
Of my army so small the expense would appal
Any other who had to defray it.
It is true volunteer forces can't but be dear,
But my ground for vexation and rage is
That, of all the vast sum whereunto my works come,
The least part goes in labourers' wages.

Building, statue—what not!—by mistake or by plot,
Is run up to a figure enormous,
And I pay through the nose every fellow that blows,
Through our house, air to cool us or warm us.
Whilst the man, like a fool, when cold blows us more cool,
When we're warm blows of heat aggravation,
'Till we cry, with a curse, that the air 's ten times worse
Than it would be without ventilation.

Did you hear, deep and long, like the boom of a gong,
My big bell tell the time from its tower?
Those lugubrious sounds cost twice ten thousand pounds,
But the clock wouldn't point out the hour.
The bell cannot swing where they've put it to ring,
By reason of bungle and blunder;
If the whole with a run were to come down, for one,
I can only say I shouldn't wonder.

The Prince declared free institutions to be
Just at this nick of time on their trial,
They produced a dead lock on the part of the clock,
Which was all you could read on the dial.
Cheap and nasty is bad, but dear mulls drive me mad,
Worst of all waste is waste and no pleasure.
Fellows botch every job whilst among them they rob
And plunder JOHN BULL without measure.

A Joke from an Economist.

IT is a well-known fact that the Parsees, though rolling in wealth, evince the greatest reluctance to part with any of it. Taxes, especially, they hold in the most religious abhorrence. They are the richest and the stingiest class in India. When these characteristics were told to MR. JAMES WILSON, he said they reminded him, with the exception of the wealth, of his own country. Upon being indignantly called upon to explain what in the name of nonsense, he meant, he said, with a sly twinkle of his humorous eye, and in his own peculiar inimitable Scotch accent:—"I allude, boys, to the Parsee-money" (*parsimony*).

Historical.

A YOUNG Prince of the illustrious House of Monaco was asked why he had married a rich old woman. "*Ma foi*," was the gay young Prince's reply, "let me ask you, what poor man in a hurry to get an enormous Bank-note cashed, troubles himself to look at the date of it?"

RIFLE PRACTITIONERS.

IT is no wonder that young Lawyers and Doctors should be eager to enrol themselves in Rifle Clubs. Those societies promise to afford them all the practice which many of them are ever likely to get.

HOME COMFORTS.—A man's comfort is like his cigar—if he cannot get it at home, he will go in search of it elsewhere.

126540

SQUALLY WEATHER—MAKING ALL "TAUT."

CLERGYMEN AND BAPTISTS.

JUVENAL says that poverty often makes persons ridiculous; but that persons well-to-do often make themselves ridiculous is a truth which *Punch* finds weekly reason to assert, and were the word "persons" to be printed with an "a," confirmation of the statement would be no less readily forthcoming. As a proof that parsons sometimes run the risk of being laughed at, a Correspondent sends us the following advertisement, which appeared in a provincial paper not long since:—

TEMPORARY CURACY.—Wanted, for a Country Parish, bordering on the Sea, a CLERGYMAN to assist the Rector during the Bathing Season.—Address ——.

This, our Correspondent thinks, may perhaps "amuse our readers," and with a sagacity which does him no small credit, he proceeds to point out what he deems the reason why. From the phrase "to assist the Rector during the bathing season," he argues that the Curate who is temporarily wanted will be reduced to the position of a common bath attendant, a duty which few Clergymen would like to undertake. Now, if our aim were simply to "amuse" our readers, we might very likely do so by writing on this hint. A laugh might certainly be got up at the notion of a Rector doing duty as a bathing man, and having in the season his hands so full of business that he is forced to advertise for temporary help. It might be ludicrous to speculate as to how the wanted Curate would be proved fit for his post: as to how his aqueous erudition should be plumbed, and whether he could save himself if he went out of his depth. A Curate when appointed to do duty in the sea would have not merely to read, but to wade, himself in; and it might be curious to picture his performance of this ceremony, and to guess whether or no he would take his shoes and stockings off, and whether he would flounder or contrive to come out swimmingly. The question also might arise, as to whether or no his orthodoxy would not be endangered; inasmuch as when officiating in the functions of a bathing man, he might be looked upon as being less a Churchman than a Baptist, the chief part of his duty being to give dips.

We repeat, were it our mission merely to amuse, speculations such as these might perhaps fulfil our purpose. But as our aim is to advise and, where needful, to instruct, we should recommend this Rector to be more careful in future in wording his advertisements, and to avoid their bringing ridicule or censure on his cloth. As the calling of a Clergyman is a serious vocation, he should eschew the use of language which may serve at all to raise a laugh at his expense. When a preacher preaches English, he should at least know how to write it; and should be careful to avoid parading doubtful phrases, such as that on which we have the pain now to comment. Although not disinclined to view it as a merely clerical error, still we cannot quite condone it as a fault of no account. We shall cease to be believers in the benefit of clergy, if we find the propagation of bad language is their work. Therefore we trust when next this Rector is in need of an assistant, and finds himself compelled to advertise his want, he will not allude to the requirements of his curacy as though its duties were confined to the diocese of Bath.

On the Poison Debate.

COMPARE Correspondence with Articles. Never
Will reader incline to dispute these two rules:
Most persons who write For a journal are clever;
Most persons who write To a journal are fools.

TOXICOLOGISTOMASTIX.

ADVICE TO TUSCANY.

YOU have expressed your will. Prepare to support it by action. Don't suppose that either FRANCIS JOSEPH or LOUIS NAPOLEON will "take the will for the deed."

LOVE WITHOUT ALLOY.

THE only love in which a man has no rival, but has it all to his own self, is in the wonderful Love he generally has for himself.

HOW TO MAKE GLOVES LAST TWICE AS LONG.—Only wear one at a time.—*A Scotch Political Economist.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 10, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 3, 1859.

Waiter to Old Gentleman. *"What 'ave you 'ad, Sir?"*

Old Gentleman, who has been reading the day's paper straight through. *"Well, let me see—1st, I had some Ministerial broth; 2ndly, some of the Talking and Performing Fish; then I had some of the French entrée into Italy; and if your joints had been well cut, I might have tasted them too, but——"* [Exit terrified Waiter.

A PALPABLE ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME very interesting details have lately excited the utmost interest on the part of the public in reference to the Asylum for Idiots, which admirable institution ought to receive a contribution from every one who does not think himself qualified for residence in its comfortable apartments. But we fear that it will be some time before any new admissions can take place, the institution being so inconveniently crowded with correspondents of the *Morning Advertiser*. Two have just been removed thither under curious circumstances. Their condition was detected by their both furiously insisting that England was instantly to be invaded by France, and adducing as proofs that "at a recent review, a French officer placed a Rose (emblem of England) in the touchhole of a cannon" (*sic*), and that another French officer said to the correspondent, laughingly, "that the next campaign would not be in Lombardy, but in Lombard Street" (*sic*). With such cases prevalent, it may easily be imagined that the Asylum is overcrowded. This, however, should induce the public to come forward with large assistance to an institution so evidently needful.

One of the Early Fathers.

WHAT reason is there for supposing that the BISHOP OF LONDON is a man of very early habits?

Because he regularly goes to bed at eight, and rises at eight (*a* TAITE).

MOTTO FOR A CABMAN.—"Handsome is, as Hansom does not try to 'do.'"

A FASHIONABLE PROVERB.—Heaven sent us Woman, and France Crinoline.

MORE SANCTIFIED SLANG.

THERE exists a periodical of the religious class and baptist order, bearing the ridiculous denomination of *The Earthen Vessel*. The contents of this vessel may perhaps be inferred from the subjoined specimens of the material encrusting its exterior in the form of advertisements. This is one of them:—

IMPORTANT to those of the Lord's Ministers who are suffering from a variety of Diseases. G. SEABORN, Baptist Minister and Medical Botanist, most respectfully informs the Saints of God, that he has been made a blessing to hundreds, both in reference to soul and body. Any person suffering from any disorder, may address a letter to him, stating the symptoms of their disease, the time they have been suffering, and by enclosing six postage stamps, he will send advice and a medical recipe. G. S. has recourse to God in prayer before sending out any medicine or recipe. If help is to be obtained in any case, he engages speedy relief—especially in Rheumatism, Liver and Bowel Complaints. Direct, G. SEABORN, opposite the Prince of Wales, Magdalene Street, Colchester, Essex. The Works of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON sent post free on receipt of fourteen stamps each volume, of G. S. as above. Books of every description new and second-hand.

G. S. is open to Supply any destitute Church of Strict Baptist principles.

Upon our word, this is no burlesque of an example of sanctified slang. It has been cut bodily out of the light brown wrapper of the *Earthen Vessel* of August 1st, of this present year of Grace, whereof G. SEABORN appears to be a precious babe. Let not the Sabbatarians, who misjudge *Punch* because *Punch* confutes their fanaticism, think that "G. SEABORN, Baptist Minister and Medical Botanist, most respectfully informs the Saints," &c., is a profane parody, for the authorship of which *Mr. Punch* is responsible, and ought to be put in the stocks. They are mistaken if they imagine that *Punch* is irreverent enough to caricature the most hypocritical snuffle with that degree of grossness involved in the announcement that "G. S. has recourse to, &c. &c., before sending out any medicine or recipe." The words here quoted, as well as those omitted, are no exaggeration, and G. SEABORN is entitled to all the credit for ludicrousness which can be given to the assurance that "if help is to be obtained in any case, he engages speedy relief—*especially* in Rheumatism, Liver, and Bowel Complaints." The idea that G. SEABORN's prayers have a peculiar efficacy in rheumatism, jaundice, diarrhœa, and colic, will be deemed a high joke by our readers—we assure them that the idea, if not the joke, is G. SEABORN's own. It will be observed that whatever may be G. SEABORN's botanical knowledge, his literary attainments are not those which are befitting any Minister but a member of a Cabinet that might be constructed by LORD MALMESBURY. When he says that any *person* may address a letter to him stating the symptoms of *their* disease, he proves himself indeed to be no unitarian, though he does not write, we hope, like the generality of baptist ministers. If his grammar were trustworthy, his correspondents would be numerous, believing his promise that "by enclosing six postage stamps he will send advice and a medical recipe." Six postage stamps are a prescription that anybody would take if he could get it by merely writing for it at the expense of one. The notification that G. S. undertakes to send the "Works of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON" on certain conditions, is remarkable. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON was a canting coal-heaver, as G. S. probably knows; a coal-heaver, who may have heaved sea-borne coals. He wore what may be called a collar of S. S., or at least went about with the letters S. S. marked upon some part of his dress, if not on his collar. By those initials he meant "Sinner Saved," as G. S. probably also knows. But G. S. perhaps does not know that a famous wag interpreted them to signify Sad Scoundrel. The less G. S. says in future about WILLIAM HUNTINGTON the better.

"Destitute Churches of Strict Baptist principles" may be puzzled to understand what it is that G. S. is "open to Supply" them with. He is not, as a botanist, literally full of herbs, and as a baptist minister there seems to be nothing in him.

Literæ Scriptæ Manent.

THERE are thousands of letters taken yearly to the Post Office, and left there, because they have no addresses on them. Supposing the letters had the power of articulation, we can fancy their taking up part of the City motto, and exclaiming, "Dirige *Nos*."

PROMPT FELLOW-FEELING.

"FOUR Chili Citizens," write to the *Times*, demanding English sympathy. They have it. Let them note the sudden drop in the thermometer.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."—The life of a Miser is a bad drama, the only point of which is in the end. All the effects are crammed into the "tag."

AIDS TO CRIMINAL DEVOTION.

THE refutation of a belief which was comprised in the demonology of the dark ages, is apparently contained in a Blue Book recently issued on the subject of convict discipline. The REV. MR. ALDERSON, Chaplain to a convict settlement, after relating the interesting circumstance that a capital choir has been established there with "an accompaniment on the harmonium by a prisoner constable" (set a thief to catch a thief) who, however, was unfortunately about to be removed by a ticket of leave, goes on, as represented by the *Daily Telegraph*, to state that—

> "The prison chapel is not satisfactory, and the flies swarm there in numbers distressing to the convict congregation, although, on the other hand, it prevents them from falling asleep in sermon time."

The ancient demonologists supposed that Beelzebub was the god of flies. If that were the case, Beelzebub, one might think, would hardly employ his insects in worrying convicts, to prevent them from falling asleep in sermon time, unless indeed he felt perfectly satisfied that the sermon would go in at one ear of the rogues and out at the other. That this is the course which sermons are apt to take through the convict sensorium seems indicated by the further statement of the same authority that—

> "Candidates for the Communion table were numerous—we trust, not for the sake of the sacramental wine; but the truth must be told, and other gaol chaplains, not quite so sanguine as MR. ALDERSON, have found that the greed of a mouthful of wine was the *primum mobile* with the most ostentatiously pious convicts."

It is evident that ordinary sermons produce no moral effect on convicts. The effect which they do produce on the criminal mind is the same as that which they too generally produce on the common mind. It is just that effect which, in the case of MR. ALDERSON'S flock, was prevented only by the flies. If unconvicted sinners require awakening sermons, convicts can derive little benefit from discourses naturally tending to send them to sleep.

BANQUET OF AUTHORITIES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE residents in the neighbourhood of Newport, the other day, and for some succeeding days, were greatly disturbed by an unusual grunting and squeaking proceeding from the denizens of the various styes in that part of the Isle of Wight. The cause of this uproar is explained by the following paragraph from the *Hampshire Advertiser*:—

> "The annual licensing dinner given to the licensed victuallers of the Isle of Wight by MESSRS. MEW came off on Wednesday. Between 300 and 400 persons sat down to partake of the annual repast of sucking pig, about 40 of which were killed for the occasion."

It was the massacre of their tender young which had made the pigs unhappy, and occasioned them to express their parental feelings in that combination of bass with treble which is characteristic of their kind. The public will learn with interest that sucking-pig is the elect dish of the licensed victuallers of the Isle of Wight, and may be curious to inquire whether it is the favourite delicacy of that body in general, or whether the affection for it is merely insular, and restricted in insularity. Victuallers should be authorities in gastronomy—*Cuique in suâ arte*. The *Morning Advertiser* will perhaps afford the information of which the desire is suggested by its Hampshire namesake and contemporary. We cannot quit this subject without remarking, that the sight of 350 landlords sitting down to 40 sucking-pigs must have been interesting in as high a degree as the smell of the repast was fragrant and delicious.

More Chiming than Charming.

MR. DENISON defends the purity of Big Ben. So pleased is he with his noisy child, that he will not admit that it has any striking fault. Its character is, altogether, without alloy. However, he is ready to make this concession,—"if not exactly true, at all events Ben is a great discovery; or, in more musical words, *Se non è vero, è Ben trovato*." If the tone is not perfectly pure, still it is remarkably well feigned. We suppose we must admit this as "a sound excuse."

A TOURNAMENT, U.S.

Of all ridiculous ostents,
Especially for Yankee gents,
What more absurd than Tournaments?
Yet, in America,
A snobbish, silly, vain display,
Of bogus tilt and sham tournay,
On this last August's eighteenth day,
Came off at Brentsville, Va.

To view the idiotic scene,
A crowd assembled on a green,
Where, noon and dinner's hour between,
The males and females danced.
The meal brought dancing to a stop,
They ate and drank each bit and drop,
And then they recommenced the hop,
Until "Sir Knights" advanced.

Sir Knights!—a precious set of Sirs!
Who dubbed themselves, and bought their spurs,
Copied their shields from Britishers,
Or did themselves invent:
I wish you had been there to see,
The hash they made of heraldry,
At that absurd festivity
They called a Tournament.

Such knights, of "do" renowned for deed!
Such names, RUDD, PRIDMORE, WILLIAMS, REID,
DAVIS, and FEWELL! but we need
Not mention any more.
Of MONTMORENCY, IVANHOE,
Of MARMION, LOCHINVAR, as though
They felt their proper names too low,
The fancy names they bore.

Knights were there of the Woods and the Chase;
Of Unknown Knight there was one case,
And one of Black Knight; Brentsville's base
Addition, PRIDMORE chose.
The Knight of Greenville, MEREDITH
Disguised his own plain surname with;
And every knight had got a smith
To make his iron clothes.

Marshal and herald marched before
Each feudal keeper of a store,
A helmet on his pate who wore,
Bedizened with a crest.
And then the pack of numskulls were
By MR. ARALLAND MARSTELLER
(We quote the Yankee newspaper)
"Appropriately addressed."

"Now, go it!" doubtless was the speech;
Whereon, in turn, they went it each.
What subjects for the art of LEECH
Those horsemen would have been!
Yet failed their riding not to please
The girls—reported "faire ladyes."
The winning softhorn, out of these,
Chose Love and Beauty's Queen.

Named "of the Chase," was this mock Knight,
The second IVANHOE was hight;
(In two large dish-covers bedight)
And Brentsville was the third.
They named the Maids of Honour three,—
The Queen herself was Miss M.C.,—
Misses C., W., and T.
Were for the maids preferred.

A final hop wound up the day.
At chivalry when next they play,
With Yankees if our word can weigh,
In fitting pomp and pride,
Would they parade in public sight,
And the beholders all delight;
Let every mock heroic Knight
A hobby-horse bestride.

MR. PUNCH'S TESTIMONIAL TO MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday last, to celebrate the closing of the Princess's Theatre, *Mr. Punch*, as the acknowledged MÆCENAS of the stage, gave a banquet to the wardrobe-men and scene-painters, who have lately been engaged in the employ of that establishment. The banquet which was served at *Mr. Punch's* private residence, was got up by that gentleman regardlessly of cost; and dramatically speaking, proved a most decided hit. A grander scene than that which was presented to the guests, it has but rarely fallen to a scene-shifter to witness. The appointments were all in the most admirable taste, and some notion may be formed of their splendour and magnificence, when it is stated that the properties which were produced on the occasion were the same as have been long in daily use by *Mr. Punch*. The knives and forks and glasses were all strictly "of the period;" and the table was adorned with a most elegant assortment and variety of plate, comprising the plain white and more *recherché* willow-pattern.

The cloth being removed, and bumpers being filled, *Mr. Punch* went on his knees to give the toast of the evening. He said, they met there to commemorate the closing of a theatre which had been long viewed as the home of the Shakspearian drama, and had of course therefore enjoyed a large amount of public patronage. As to whether this support had been deservedly conceded, there could be, he thought, no difference of thinking; for in the unbiassed opinion of all judges who were competent to come to a decision on the subject, the real cause of the success which had been gained at the Princess's was the presence of the One Great Actor who performed there, and attracted nightly myriads by the magnet of his genius. The name of that Illustrious One their own hearts would reveal to them, and he (*Mr. Punch*) would not impugn their judgment by repeating it. (*Here the entire company started to their feet, and interrupted Mr. Punch with such a burst of cheering that the explosion killed a cat on Mr. Punch's tiles, and a Policeman in his kitchen rushed up to quell the tumult. Silence being at length restored, Mr. Punch proceeded thus:*)—In speaking of this gentleman, he (*Mr. Punch*) should content himself with simply making the assertion, that no praise could be too high for a Genius so exalted, and that the longest eulogy which language could express would fall short of the laudation which was properly his due. Skilful as a manager, and learned as a scholar, it was however as an actor he so greatly was distinguished. He had never mouthed and ranted as less smooth-tongued actors might; and such was the distinctness and clearness of his utterance, that, when choking with emotion, his gulps and gasps were quite intelligible, and every one who heard them knew exactly what they meant. Never stiff or cramped or clumsy in deportment, he was as graceful a posturer as he was an elocutionist. Fitted alike for either walk of his profession, he had made no more of tragedy than if it had been farce, and in whatever character his talents had been exercised, his *vous* had been as plain as the nose upon his face. Nor was this Great Genius great merely in the drama. Eclipsing as a "Star" the most brilliant of stage luminaries, he had shone out no less brightly as a literary light: and the learning he had lavished on the fly-leaves of his play-bills fully showed he was a man of letters. In saying this, he (*Mr. Punch*) claimed no novelty of diction. Nor were they solely his own sentiments he was trying to express. He was echoing the comments of the best informed of critics, and spoke merely as the mouthpiece of the unbiassed British Press. Having, however slowly, at length come to the conclusion that their judgment was the right one, he had resolved on making public recantation of his scepticism, and of showing by proof tangible, that he had come to the true faith. With this view he intended to present a Testimonial, which the whole strength of his establishment had been exerted to get up; and he thought it right to mention that, following the principle which elsewhere had been acted on, his poorest of *employés* had been taxed to give their quota, and all the *Punch* boys had subscribed—he need not say how cheerfully—a lollipop a-piece. What the present should consist of, it had not yet been settled; but he inclined to think the fittest and most graceful gift to offer would be a set of his (*Mr. Punch's*) periodical, with an index to the jokes which had been cut at this Great Actor, and which in all future editions would be carefully erased.

Mr. Punch concluded, amid general applause, by drinking the good healths of all the company assembled; saying it was to them that the nation owed its thanks for the upholstering of the drama, whereof the Great Man they had worked for had long been the head upholder.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH, *Harengville, France.*

"THE fervour of my devotion to Art is intense, but an Italian summer is equally warm. I love communion with the classic shades, but they afford no retreat from the rays of Phœbus. It was all very well for the *ancient* Romans; while a gentleman could appear in society wearing nothing but a sheet and a quiver, like the Belvidere Apollo, or stroll down to the Coliseum in the simple but elegant summer costume of the Discobolus; while the baths of DIOCLETIAN and of CARACALLA were filled by limpid streams in which GLAUCUS, ANTIPHO, or any other swell of the period, might lead an easy, anthropopotamus-like existence—breakfast, dine, and sleep in the bath, without even the trouble of rubbing himself dry afterwards,—mighty pleasant a Roman summer may have been in *those* days, I say. As for the *present*—phew! the bare notion of it is a stifler! I bore it like a native of Troy (that is to say, with peculiar fortitude,) at first. I worked as long as I could. I had a conduit laid down in the house, and a stream of water, fresh from the Barberini Fountain, passed through my studio night and day. My models were supplied with fresh relays of ices from NAZARRI's every half hour (that greedy monster, GALLINACCIO, devoured twenty-three at a single sitting); I mixed my varnishes in the patent refrigerator, and used *cold-drawn* castor-oil as a vehicle for my colours (GALLINACCIO stole a pint one evening for his salad, and came back looking very penitent next day).

"It was all in vain. My paints dried up, my canvas cracked. Three Pifferari and an amateur brigand fainted in my studio. ANTONIO swore he could wear his goat-skin breeches no longer; JACINTA (an elderly female model) threatened to remove her sottana. I saw it was hopeless. I packed my portmanteau, put my sketching-tackle in order, took the boat at Civita Vecchia, and crossed the briny deep.

"Well—I won't describe the passage: why should I? We all know what it is. Why recall the fearful sensations, the ignoble incidents, of that horrid night;—the cruel joke of dinner, the ghastly faces, the groans, the unmistakeable Saxon ejaculations of "Hi!" "Garsong!" "Koovette!" &c. &c.—or allude to the unfeeling conduct of that fiend in human form, whose voice, amid the general misery, was heard cheerfuly exclaiming, "*Eh? moi? moi, malade?—Oh no! pardy too, pardy too.*" Bah! I fancy I can still smell the horrid engine-room, and think I see the blue line of the horizon, now rising above, and now disappearing behind the fatal gunwale. I hope no one begrudged the steward and stewardess their fees. Ah, poor wretches! tenpence a head is not too much for such a service, and some one *must* look after the basins.

"*Sik vos, non vobis*,—you know the rest. I did not stay long in Paris; partly—Pshaw! Paris was *not* my destination. The fact is (I don't mind telling you in confidence) that I am collecting materials for a grand historical picture,—viz., *The Birth of King Pepin*,—and am now staying at Harengville-sur-Seine (where that illustrious but unfortunate monarch first saw the light) for the purpose of making studies.

"Verily, my dear *Punch*, we live in strange times. It is scarcely two months since I left the Mediterranean. In that short space of time what unexpected events have taken place in the political world! Six weeks ago there was not a *contadino* in Italy who did not believe the French EMPEROR to be the Saviour of his country. *Then* he was 'Benedetto;' *now* he is 'Birbone;' and from being esteemed as a *Louis d'or*, he is now only regarded as *lui-même* again. As for the French, *their* disposition appears not only to waver, but to *revolve* according to the issue of events. A short time ago one heard of nothing but the glories of war, and every fresh victory was hailed with enthusiasm. Flags adorned the streets; lamps were hung at every window, while thousands of their countrymen were stretched low upon the plains of Magenta or before the heights of Solferino. 'Austria was held up for execration. Hideous caricatures of her bravest soldiers, appeared at every shop-window. The popular cry was '*Perfide Autriche!*' and '*Sacrrrr-rrrée sauer kraut,*'

"The excitement had scarcely died away, the festive lights had hardly smouldered out, and the red, white, and blue calico been furled up and put in a corner, when a small *affiche* appears, posted on the walls, and the magical words '*Amnestie générale*' are read by the gaping crowd. *Presto!* the sentiments of the whole French nation are changed in a twinkling. War is suddenly discovered to be a horror; victories cost blood; sieges are *affreux*. The cry is for 'the olive' this time. Up goes the tricolor again; down come the caricatures, and in their stead a lithograph of GYULAI or FRANCIS-JOSEPH smirk at you from every print-shop. Again the *bougies* are lighted up. Once more salvos are fired, and our pious neighbours flock to their cathedrals. Hark! how they shout the *Te Deum*, and all the people cry 'Amen!'

* * * * * * * * *

"I believe, if the French had their way, that they would change their politics with their fashions,—once a month."

"Faithfully yours, my dear *Punch*,

"JACK EASEL."

SCENE—A CERTAIN GAY WATERING-PLACE.

First Irresistible (on back). "ULLO, 'ARRY! WHY, WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE?"
Second Ditto. "WHY, YER SEE, BILL, I'M PRECIOUS SICK OF WORKING FOR MY LIVING, SO I'VE COME HERE TO PICK UP *AN 'AIRESS!*"

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S COURT JESTER.

EVERAL thousand thanks, DE MORNY! A thousand of the warmest thanks that can be uttered this cool weather! It takes no common mind to make a joke in this dull season, and the genius who can do so, deserves a niche in *Punch*. You, DE MORNY, have most fully merited that honour. Your speech before the Council-General of the Puy de Dôme, *Punch* cannot but consider a great effort of facetiousness — every word of it is redolent of humour the most happy. Dip into it where one may, one is sure to come upon a jest of the first water. Here, for instance, in the opening sentence of the speech, are two such gems of jokes, that when even set in *Punch*, they will be looked upon as brilliants:—

"You have participated, gentlemen, in the enthusiasm excited by our victories, you have shared in the unanimous gratitude of France for the great moderation of the EMPEROR. But you find it difficult to understand how His Majesty's evident desire to prevent a European conflagration can have caused in England the newspaper articles, the Parliamentary speeches, and the warlike preparations of which so much has been said."

"Unanimous gratitude!" ha! ha! ha! "Evident desire!" ho! ho! ho! The jokes are really both so good, one don't know which to laugh at loudest. The two statements are so funny that it puzzles one to say by which one is most tickled. The chief charm in them both lies in their gravity of humour. One regards them at first sight as really matter of fact assertions. A second glance, however, reveals the hidden fun of them, and one seems to see the wink which accompanied their utterance.

Here too is another bit of comic speaking, the joke of which consists in one's regarding it as serious:—

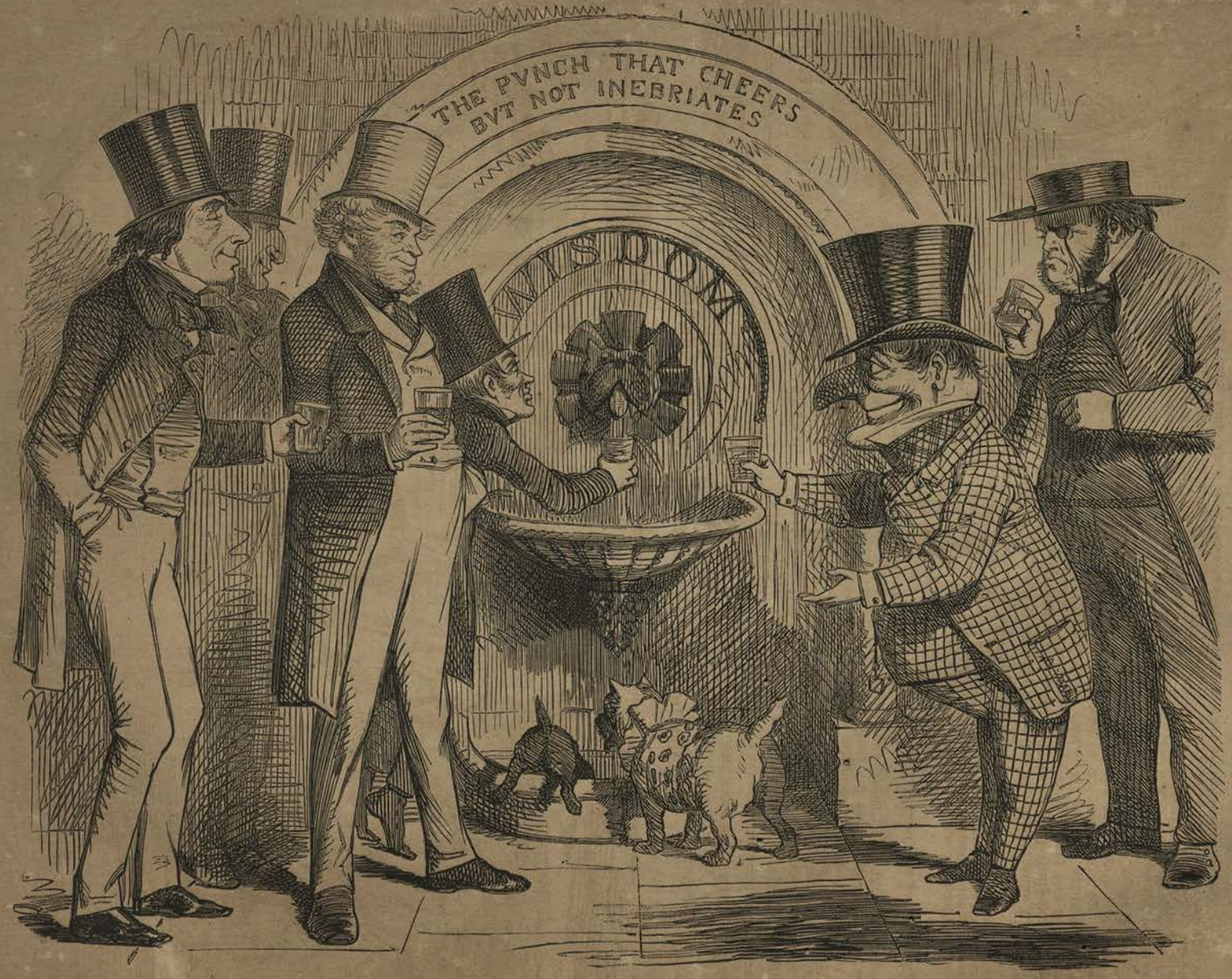
"We live at a period when the hatreds of castes and families have succumbed from the increased mildness of manners, and at which national hatred and prejudice have been effaced by civilisation. The new generations have something else to do than to avenge the past; they are too enlightened to act on any other motive than the interest of the present and the future."

Bravo! DE MORNY. Another thousand thanks to you. The Millennium has arrived. Ha! ha! ha! you'll really be the death of us, DE MORNY. There are no such vices extant now as enmity and prejudice. Civilisation has effaced all national antipathies. The Gallic Cock "has something else to do" than crow for vengeance. Oh! dear, yes. Of course. Just ask the cockadoodle colonels if it hasn't.

But by way of comic climax, what joke can equal this?

"You know, without doubt, by means of what logic the English explain their apprehensions. They say, 'Our press is free; the French press is not so; therefore insults have not the same importance in one as in the other.' That is quite an error. There are in France no means of preventing a journal from publishing what seems to it right; the Government is only armed against the press with the power of warning and of suspension, which are repressive measures."

Now, isn't that delicious! Really, COUNT DE MORNY, the EMPEROR your master should appoint you his Court Jester. The humour of that "only" is so exquisitely clownish, that unless you had your cheek rouged you must have blushed to say it. How facetious too you are in imagining we fancy that the French press is not free. Free? Why, of course it is. Who in England doubts it? Everybody here knows that the French press now is free—as free, at least, as France.



THE PUNCH FOUNTAIN IN FLEET STREET.

ANOTHER RAILWAY ROW.

A MEETING of the Directors and Shareholders of the Eastern Counties Railway took place yesterday, when the usual scene occurred. *Mr. Punch* is unable, from the preternatural pressure on his space to give the proceedings *in extenso*, but is happy to oblige the parties by the following condensed account of what occurred.

MR. HORATIO LOVE, the Chairman, was about to take the Chair, when it was pulled from under him by several shareholders, amid the applause of some, and the disapprobation of others. After a severe fight, and the destruction of the Windsor chair he had intended to occupy, the honourable gentleman succeeded in establishing himself on a cane-bottomer, shut up his antagonists, and opened business. He said that they had assembled to consider——

SERJEANT TOZER said that they were always considering and never getting dividends. It was the case of the song,

> "There was an old man and he had an old cow,
> And he had no victuals to give her;
> So he out with his fiddle and played her a tune,
> Consider my cow, consider."

The Company were the old cow, and the Chairman wanted to fiddle to them. (*Laughter and applause.*) If music were the food of LOVE, he might play on, as SHAKSPEARE said, but they wanted something more substantial.

The Chairman said they should have a substantial—he meant substantive motion directly. He hoped that they would hear him.

MR. WADDINGTON, as a gentleman, assured the honourable Chairman that they would do nothing of the kind. (*Cheers.*)

MR. JONES said that the man who would not listen to the voice of LOVE was a brute, whom it was base flattery to call a coward. (*Cries of "Order."*)

The Chairman said that he had never sought his present office——

MR. BROWN said that he had sought the Chairman's office often enough, but never could find him at home, and whether he was away revelling in enjoyment at the expense of the Company, or was inside the office smoking, and wouldn't answer the door, he could not say——

The Chairman. I never smoke, though I puff the Company sometimes. (*Cheering.*) Encouraged by that response he would proceed. He did not affect to deny that the Company was not at that moment an El Dorado, or a Golconda, an Ophir, or a California. It was not an ever springing fountain of gold and silver——

MR. BROWN said that his accusation was borne out by the Chairman's words. That last was the habitual cant of the gambling-table keepers at races, and the Chairman must have been in the habit of frequenting races to hear such expressions. If, instead of going to races he would attend to his business——

The Chairman. I never was at a race in my life, except once, when I went to the Race of Portland to buy stone for the Company——

Mr. Robinson. And a nice Bill of Portland you brought us in for the speculation. (*Hear, hear.*)

The Chairman. Hold your noise. Admitting, he continued, that the Company was not exactly prosperous, he nevertheless contended that it was not at a stand-still.

Mr. Williams. But its trains often are, and in a disgraceful way. I myself, with a lot of excursionists, were kept several hours the other morning waiting for conveyance to Rye House——

The Chairman. And what business had you to be going to Rye House. It was not a place for gentlemen, though all very well for the inferior classes. He should be ashamed to bring forward such an objection in a Meeting like that. The honourable proprietor was not going to get up a Rye House Plot there, he could tell him.

SERJEANT TOZER said that such a display of aristocratic indignation was all very fine, but he, on the contrary, asserted that the line was "snobbishly" conducted, and their *Bradshaw* was the Book of Snobs. (*Immense uproar.*)

The Chairman said that as sure as his name was HORATIO LOVE——

MR. WADDINGTON said that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in MR. HORATIO's philosophy, and several, especially, in the Eastern Counties Railway. The way, for instance, in which the porters bawled out the names of the stations was most obnoxious and offensive.

The Chairman demanded whether the honourable proprietor would like to have their porters sent to Cambridge for education. It was on the line, only fifty-seven and a half miles from town, and any facilities——

MR. WADDINGTON said that the Chairman's irony passed him like the idle wind, but considering the perpetually falling fortunes of the Company, the Chairman reminded him of a Cambridge authority, the Master of Downing. (*Cheers.*)

MR. JONES here tried something about Brazenose, but being informed that this was at Oxford, muttered that the Chairman had brass enough for anything, and sat down without any applause at all.

The Secretary then rose to read the Report, but the tremendous shower of hats that were instantly shied at him, compelled him, after some struggle, to abandon the idea. An exceedingly respectable hat struck him on the nose, on which he emitted a slight oath, but immediately apologised for making what he called a beaver-dam. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman said that he would now proceed to his duty of declaring a dividend.—(*The meeting rose en-masse, and shouted for several minutes. Order being restored:*)

The Chairman would be obliged by their allowing him to conclude his sentence. He would proceed to his duty of declaring a dividend—(*Renewed sensation*)—of declaring a dividend to be a thing entirely out of the question at present, and he wished them a very good morning.*

The Chairman left the room, and a scene of indescribable confusion followed, in the course of which our reporter was, we regret to say, knocked down eight times in mistake for the same number of directors. In the course of a few hours the meeting quietly dispersed.

* Our reporter seems to have made a mistake about this last part, as it seems that the Eastern Counties do pay a dividend. We fear that our young man has fallen into the melancholy mistake of preferring what he thinks to be smartness to what he knows to be truth. As the rest of his report is unimpeachable, he remains in our service, but is "warned."

PROCLAMATION BY KING PUNCH.

KING PUNCH hereby proclaims to anxious myriads of His subjects that He has not the least intention to reduce those standing armaments of sarcasm and satire, which have made His name so formidable wherever it is known. On the contrary, unmoved by what Emperors may be doing, or pretending to be doing, KING PUNCH sees no fit reason at present for disarming; and He therefore condescends in His great graciousness to notify that they who dare provoke him must beware of His just wrath. To punish all offenders, no matter where or whom, His trenchant sword of satire will be sharpened once a week, and the utmost pains be taken to preserve its keenest edge, and fit it for the service of giving out great cuts. Moreover, lest His bayonet of sarcasm be blunted by disuse, KING PUNCH will take all care to keep the fineness of its point, and ever have it ready to administer home-thrusts. The same attention also will be paid to other weapons in His royal armoury. His shafts of wit will always be found in the best feather, and certain to fly true to the butts which they are aimed at. All the arms, in short, wherewith invention has supplied him, being arms of rare precision, will ever surely hit the mark.

In the way of heavy ordnance, KING PUNCH has a good number of great guns at His command, whose large calibre of intellect, and enormous length of range, make them terribly tremendous when they ever open fire, and certain to demolish those on whom they are brought to bear. As heretofore, KING PUNCH will keep this "dread artillery" in perfect working order; and whatever stronghold of snobbery He lays siege to, He, as heretofore, unfailingly will smash. Abundant stores of ammunition will be always kept in readiness; and besides the larger missiles which are fired from His great guns, His great arsenal of wit will always be supplied with heaps of quips and cranks, and jokes and jests, and such small shot.

The standing army of brave penmen whom He keeps in pay will continue to be kept up regardless of expense, and besides the "regulars" enlisted in his ranks, encouragement will graciously be given to volunteers who may on emergency be ready to assist. As defenders of their country from Snobbism and Silliness, KING PUNCH may point with pride to his crack *corps* of ready writers; and without boast or bravado may record the simple fact that, whenever there is any slashing service to be done, they are never found to shirk it, or to turn tail from the work. In fine, KING PUNCH throws down His gauntlet in challenge to all comers; and in the modesty of greatness He calls the world to witness that, ready to scourge the snob or smash the scoundrel as they are, for mingled skill and bravery in leading a good cause, there are nowhere better officers than those upon his staff.

Human Sight.

IN youth, we look upon life through the small end of the telescope; in old age, through the broad. They are the same objects, and yet we wonder that what once appeared so large, should now seem so very small. Alas! that happy time, when all things were sweet as confectionery to our innocent taste, will never come again—nor shall we care much, if it never does.—*An Optician and an Optimist and an 'Ouseholder.*

CREATURES OF CONTRADICTION.

IN many trifles, Man is just (or unjust) as contradictory as Woman. For instance, he objects to see flies in his port wine, and yet the fastidious monster is not in the least enraged at the sight of the bee's-wing!

ADVICE TO HOP-GROWERS (*when the duty is being collected*).—"Gentlemen, take care of your Pockets."

Florence. "*Well, I'm sure! you might have found some better place for those nasty cigars than sticking them all round your hat.*"

Reginald. "*Aw, aw, really! I flatter myself it's rather a neat ideaw.*"

AN IRISH STRIKE.

THE Carpenters of Dublin have followed the example of the Builders of London by striking. They have struck for an advance of 4*d.* a day on the standard wages of 30*s.* a week. Everybody knows that a very considerable proportion of the London bricklayers are Irishmen. The London strike, therefore, may be nearly as much an Irish strike as the Dublin one; particularly since the workmen of London generally have not struck. Anyhow, the strike, whether in London or Dublin, is too likely to prove an extremely Irish affair in the end. The masters, having lost money by suspension of business, will, when they re-open their establishments, very probably indemnify themselves by paying their workmen at a lower rate, and thus the men will find that they have struck for a reduction of wages—a proceeding which is just what might be denominated an Irish Strike.

Sweet Innocence.

THE simplicity of MR. BOWYER beats everything. He was saying, the other morning, in his own innocent way,—"You know they call the POPE" (and here he made his usual salutation) "a Sovereign Pontiff, and I confess I do not understand it; for I have yet to learn how three crowns—and that is all the POPE has—can possibly make a sovereign."

THE DUTY OF GOVERNMENT.

LIKE Nature, to abhor a vacancy,—and so to fill it up with the least possible delay.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

CREATION WHIPPED AGAIN!

"WAL, *Punch*, old hoss! and heow go things in gin'ral t' other side the duck pond? Reckon if you Britishers ain't no slicker than you was, 'tain't no airthly use your tryin to keep way with us. We air a bunch of reglar Goaheaditives, we air; and when we make a splurge we leave Creation all astarn of us. Talk of the march of intellect! Snakes and wooden nutmegs! Why, we chaw you up en-tirely. We raises our great thinkers jist as slick as our big pumpkins. Not by ones and twos, nayther. No, Sir-ree. I kinder calc'late we sows the seed broadcast, and up they come in bunches, thick as pigs in Philadelphy. And the bhoys air wholesouled, tew, and their boots air seven-leagued ones. An old hoss like JOHN BULL would soon git winded in a race with them. Yes, Sir-ree: that 's a fa-act. Our lit'ry men and authors air of the raal grit, and slick off every mortal scrawl, from po'try up to pennyalinin. In the way of pennyalinin neow, I'd jist like to see the Britisher as could beat them grand descriptions our bhoys penned us of the SICKLES trial. All-fired fine they were, and here 's another sample for you, equally socdologising. I seed it in the *Washington Star* a week or two ago, but the weather 's been so hot, I hain't had time to send it you. It 's not only, as I say, a scrumptious bit o' word-fixing, but it may be morally of sarvice to you Britishers. You say we wops our niggers: wal, perhaps we does, but anyheow you 'll own, we treats our sinners marcifully. Although, when they desarve it, we claps 'em into quod, we doesn't scrunch the finer feelings of their human natur out of them. Though under lock and key, we lets 'em act at times like free and independent citizens. For instance, this is heow they kept the Glorious Day of Independence in the Penitenti-ary as we 've built for 'em at Washington:—

"While the sovereigns generally were enjoying the 'largest liberty' of which the day is capable, the convicts at the Penitentiary were allowed somewhat enlarged privileges, and the celebration there was decidedly unique as well as interesting.

* * * Between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon the convicts were assembled in the Chapel, and entered upon the exercises of the day in the presence of quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from the city. The room was decked with flowers and evergreens, and at the eastern end, fronting the audience, appeared in handsome letters on a blue ground the motto:—'We Still Love our Country.' In the rear of the visitors were the male convicts in their prison uniform of parti-coloured white and blue clothes, and separated from them by a screen (punctured, however, with numerous 'peep-holes,' showing the strength of feminine curiosity) were the female convicts. Copies of a written programme, with coloured embellishments on the margin, bearing the names of WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, MONTGOMERY, KOSCIUSKO, were distributed among the audience, and were carefully preserved and taken away by the recipients."

"Guess you'd give one of your wise teeth for a glimpse of this here programme? Or if not, that gal, *Judy*,* would; for 'feminine curiosity' is strong on both sides the Atlantic. Wal—bring her over here, old cuss! and we 'll jist liquor, and I 'll show it her. They say sea-sickness is 'bolished neow the Big Ship is afloat, and, Crinoline and all, sure-lie there will be room for her. But see heow dazzling our *Star* shines in its critique of the performance:—

"The Declaration of Independence was read by BARRETT in a clear voice, and his appearance rather favourably impressed the audience, being that of a frank, kindly young man: and it was not easy to realise that the crime for which he is incarcerated was that of murder!

"The address of the day, by R. SMITH, was an effort to occasion yet more interest in the speaker, a young man with a fine expansive brow, and a quick intelligent eye. The address was well conceived, and was delivered with appropriate gesture and elocutionary effect, showing scholarship and cultivation on the part of the unfortunate criminal. We forbear giving his name in full at his earnest request lest it should come to the knowledge of his aged mother (thus far kept in ignorance of the fact) that her only son is within the walls of a prison. His crime, we believe, was forgery."

"'His crime, we believe, was forgery!' Reckon that 's a peowerful climax. And here 's a tallish bit of sentiment about another prisoner, whose sudden death had 'thrown a sad damper' on the flare-up:—

"Much interest attaches to the name of CROGGIN in this community, from his having been one of the most daring members of the celebrated 'Naylor gang' of burglars, and from his escape from gaol, and his subsequent adventures while concealed prior to his re-arrest by the police. He was about twenty-four years of age."

"But if you want to hear tall talkin', as BILLY SHAKSPEARE says, 'jist loan me your auriculars:'

"In his address he spoke of the celebration as a novel one; but outcasts though they were, the fire of patriotism still glowed in their bosoms. God forbid that their misfortunes should entirely crush out their finer feelings! For himself, he felt keenly the degradation which attached to him, but his fixed resolve was to hereafter redeem his good name.

"Proceeding to recite, in vivid language, the leading events in the history of the country, and of the War of Independence, he went on to depict the material progress of the country, closing with an appeal to his fellow-prisoners to aspire to a higher position, and urging upon them that to this end there was no surer means than the cultivation of true patriotism. Altogether, we have heard infinitely worse, and not many better specimens of Fourth of July spread-eagleism outside the penetentiary.

"This address was warmly applauded upon its conclusion, not only by the spectators but by the convicts, who seemed to take no little pride in the creditable effort of one of their number."

"Arter this here bust o'cheerin'—

"An address of thanks to the Warden, the Deputy Warden (MR. C. P. SENGSTACK, JR.), to the Chaplain and the Board of Inspectors for kindnesses rendered, and to

* "Gal," indeed! Why, bless the man! I owned, last Census, I was thirty!—*Judy.*

the ladies for a gift of confectionery, was delivered in good language, but with rather hurried delivery by convict MILLARD. He attributed the fall of himself and his fellows to bad associations, brought about by the use of the intoxicating cup: and in feeling terms urged upon his fellow-prisoners to behave well, and on their dismissal from these walls, to endeavour to regain the regard of their fellow-men."

"'Intoxicatin cup' I spose means brandy-smashes, mint-juleps, and gin-cocktails. Guess the critter used the phrase as being more poetic, not to call it sentimentaller. As a concludin' bit of sentiment, jist cock your eye, old swanger, and take a sight at this:—

"The singing of the convicts was generally exceedingly good, and one piece, 'Do they miss me at home,' was sufficiently touching to draw tears from eyes 'unused to the melting mood.'"

"Wal, neow, talk of flowery language, isn't that a Floorer?* JOHN BULL may strain to bustin', but he can't come up to that. Ugly b'ars and skinned opossums! Won't it rise the old 'coon's dander to find himself astarn of us! Reckon as heow yar big ships ain't not nothin to our 'liners. Your MACKAYS and MACAULAYS you may crack up as you please, and to your TENNYSONS and THOMSONS you may give what sale you like, but it tain't no use a startin them agin our clipper poets. Why, you see from what I've showed you that our pennyaliners can lick 'em slick as snakes. I don't want to make a fizzle, but when I've spoke my mind, I'm not the shyster as squirins out of it. I've a bunch o' sprouts right handy if you or any Britisher has any mind to taste 'em. But if fightin's not your grit, jist come across and liquor; and then I'll prove by word of mouth that what I say's as true as that 'possums git up gum-trees, or that my name, Sir-ree, is

"JONATHAN MARCELLUS FRANKLIN SLOSH."

* *Query*, Flora?—*P. D.*

ALL UP WITH ENGLAND!

NERVOUS we are not, nor ever needlessly alarmists. But we are living a doomed life, and so are all our English readers. There is no mistake this time about the fate which is awaiting us. We have long feared an invasion, and our fears will soon be realised. The foe is close at hand. Tremble, Britons, at his coming! Shake, Saxons, in your shoes; for surely you must quake when you list to what the *Dundalk Democrat* has said of him:—

"He knows all our weak points; and our opinion is, that he would lose no time in going round to land in Connaught or Bantry Bay, but would dash boldly on the capital, and seize the Castle, and all the arsenals in Dublin. He would, we fear, strike at once at the heart of our power, and scatter us like chaff before the wind before we could organise our forces. Among the Young Ireland party there was no one but he capable of leading an army of liberation. He was a man of iron will and indomitable courage. We believe he possessed that boldness and energy which would inspire his followers to rival the soldiers of any other nation in deeds of heroism. He is a man to decide quickly, and to carry out his purpose with an unerring judgment and a vigorous arm. He would have the men of all districts either with him or against him, and would deal roughly with all who should desire to stand on neutral ground. Such a man as this would prove a formidable foe to English power in Ireland; and, although he might run some risks, it is certain that he would not be so easily caught as WOLFE TONE. If his visit to Europe be to aid the invasion which the English seem to expect, he will have no mercy for JOHN BULL, and will more than rival GARIBALDI in his furious onsets against the Great Britons."

And who, it may be asked, is this "formidable foe?" Who is this indomitable, iron-willed invader, who "knows all our weak points," and is to "scatter us like chaff?" The *Dundalk Democrat* does not conceal his name. JOHN MITCHEL is his name: merciless JOHN MITCHEL; maniacal JOHN MITCHEL. MITCHEL, he of vitriolic and of vicious memory. Transported he was once, and now returns for vengeance on the sanguinary Saxon. "Some risks he may run," but once caught makes twice shy. You may catch a WOLFE asleep, perhaps; but MITCHEL is a weasel that you won't again nab napping. As GARIBALDI to the Austrians, so JOHN MITCHEL to the English. He has armed him for the fight. See, his lion's skin hangs round him; and his voice sounds forth the war-cry of Young Ireland,—"*Erin, go Bragh!*"

UNCALCULATING SORROW.

OUR Dublin contemporary, the *Freeman's Journal*, generously publishes an advertisement in combination with the following obituary announcement:—

"August 10, at his residence, ——, ——, vintner, after a long and painful illness—affection of the heart brought on by fretting—deeply lamented by a large circle of friends and his disconsolate widow, who still continues to carry on the business. May he rest in peace."

The disconsolate condition of the lady whom we may presume to have penned the above advertisement, no doubt occasioned a slight defect, which is noticeable in its composition. In the distraction of grief she omitted one word which is required to connect the totally distinct facts which that notification proclaims. The concluding portion thereof should have run thus:—"deeply lamented by a large circle of friends and his disconsolate widow, who, *however*, still continues to carry on the business." The public would then have understood that, although disconsolate, she was still carrying on the business, which excess of sorrow might erroneously be supposed to prevent her from attending to.

Health of an Illustrious Personage.

"THE extreme heat of the weather (that was) operated, we regret to say, somewhat unfavourably upon the Sun, whose face has come out in spots of considerable size, the last that has appeared being about sixty thousand miles in diameter. Having, however, swallowed a couple of comets, overnight, and having taken a hurricane-mixture in the morning, the illustrious luminary has perceptibly amended, and has been able to rise at his usual hour."

"AIREY, M.D.
"*Greenwich Observatory, Sept.* 1." HERSCHEL, M.D."

THE TOP OF HIS PROFESSION.

IF we were asked what physician stood at the top of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who was in the habit of attending "patients on a monument."

"Under Government."

THERE is a useful little book with the above title. The KING OF SPAIN intends bringing out a companion work to it, to be called "UNDER PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT." Crinoline is instanced as one of the greatest proofs of it. The work is to contain a portrait of the royal author.

PRIDE'S LAST DISH.

PIES and Puddings generally come the last. The last thing that Pride eats is Humble Pie.

WHY can you compare Big Ben to GRAZIANI?
Because it is the highest of BARRY-tones.

CARTOON FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—LOUIS NAPOLEON feeding the British Lion with French bonbons.

THE RECEIPTS OF PUNCH for the Week ending September the 3rd, amounted to £2,977,849 15*s.* 6*d.*

BADEN RACES.—PORTRAIT OF A GERMAN JOCKEY.

ANOTHER STRIKE.

THE Government Clerks intend organising a strike. They are going in for five hours' labour—if labour is not too playful a word for it. They also stipulate being allowed two hours a day for reading the newspaper. These claims, which must be admired for their moderation, will very likely be acceded to, as we do not see how the machinery of Government can possibly go on without them.

The Major Allowance.

A STATICIAN, a small Wilsonite in his figurative way, was explaining to a lady how (and we strongly suspect that he stole the facts out of MR. FONBLANQUE's book) a Major, after allowing for the interest on the sum paid for his commission, only cleared £42 9*s.* 8*d.* per annum. "Good gracious me!" exclaimed the astonished DUCHESS; "why, do you know I give ANASTASIE, my French maid, more than that, and she has all my old things!"

LECTURES ABOUT TO BE DELIVERED.

Now that Parliament is over, the Lecture-mania is about to begin. We understand that the following gentlemen have certain learned subjects in reading, which they will be happy to let off, at a moment's notice, for the benefit of any Mechanics' Institute, or even an agricultural audience that can be proved to have the faculty of understanding. Terms—nothing. The only condition laid down—applause, but plenty of it.

MR. FREDERICK PEEL. On the combustibility of the River Thames, and the best means to be taken for insuring the same.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. The Panorama of Constitution Hill, and portraits and biographies of the most distinguished heroes and patriots who have fought and struggled there, from CARACTACUS down to the last man who was assaulted by the police. To conclude with a SMOLLETT and HUMEOROUS comparison, in unbridled verse, between the Constitution of England and the constitution of a horse, proving which one works best and which can be worked the most.

MR. J. A. ROEBUCK. How to move the Government, when once you have got your LEVER; with a remarkable instance of how to get £78,000 a year out of ministers by means of the Screw. The remarkable instance will be handed round in a Packet, brought from Galway, and made extremely convenient for slipping into a gentleman's pocket.

MR. B. DISRAELI. On the nature and character of Flea-bites; with instructions for extracting the sting of the same out of the constitution, and infallible remedies for allaying the irritation caused by them. Mentally magnified, so as to be visible to the mind's eye of the blindest and stupidest.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. "A safe Guide to Government Situations;" with a portrait.

BARON BRAMWELL. On Contempt of Court, and various other forms of contempt, including that of public opinion. BARON BRAMWELL will obligingly wear his Judge's costume on each occasion, so as to render his illustrations the more life-like.

MR. GLADSTONE. On the art of Hair-splitting; with French examples, proving that the best way of getting to the root of an argument is always *de le tirer par les cheveux*.

LORD PALMERSTON. On the Beauties of Italian Architecture, especially in their relation to the beautiful castles in the air that are now being built in Italy about Italian Liberty.

THE RING.

THE following would appear to have been intended for *Bell's Life*, but as it was discovered in our letter-box in an envelope addressed only to "the Hedditer," we are induced to give it publication:—

"DEAR BELL,

"ABOUT this ere little mill for the Berrick championship. You knows as how as Berrick haint neither in Hengland or Scotland, and so as a champion of hits hown. And a snug little birth it is for un. Quiet and hout of the way like, and not too many questions hasked about is hante ceeduns.

"Well there was a mill as cum off three or four months ago, atwixt Dizzies Pet and the Berwick Buffer. And they guv as how as the Pet wun, but everybody knowd as how as he'd it fowl. And consekently the thing were to be reffurd to a comitti of purfeshonals. Well, the Pet didn't like paying on em five bob a day and beer and backey, besides a lowering the carakter of the championship. So it was aranjed as how—as the Pet was to resign the belt as soon as it seemd deecent like, and the Buffer were to walk over.

"Well that were all square and abuv bord—warnt it?

"But wot d'ye think the Pet's frends goes and dus. Why wen the Buffer cums to the scratch, eggspektin a walk over, and not in trainin nor nuffin; blow me if they don't bring a thundering big yokel to fight un.

"And the Buffer had seven-and-thirty round with un afore he could pollish un off. And it were a neer tuch then.

"Now, I ask you if that 's bisness. Is this kind of thing to go on?

"If it dus, I knows what 'll be the hend. Genelmen will withdrar their suport from the ring haltogether.

"What 's the use of hearly information if you can't depend upon hit? What's the good of squareing wun man, if you hev to fight anuther?

"I means to say as its low, and me and my frends won't kountnance it.

"For the first time I feels ashaymed of my purfeshun.

"Hever yours,

"THOMAS TWEED."

THE VALUE OF SILENCE.—A Woman has often committed herself by talking—never by holding her tongue.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 10, 1859.

"It was a pleasant thing to walk on the beach, and see how amiably that great, good-natured fellow, Paterfamilias, was buried alive by the little ones."—*Extract from Letter.*

MUZZY NOTIONS OF MERCY.

OUR friend the *Advertiser* will be too much for us one of these days. If he makes us laugh until something happens, he must really provide for Mrs. P. and the kids. He stated the other day, in reference to the anticipated reprieve of SMETHURST, that "he" (the *Advertiser* that is) "*knew* that the QUEEN was always ready to give a gracious response to an appeal for mercy." Out of what very funny old School-book does the *Advertiser* get his notions of the functions of the Crown? We are half inclined to believe that he thinks the English Sovereign "signs death-warrants," and dips the royal pen into red ink, for the purpose. He surely imagines that SIR GEORGE LEWIS, having decided on a reprieve, comes crawling on his knees to QUEEN VICTORIA, and after a neat and pathetic speech, founded on *Portia's*, about mercy, humbly begs for lenity to the culprit. Really it is too bad of the *Advertiser*, being such a favourite at Court, not to obtain more accurate knowledge. He should not write as if the QUEEN had the faintest personal responsibility for, or even acquaintance with, the proceedings in such cases. We assure him, on our honour, that HER MAJESTY has nothing to do with criminal documents, and consequently *never* dashes away the pen with a "Would I had never learned to write," as the *Advertiser* ignorantly supposes.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

"PLEASE, Sir, may I accept Tuscany and the Legations?"—*Victor Emanuel to Louis Napoleon.*

A RACE IN DANGER.

MR. PUNCH, having humanely given his establishment a holiday, having sent his upper servants to Ramsgate and his inferior ones to Margate, and having turned his horses into Hyde Park, has taken to ride, of late, upon the tops of omnibuses, the only place in truth whence a true conception can be formed of the real character of London. There, safe, and like Jupiter high throned all height above, the hurrying crowd, the furious Hansom, the deaf four-wheeler, the rattling carriage, have no terrors for the London traveller; there he can calmly survey mankind from Chelsea to Mile End, and besides having many agreeable revelations of first-floor life, he can really see what the architecture of the Metropolis is, and be more and more confirmed in his conviction that LORD PALMERSTON hath once at least in his life talked *bosh*. But this is beside *Mr. Punch's* present theme.

He has noticed (and what has he *not* noticed?) that something or other has wrought the most wonderful change in the character of his old friends (yes, my Lord Duke, he honours you with his friendship, but can afford to keep humble friends, which you can't) the Omnibus men.

Of old, it seemed that the Omnibus Driver amply fulfilled his duty, if he drove his vehicle with ordinary skill, avoided curb-stones and gas abysses, was grumpishly civil to the passengers who sat near him, and quietly growled at his conductor for not making two people get out at once if they lived within a street or two of one another. The Conductor was also equal to his task if he kept a tolerably sharp eye on the populace, unhesitatingly stated that the Omnibus went exactly where any inquiring person wished to go, and had spirits enough to take an occasional mild sight at a rival. A readiness to pass bad money, and a disposition to be insolent if twice told the same thing, were also ordinary characteristics.

All is changed. The word "Wake Up" has evidently been given to the Omnibus world, and there has been a wake, with a witness.

Drivers and Conductors have been transformed into the most wide-awake, energetic, almost frantic of creatures. Instead of being lead, they are quicksilver. Eyes, and ears, and brains are all alive, and artillery officers hurrying their guns from point to point, to play upon an advancing or retreating enemy, could not be more steady in their position, more desperate in their dash. And all insolence has vanished. A painful, almost a feverish politeness is observed, information is given and even tendered, thanks are returned for money, you are a patron and a benefactor—only, with tears in their eyes, the officials beg you to "look sharp."

A terrible rivalry has sprung up, it seems, and certain "Times" are laid down for the starting, progress, and arrival of the vehicles. The business of the twin managers of each omnibus is to violate this agreement in the most daring, or the most subtle way; to "get the road;" to sweep their enemy's passengers off; to meet him at angles and corners; to slang him furiously, and charge him with every crime that is not capital; to cut away through nameless and obscure streets, and up courts, and if necessary down cellars, so as to get out into the broad thoroughfare before him; to be ready, as a captain will in stress throw his guns over, to tear out all their own passengers, and shove them into a friendly Bus, so as to enable themselves to dodge the foe without imprecations from the inside; to be prepared with a storm of clamorous affidavits for the "time-keeper," the main point of which is that the deponents are the most innocent of lambs and the most trampled of victims; to turn a perfectly blind eye and deaf ear to any old lady or lame gentleman whose tardy entrance into the vehicle might spoil the race; to keep a succession of little boys as spies at the corners of streets, and by posts, which infants screech horribly the names of the drivers that have last passed the station; to crawl, like a tortoise that has taken laudanum for gout, and anon to dash forward like a pickpocket that has caught sight of a detective's askance glance; to drive over costermongers, barrows, washing-carts, children, or any other impediment if necessary, but to be infinitely cautious and slow, if slowness just then is the desired dodge; to be fertile in resources for stopping, such as the discovery of an imaginary stone in the near horse's off left, or the absolute necessity of buckling up that mare two holes (and it is astonishing how awkward a handy man *can* be); to see visionary passengers half a mile off—or not to see real ones at three yards, according to circumstances; and generally to follow out the one object of the life of these gallant and ingenious men, namely, to cheat each other's "Time."

The occupation affords scope for the exercise of all the best faculties of man—patience, courage, vigilance, perseverance, skill, eloquence, and if a passenger happens to have nothing to do, and not to be at all nervous, the game is not an unamusing one. Unhappily, such passengers are not the majority, and *Mr. Punch* regrets to hear that the clamour of the majority against a system in which the public is bumped and hurried and shattered, or dragged and drawled and wearied, according to the state of the said game, has eventuated in a contemplated Police Act for dealing with Omnibus traffic, and reducing it to ignoble and vulgar order. The new and fine race of men, thus created by the necessities of competition, will be swept away, like Red Indians. They shall not say that "they had no bard and died." *Mr. Punch* has embalmed them.

A DAIRYMAID'S DEFINITION.—Flattery is the milk of human kindness turned into Butter.

CRINOLINE FOR BLUE COAT BOYS.

MY DEAR JOLLY, OLD MR. PUNCH,*

"I DARE say you are tired of hearing jokes made about Crinoline, but when a fellow really wants to talk about it seriously, I hope you'll do the liberal, and give him space to speak. Everyone keeps calling it a cumbersome contrivance, but I mean to say it's not by ever such long chalks so cumbersome and clumsy as those ugly yellow petticoats which we Blue Coat boys are bothered by. You can't think, Sir, what a nuisance our old-fangled dresses are to us. The gowns are bad enough, for they go dangling about our heels like the swell chaps' Noah's Ark coats which you've been and made such fun of. And it's no joke I can tell you having nothing on one's head (and, you'll say, precious little in it †). One gets such jolly colds in winter, to say nothing of the Smuts; and in the summer time, my Wig! doesn't the Sun just warm you! I declare I sometimes fancy I can hear my brains all frizzling like our pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. Can't say either I admire one's having to sport those yellow stockings. As that party in SHAKSPEARE says, it's "a fashion I detest." (We had to stick the passage into Iambics on last verse day, so that's how I remember it). But I declare the yellow stockings ain't by ever so much so beastly as those brutal yellow petticoats which when the frost comes they serve out to us. To make boys dress in petticoats seems to me to make great girls of them; and when a fellow's near sixteen (as I shall be next August), he don't like being made a Molly of, or in any way thought *missy*. But then BLOBBER says the Governors regard the yellow petticoats as an "ancient institution," and think the country would be ruined and the School would go to smash, if we got leave to leave off wearing them. So you see it's no go our petitioning against them. But I say, *Mr. Punch*, now couldn't you persuade the Governors to let us all sport Crinoline when they make us wear the petticoats? Besides being ornamental, it really would be useful to us; for the great nuisance of 'the yellows' is their sticking to one's legs so, and tripping up a fellow when he tries to run or jump in them. They swaddle a chap up like a baby in its long-clothes, and make one's knees feel tied together like a donkey's when he's fettled. We somehow tuck them up enough to get a spin at football, but as for playing fly-the-garter, one might just as well expect to play at leap-frog with the Monument, as to try and take a back when one has got the yellows on. In short, the yellows make us feel a little in the blues, when we peep through our school railings and see the butcher-boys go grinning at us. They mayn't be so well up in VIRGIL or THUCYDIDES, but they've the free use of their limbs, and that's a good deal more than we have. Their minds p'raps may be stunted, but at all events their bodies aren't. A butcher-boy could easily clear a pillar letter-box, while a blue coat boy could hardly go clean over a mere door-scraper.

"Do then, *Mr. Punch*, try to make them give us Crinoline. It can't be good for boys to be swaddled up like babies, and not allowed to use their limbs as they feel naturally inclined to do. How can a chap play cricket, or any other manly game, while his legs are swathed together like those mummies from the pyramids which I've so often seen at the Museum on wet holidays. It's just as silly and unnatural for boys to wear a petticoat, as for women to wear the—t'other thing. In either case you know the wearer's certain to be ridiculed. Why, one can't half enjoy one's holidays, one gets so precious laughed at. The moment I get home I can hear the servants giggling at my rummy-looking toggery, and all the time I stay they keep on making fun of it. Last time I went down, our old gardener brought me round my pony with a side-saddle, 'cause he said he knowed as how I couldn't straddle in them petticoats!

"Pray then, dear old *Punch*, do use your influence with the Governors, and make them let's wear Crinoline, which will let us stretch our legs more. If they *will* persist in dressing us like girls, we may surely ask to have our petticoats cut fashionable. Be a brick now, do, and say just half a word for us. BLOBBER says the Governors are precious nuts on *Punch*, and that they go weekly down to Greenwich or Blackwall for it. So if you'd just print my letter, they'd see what it is we want, and no doubt at your request they'd jolly soon come down with it. At any rate a word for us would get you heaps of κυδος, and besides would *ever so much* increase your circulation, for you know our fellows would be sure to buy the number.

"So I remain, in expectation, your young friend,

"AN OLD BLUE."

"P.S. If the Governors persist in molly-coddling us up, and dressing us in petticoats, don't you think it would be fair to nickname them the Governesses?"

* We see no objection to the two first of these epithets, but the third is a gross insult, and we feel bound, for our dear *Judy's* sake, to ask for explanation.

† We say nothing of the sort, Sir. We believe that your head-master is a very able man, and we have no doubt that he keeps your heads in capital condition.

ST. GEORGE AND ST. NICHOLAS.

(Patron of Thieves.)

COME, wot's yer little game, BILL, this ere Sabbath arternoon,
Now there ain't no theayter, no Cremorne, nor no balloon;
Church, JIM, in course, you muff, why where do you expect to go?
Ah where?—I'm game for worship too, but bless me if I know.

St. George's—that's the ticket; not St. George's where the swells
Is spliced—St. George's in the Heast—and, if my mind I tells,
Cos vy figged out in Igh Church togs the clargy comes it there;
Which is the reason I resorts to that abode hof prayer.

Hah! you're a blessed Puseyite—whereas I'olds low views—
But yet I likes the Puseyites cause they don't ave no pews;
Instead of which a cove can choose what party to sit by,
With a view to prig the ticker and intent to fake the cly.

Although your principles is close and ard upon dissent,
And SPURGEON'S Tarbernacle I suppose as you'll frequent;
You won't mind seein rummy priests congee, and bend, and bow,
Drest up in oly westments witch is sure to cause a row.

Well, BILL, I'll own, for all you are a Romanizin' cove,
Them sound Church views which you express is sitch as I approve;
Your doctrines in essential pints is ditto to my own,
To Church or Chapel if we goes, we both goes there to bone.

Ah, JIM! taint vain and hempty show as captivates my mind,
I looks upon it but as elp true riches for to find:
Snuff-boxes, watches, notes, or cash—whatever I can nab—
And I'm thankful for the shindy when my neighbour's goods I grab.

Beloved pal, come, I'm your man! Success to stole and cope!
Of plunder which affords us both so comfortin' an ope,
Success to cope with all my art, likewise with all my soul!
Hand—wot could hany thief say less?—prosperity to stole!

LETTER-BOXES SOMETIMES NEEDLESS.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—MR. ROWLAND HILL requests that we will all have letter-boxes in our doors, to save delay to the postmen. When I have cleared all the female part of my establishment, I will comply with his request, but in the meantime it is perfectly needless for me to do so, for at present I have two daughters and two maid-servants; the former have lovers and the latter have sweethearts. So far from delaying the postman, there is, when his knock is heard in the neighbourhood, a desperate rush of two (the maids), and a decorous hurry of two (the girls), to be ready in the passage in case he should have 'anything' for any of them. Indeed I know that JANE and KATE watch him from the area-steps, and I believe that ALEXANDRINA and VICTORIANNA look for him from their bed-room windows. MR. HILL may be quite sure that there is no delay caused to his postmen at the house of

"Yours, obediently,

"*Antibilious Terrace,* "A PARENT AND A MASTER."
"*Knightsbridge.*"

Now, Who told Punch that?

LORD PALMERSTON is said to have written to LORD JOHN RUSSELL (Minister for Foreign Affairs), that he need not, for the sake of attending to the Italian question, hurry away from the partridges, "inasmuch as the birds are strong on the wing, and Liberty is not."

A GRAVE SUBJECT.

As being the "peculiar and distinctive feature in its plan," we see a Burial Company advertises to those who stand in need of it, that it pursues what it calls "the Railway System of Interment." What this puzzling phrase may mean it much perplexes us to guess. We have very often heard of railways having killed people, but we never before learnt that they undertook to bury them. Yet when one hears it said they have a "system" of interment, one cannot but suppose the practice must be frequent with them. Moreover, it is puzzling to guess in what respect their system is different from others. That it is so we infer from such marked stress being laid on it, and from a puff being put forward of its use by way of precedent. Railways certainly in one sense may be said to have pursued "a system of interment." They have buried heaps of money, there is no denying that; and they have also caused interment of the hopes of many shareholders. These burials have been generally performed at railroad speed; nevertheless we think their rapid execution can hardly be regarded as an act of happy dispatch. Nor in respect of their economy are they at all to be commended; for they usually have proved to be most costly ceremonials, and have been known to drain the very deepest pockets. If this "system of interment" be the one which is alluded to (and with all our powers of thinking, we can't think of another), we must confess ourselves completely at a loss to see its merits: and if they wish to gain a good name with the public, we think the less that burial companies are "distinguished" by it, the better.

COLD WATER CURE FOR WANTON MISCHIEF.

SOME mischievous rascal or gang of rascals the other day destroyed MR. MARMADUKE LANGDALE'S fountain in Endell Street. This disgraceful fact suggests the expediency of modifying the arrangement for enabling the poor public to quench their thirst by means of fountains. The homely old Pump should be substituted for the fountain, which combines elegance with utility indeed, but also with fragility. The advantage of the Pump, besides its greater comparative strength, is, that if any blackguard is caught attempting to injure it, he can be immediately placed under it by the indignant multitude, and subjected, for some time, to the wholesome influence of its refrigerant and reformatory discharge.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

YOU must not wake me early, wake me early, JAMES, d' ye hear,
To-morrow 'll be the slowest day of all the whole long year;
Of all the whole long year, JAMES, the saddest dreariest day,
For all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.

There 's many a first-rate pointer, but none so good as mine;
There 's SMITH'S dog Don, and JOHNSON'S Dash, and BROWN'S pup Caroline;
But none can work like my good Rose in all the place, I say—
Yet all the world is gone to shoot, and I have got to stay.

I shan't sleep sound all night, JAMES, I'll lie all night awake,
And only get a fitful snooze when day begins to break;
And then at eight I must put on my uniform so gay,
For all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.

As I came up the barracks whom think you I should see
But THOMPSON leaning on his sword, and whistling "*Rosa Lee?*"
He pitied and forgave me those cross words of yesterday,
For he was going off to shoot, and I had got to stay.

He thought I was a ghost, JAMES, I looked so ghastly white,
And I doubled by him silently, just like a flash of light:
They say I'm proud and sullen, and just the same were they,
If all the world had gone to shoot, and they had got to stay.

I'm dying for the turnips—but alas! it cannot be!
My heart is almost breaking—no stubblefields for me.
There 's many a much worse fellow will enjoy himself all day,
For all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.

To-morrow I shall have to drill upon the barrack green,
And you 'll be there as well, JAMES, to see me serve the QUEEN;
For the shepherd lads have taken the shilling, more fools they—
And while all the world has gone to shoot, to drill them I must stay.

Upon the Colonel's hard hard heart I used my utmost powers,
But he said that applications had come to him in showers:
I argued, but he looked so cross, and shook his head so grey,
That all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.

The sentries come and go, JAMES, in front upon the grass,
And they ask the man who comes in late, if he has got a pass.
Oh! how I wish that it would rain throughout the livelong day,
And sell the men who 've gone to shoot, while I alone must stay.

So you must not wake me early in the morning, JAMES, d' ye hear,
Let me sleep and try forget the griefs and sorrows which I bear.
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the saddest, dreariest day,
For all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.

CLERICAL SLIPS AND SKIRTS.

THE *Morning Herald* lately contained a passage in a leader which may be considered to be remarkably characteristic of a journal regarded as the organ of the Derbyites. The writer of the article, referring to the ungratified vanity of some clergymen, says:—

"Hence the enlightened enthusiasm which we occasionally meet with, and hence, in St. George's in the East, the manciple, stole, and other names, even the spelling of which is, we confess, very difficult to encounter."

This is a striking exposition of views which are professedly those of LORD MALMESBURY. They will not probably meet with the assent of our readers, who will perhaps hardly consider the orthography of alb, chasuble, and dalmatic, to be much more formidable than that of stomacher, bib, and tucker; but perhaps MALMESBURY will exclaim, "Who said that it was?" We ourselves, though we certainly do not think it hard to spell the names of the various articles of Puseyite millinery, will candidly confess that we doubt if we should be equal to the spelling of the analogous details of female clothing mentioned in *Le Follet*. A very complex nomenclature is that of the various vestments overspreading the expanse of Crinoline: a contrivance which perhaps those effeminate parsons whose heads are turned with the love of dress, will ultimately take to wearing under their ecclesiastical petticoats.

London in the Wash-Tub.

A CELEBRATED Washerwoman, speaking of the extreme emptiness of London, explained it thus:—"I can assure you, dear, I have only two flannel petticoats, four collars, three nightcaps, and one pinnafore left in town now."

SINGULAR ACCIDENT AT THE HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL.—A Patient was discharged, last week, cured!

THE HOME-OFFICE.—To make every one in it as happy as we can.

WIND, S.W. FRESH.

TOMKINS, WHO IS NOT GRAND IN THE LEG DEPARTMENT, SAYS "IT 'S A VERY DISAGREEABLE DAY." THE YOUNG LADIES, HOWEVER, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, ENJOY IT AMAZINGLY.

THE MINISTER IN TOWN.

(*From the Court Circular.*)

VISCOUNT PUNCH, First Lord of the Treasury, transacted business yesterday at his office. He received all his colleagues, and told them that they might go away and yacht, or shoot, or fish, or study Conic Sections, or read the *Idylls of the King*, or lie on the beach and smoke short pipes, or preach, or vaccinate gratis before ten o'clock, or see the St. Leger, or sit in an attic and grow moustaches, or bathe, or flirt, or write articles for quarterly reviews, or try the water-cure, or do exactly what they pleased, as he would take charge of the Nation, and had got a telegraph laid to their Royal Mistress's residence at Balmoral.

"He spoke, and straightway found himself alone within the room."

LORD JOHN PUNCH, Foreign Minister, transacted business yesterday at his office. He sketched out a new programme for the settlement of Italy, and enclosed copies to the Powers. He enclosed a packet of Poor Man's Plaster to the POPE, who has hurt his leg. He wrote to compliment the American PRESIDENT on fitting out an anti-slavery squadron.

THE RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH, Chancellor of the Exchequer, transacted business yesterday at his office. He considered the report of the Decimal Committee and pronounced it bosh. He inspected some designs for the new bronze coinage, and didn't like them, but sketched something much better.

SIR GEORGE DEVONSHIRE PUNCH, Home Secretary, transacted business yesterday at his office. He ordered a policeman to be stationed to protect the Drinking Fountains from ruffianism. He sketched a bill for abolishing street organs, street cries, Crinoline, perambulators, and other street nuisances.

THE DUKE OF PUNCH, Colonial Secretary, transacted business yesterday at his office. He ordered immediate reforms in all parts of the world, and sent off expresses to the fifty-two Colonies under his control. Having a few idle hours afterwards, he sent for MR. ANSTEY and listened to him, in re China, from Two P.M. till a Quarter past Eight, by which time MR. ANSTEY had nearly completed his introductory narrative.

SIR CHARLES PUNCH, Secretary for India, transacted business yesterday at his office, that is to say, he sent for MR. JAMES WILSON, and told him that he, SIR CHARLES, trusted everything to him, and hoped he would make a good job of Indian Finance, as he, SIR CHARLES, was utterly bewildered and mystified.

THE RIGHT HON. SIDNEY PUNCH, Minister for War, transacted business yesterday at his office. He placed the Army on a new footing, completed the defences of the Country, and kicked LORD CARDIGAN into the middle of next week for his impudence in wanting the Fifth Dragoon Guards.

THE DUKE OF SEYMOUR-AND-PUNCH, First Lord of the Admiralty, transacted business yesterday at his office. He manned the fleet, braced up the mainsail, dashed his old eyes, and spoke civilly to more than one person in the course of the day.

LORD CHANCELLOR PUNCH transacted business yesterday in Chambers. He considered whether he could ask for a coronet for his son, W. F. in addition to his own and his wife's, but on reflection thought he had better wait a little.

THE EARL OF PUNCH, Postmaster-General, transacted business yesterday at his office, and issued a decree that nobody who left his street-door without the letter-box requested by MR. ROWLAND HILL should receive any letter at all until all the letter-box folks had been served.

SIR RICHARD PUNCH, Attorney-General, transacted business yesterday at his Chambers. He codified the Civil law, and had made great progress with a code of Criminal law when he remembered that he had been bothered by the PREMIER for a Reform Bill. He drew this and went to dinner.

The above particulars having been telegraphed to HER MAJESTY, she was graciously pleased to express her perfect satisfaction with the conduct of her Minister In Town.

THE ONLY MINISTER IN TOWN.

A LAST VISIT TO VAUXHALL.

BY A MAN OF FEELING.

PARGE *rosas, puer.* Sprinkle me with rose-leaves, boy, and then bring me the wine-cup. Let me drown my sorrow in a bowl of that which cheers and (*pace* GOUGH) inebriates. So that to sad memory the flood be that of Lethe, I will chance the five bob fine for it, and get drunk to-night as Chloe.

"An odour not of roses, but of Thamesian violets. Ha! miscreant, how is this? No! Yes! What stuff is this? I asked for wine, boy, and you've brought a bier! Hence, unreal mockery! Take away the poisoned chalice, sirrah! * * * Why—So, being gone, JACK's all alive again.

"But the wine-bottle hath failed me. Is there then no other remedy for anguish? Ha! A lightning-flash of thought. Fool, why not try the ink-bottle? Great men have tried it, why may not a lesser one? 'Give sorrow words, the grief that doth not speak'—goes and does something dreadful, I forget precisely what, excepting that 'squeak' rhymes to it. Perhaps it drinks Catawbaw? Ugh! the thought is madness.

"Let me compose myself. What have I been doing to occasion this wild rhapsody? I have been visiting Vauxhall! The statement may seem maniacal, but—Ghost of SAMUEL COWELL, ha! *ha!* ha! 'I am not mad.' Alas, there where I have passed the happiest moments of my life, there have I been passing two whole days of the most miserable. Oh, SERAPHINA! SERAPHINA! Oh! There, where you and I have spent so many 'splendid shillings,' and the whispering trees have listened to our cooings and our billings: There, where we've consulted the Hermit in his Cave, and seen the Sea King Neptune emerging from the wave: There, where we have watched the artistes on the slack rope and the tight; and paid one and sixpence extra 'cause 'twas called a 'Gala Night:' There, where on wet evenings we have caught such colds and cramps, being tempted out by promise of 'Ten Million Extra Lamps:' There, where when exhausted by the whirling, whizzling waltz, we have sought a cheap refreshment in the smelling of your salts: There, where slowly strolling down the dark Italian Walk, my hat hath touched your bonnet in our low-breathed lover's talk: There, where big balloons so quick have vanished from our sight, and so oft we've cried o! O! at the rockets' skyward flight: There, I sadly have stood by, and seen the scenes we held so dear put up to public auction by the ruthless auctioneer: Yes, there, my SERAPHINA, I all helpless have looked on, while the voice of MR. DRIVER hath re-echoed 'Going—Gone!' While the fixtures, and the figures, and the fittings, great and small, have been sold in lots six hundred from the Gardens of Vauxhall!

"Alas! yes, it is too true. I have seen the 'properties' cleared off the 'Royal property.' The same eyes that beheld them in all the brilliant brightness of a Grand Night's 'blaze of triumph,' have seen them sold off dank and dirty in the plain prosaic daylight. Ah! what agonising anguish I suffered at the spectacle! Every falling of the hammer was a knock down blow to me. When 'Lot 1' was put up, I thought I should have fainted. Yet there was little in the Catalogue to account for that conjecture. The brief words '*Four stout painted deal tables*' do not to unpoetic minds convey much saddening sentiment. But to me how fraught they were with it! For I thought, O SERAPHINA! 'twas at one of these 'stout tables' that we sat when my fond arm encircled thy slim waist, and I so nearly popped the question which anoth—but no matter!

"Lot 51 awakened still more sentimental fancies. The words cling to my memory, like drunken men to lamp-posts: '*One deal painted table, with turned legs (one of the original tables made for the Gardens in* 1754!). A table with turned legs in 1754! Is table-turning then of so antique a date? How many legs must this old table in its time have seen turned under it! Legs in trousers and in pettic—— Oh neat-ancled SERAPHINA! Perchance the toes of thy great grandmother have been squeezed beneath this table. 1754! A hundred years and more, then, hath Vauxhall been in existence. Everything and everybody now hath a Centenary. Why did we not celebrate the Million-Extra-Lamp-and-Vauxhall-Slice Centenary?

"Am not I in dreamland, or in Uncle Tom land? Do we sell our aged servants when they cease to be of use to us? Alas! I fear me, yes. Here is the damning proof of it:—'*Lot* 112. *Scenery to Hermitage and Hermit.*' Reading this, I fancied that the Hermit would be sold. The Hermit was not sold. Ha! ha! ha! *I* was.

"A few lines further on, the Catalogue still puzzles me:—'*Lot* 119. *An Equestrian picture of the Emperor and Empress of France at a Hunting Party, with costume of Louis XIV., 12 feet square.*' Did LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, then, wear a costume twelve feet square? Ah, in those days there were giants. The human race has grown degenerate since then. My pegtops only measure a yard and a half across, and SERAPHINA's Crinoline does not cover above an acre.

"Again I hear resounding the voice of MR. DRIVER. His cry is for '*Three Dozen Blue Vauxhall Supper-plates.*' O DRIVER, DRIVER! You'll drive me to distraction. Haply 'twas on one of these three dozen plates that was brought the fatal sandwich which I, as a great treat, had promised SERAPHINA. I mind me that my looks were as cerulean as the plate, when searching madly in my pockets, I found only twopence ha'penny. The brutal waiter laughed when I told him I would call and pay him the next morning. And the still more brutal BLOGGINS more foully mocked my misery by dashing a half-crown down, and crying, 'Keep the coppers!'—Ah! lucre, filthy lucre! Ah! faithless SERAPHINA! It was the glitter of that half-crown that dazzled thy young eyes, and turned aside their love-shafts from me to that beast BLOGGINS!

"Again am I perplexed by the wording of the Catalogue. Were it a QUEEN's Speech, it could not be more mysterious. '*Busts of Eminent Persons*' are announced upon the title-page. Lot 204 I find is '*A Plaster Bust of Scott.*' A '*ditto Byron,*' and a '*ditto Tennent*' (who's he?) follow it. Are these the 'eminent persons?' What have they done for Vauxhall, that Vauxhall should note their eminence? But stay, the next three lots are 'dittos' of '*the celebrated M.C., Mr. Simpson.*' MR. SIMPSON! Ah, *he* was eminent indeed, Vauxhall made him immortal, and he returned the compliment. Rightly then had Vauxhall a triad of fine busts of him.

"Lot 215 declares itself '*A Keyboard of Dumb Piano.*' This keyboard is a lock upon my understanding. What *is* a dumb piano? Some merciful invention of an Anti-piano-playing-in-Houses-with-Thin-Walls Company? Blessings on it, if it be; and on the Genius who invented it! Oh that the piano next door were a dumb one! The MISSES STRUMSTER live next door, and—they keep a 'Ladies' Seminary.' Kind reader, drop the tear of pity on my plight!

"These reflections overcome me. When next I hear the fatal hammer 'tis falling on '*A small round Composition Table.*' I wonder if this table be a help to composition, and if need were would assist to composition with one's creditors? If so, maybe there are some composers who'd be glad of it. I wonder, did the Vauxhall Poets use this table, when they wrote those Comic Songs which, when sung by Vauxhall vocalists, everybody roared at, and when sung in private circles, every one was bored by. I think the fun of those sad canticles consisted in the funny hats in which the singers sang them. I wonder if these hats were kept in the '*three hat-boxes*' in Lot 253, and whether any of the fun still clings to those receptacles. *Quo semel est imbuta*—the Classic truth is trite, and may apply with equal force to hat-boxes as wine-casks.

"Among the 'useful articles' and 'miscellaneous effects,' I look with anxious hope of buying a barometer. Alas! my search is fruitless. Vauxhall doubtless had one once; but it no doubt committed suicide. No sane-minded barometer could point *always* to 'MUCH RAIN' without a suicidal damper being thrown upon its spirits.

"I count two-and-eighty punch-bowls knocked down by the hammer. But who shall count the headaches—the ar-racking headaches—which have had their birth in them? Teetotalism, I fear, was not in feather at Vauxhall. The stock of soda-water glasses amounteth but to twelve, but of brandy glasses sold there are more than thirty dozen!

"Can I believe my eyes? Is this the Royal Property, and are jokes here cracked on Royalty? '*Lot* 311. *A Transparency of H.R.H. P.A.*' Shade of DANIEL LAMBERT! To call H.R.H. a 'transparency'!!! Ho, within there! Call the Headsman. To the Tower with the varlet, for such treasonable ribaldry!

* * * * * * * * *

"And now the last Lot is sold. The last fixture is cleared off. I must clear off myself, or they may take me for a fixture. Farewell! O ye scenes of many joys, and far more follies! Yet for one brief moment let me conjure up the past. Let me see thee as thou wast. O Vaux—'hall of dazzling light.' But no; tears bedim my eyes. I see only the last waiter, as he appeared on the last night. The remains of the last sandwich still stick between his teeth. The feel of his last fee is fresh upon his fingers. The last ray of the last lamp sadly flickers on his forehead. Feeble as it is, he cannot bear the flare of it. He buries his wan face in the recesses of his napkin. Spt! The lamp goes out! *O Vanitas, Vanitas!* O SERAPHINA, SERAPHINA! O, why was man created, if——" [*Sixteen pages of fine writing are reluctantly cut off.*

TURCOS SOLDIER MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME IN A PARISIAN FAMILY.

A HUMAN CANDLE.

MR. WILLIAM PALMER, of the celebrated Patent Candle firm, was brought the other day before MR. D'EYNCOURT, and fined for suddenly springing out of a railway carriage, and falling on his side, and not being hurt.

Nothing can be more improper than needlessly to risk one's life or limbs, except the risking anybody else's. But we seem to see a sort of apology for MR. PALMER. He had probably been musing upon his own business, and considering how he could improve the structure of the Candle Lamp that bears his name. Now it is the faculty of genius to become absorbed in the object of its study, and as it were to amalgamate therewith. MR. PALMER was perhaps fancying himself to be a Patent Candle, and was brooding, with a visionary spring under him, upon that abominable jerk with which the candles, so acted upon, sometimes leap upwards, to the ruin of a midnight student's sensitive nerves. "Yes," mused MR. PALMER, "that is the mischief. I (as Candle) jump so,"—and the action expressed the word; and out he shot, to the scandal of the officials, who have no souls.

We are very glad that he was not hurt, and shall be more glad if the incident helped him to the required inspiration.

THE TESTIMONIAL TABLET.

THE preternatural spread of the Testimonial system, which now includes in its parasitical embrace every kind of person to whom any other kind of person can make a toad-offering, renders it impossible for the public to keep itself "posted up" in the records of humbug, without some other aid than that of the puff paragraphs manufactured by the recipients of these presents. *Mr. Punch*, with his usual frantic zeal to serve society, has therefore undertaken to publish an occasional programme of Testimonials about to be offered, and will thus at once supply information, and hints for imitation.

Any particulars which parties may wish should be thus advertised, must be sent to *Mr. Punch's* office, in sealed envelopes, with the cards of the parties. And where the person to receive the Testimonial is not the person paying for it at the silversmith's or elsewhere, that fact is to be stated, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TESTIMONIALS FOR NEXT WEEK.

DR. GENTIAN LOBES, from the paupers of the Squanderley Union, a case of lancets, in testimony of their sense of his unvarying, &c., humane, &c., indefatigable, &c., and of their hopes that in setting up in a new town (as advertised), he will meet the success which his, &c.

MR. BARNABAS BLOKE, the worthy landlord of the Dirty Table-Cloth, Drury Lane. A few gents wishing to pay a tribute to the high character, sterling honesty, liberal principles, and convivial character of "mine host," have, entirely unknown to himself, subscribed for a silver punch bowl. Subscription list still open in the parlour and at the tap.

THE HONOURABLE AND REVEREND ONESIMUS MEALYMOUTHER, minister of St. Thorax, Pimlico. The married ladies of his flock have worked a richly-embroidered counterpane, and the unmarried ladies an elegant table-cover, and the two ornaments for bed and board will be presented in the Vestry after Vespers.

CAPTAIN BELLOWMORE of the *Bumper*, river steamer. Some parties, "fond of the weed," who are in the habit of coming into town from Chelsea of a morning by the *Bumper*, have decided on presenting the gallant Captain with a handsome Meerschaum, in testimony of his superior civility and navigation. A poetical address, written for the occasion by MR. SALLOW SICKER, will be recited.

THE COUNTESS OF RACKRENT. The Earl's tenantry have subscribed to present her ladyship with a portrait of his lordship, in testimony of their gratitude for her kind intercession to prevent their rents being raised during a season of agricultural depression. The picture will be presented by MR. JONAS GRINDERBY, his Lordship's respected agent.

MR. MARMADUKE DE SKIVERS, manager of the Scrubberton Theatre. A bust of SHAKSPEARE, and a bacon-toaster, will be presented by the members of his company and a few admiring friends, in testimony of his transcendent services to the British drama, his unexampled genius as an actor, his unparalleled honour as a manager, his unsurpassed energy as a man, and his unequalled piety as a Christian.

MR. JAMES CRUSHER, Superintendent of Police. The donkey-drivers accustomed to ply for hire on Hampstead Heath have joined to present this active, gallant, and humane officer with a silver guard-chain in testimony of their sense of the mingled kindness and firmness with which he preserved order on the heath during the summer season.

RAMLINGTON CRAMLINGTON-CRAMLINGTON, ESQ., M.P. The Electors of Crouchbury have subscribed to present a testimonial to this young gentleman (who came of age in May last, and was chosen at the general election), in token of their sense of the services which they are certain he will render to his country during a long and splendid Parliamentary career.

MR. LUSHY NIPPS, the respected potman at the Hobblers' Arms, Southwark. The ostlers in the yard, a few of the right sort among the cabmen on the adjacent stand, and some other choice spirits, present MR. NIPPS with an elegant Sunday hat, in token of respect and esteem for his prompt and impartial administration of beer.

MR. SLIMY BULLFROG, steward to the Most Noble the MARQUIS OF EVERCLACK. The upper and inferior servants in his Lordship's employ present MR. BULLFROG with a handsome iron fire-proof safe, and gold Bramah key, in testimony of the truly gentlemanly way in which he has for many years enabled them to avail themselves of the various advantages of aristocratic service.

MR. PIGGS KIN, the distinguished jock. Some gents meeting in Bride Lane present this excellent jock and worthy creature with a silver watch, in token of their gratitude to him for having known so exceedingly well what o'clock it was in the recent race for the Swindle Shillings, and his determined and successful roping of the favourite in that struggle.

GRIPE DIDDLE, ESQ., Solicitor. The articled pupils, clerks, porter, laundress, stationer, copyists, and messenger in the service of the respected firm of SKINNUM, RASPER, SCREWBOY, and DIDDLE, present the last named gentleman with a congratulatory testimonial on his being received into partnership with the old and established house now called or known by the names aforesaid. The memorial takes the form of a miniature deed chest, made of wood of the Old Fleet Prison, and mounted in silver from a melted down snuff-box formerly in the possession of the late JAMES GREENACRE, ESQ., deceased.

LORD BLARE DE GOUTPILLE. The interesting occasion of this nobleman having been permitted by his eminent medical attendant, DR. CRAPAUD, to be wheeled out upon his terrace after his long illness, inspired some of his tenantry with the idea of presenting him with a memorial of so delightful an event, and a subscription having been originated, a beautiful little model, in gold, of a Bath chair, (with working wheels, &c.,) will be proffered to his lordship, with an appropriate address by the REV. SIMON TOADSTOOL, on the first day that LORD DE GOUTPILLE'S unfortunate relapse will enable him to receive it.

MR. BULKY CLUTCHER, head tout at Doctors' Commons. A silver mug will be presented to this worthy and respected individual by his fellow touts, in acknowledgment of his fairness and urbanity towards themselves, and his extraordinary genius in detecting, from among the

mugs of a thousand passers-by, that of the person with a matrimonial propensity.

MR. FUNGOYD, beadle of St. Mungo in the Park. The pew openers, charwomen, sexton, bell-ringers, and organ-blowers of St. Mungo present this worthy official with an elegant cane, in admiration of his dignified conduct as a minister of the church, and of his affable benignity as a fellow-servant of the altar.

THE ENGLISH VANDAL.

"The memorials at the Redan have been respected. There is disfiguring writing upon them, but it is *English*."—*Times Correspondent.*

ES, pious hands, on the Redan,
Raised tributes to our brave who fell;
The valiant Russian is a Man,
The Russian guards those tombstones well.
Yet scribblings on the stone you scan,
Who scrawled them, all too plain they tell.
'Tis the vulgar dog of an Englishman,
The scrawling, scribbling Englishman,
Who would scratch his name, for "a bit of a game,"
On the Koh-i-Noor, would the Englishman.
His name's on all statues, all over St. Paul's,
On marble slabs, and on whitewashed walls,
Where scarcely a monkey or school-boy crawls
You'll find the coarse and contemptible scrawls
Of the mischievous ass, the Englishman.
On Pompey's Pillar he makes his sign,
On the Pyramid's top he cuts his line,
On the Crystal Palace's tower so fine,
There is not a rafter that does not shine
With the pencil-lead of the Englishman.
Set him down on a nice new bench,
Two minutes more, with a jerk and a wrench
He's digging the names of himself and his wench;
O, if we could borrow a leaf from the French,
And teach good sense to the Englishman.
The glass of the carriage in which he rides,
The handsome mirror mine host provides,
The window wherever the snob abides,
The humble sign-post his way that guides,
Are scribbled upon by the Englishman.
In Lichfield's aisle lie two little dears,
Young mothers moisten the marble with tears,
The Cunningham-Chantrey Babes,—for years
Appeared thereon, and perchance appears,
The scrabble of many an Englishman.
On the top of the church, in the bathing machine,
On the walls of the Castle that holds his Queen,
On the arch of the cloister damp and green,
On the seat of the pew, there's sure to be seen
The mark of the scrawling Englishman.
And now to the grim Crimea he goes,
And there where the bones of his dead repose
(Honoured by honoured and valiant foes)
He's at it again, and Europe knows
The fellow is—only an Englishman.
Whoever does such a sneaking job
At home or abroad is a rascally Snob,
And whoever may spy him, JULES, WILHELM, or BOB,
Will oblige *Mr. Punch* by punching the nob
Of a coarse and a mischievous Englishman.

VISCOUNT VILLIAMS, while reading that the KING OF OUDE employed his prison hours in writing to his numerous Begums, resolved to ask the Secretary for India next Session, if it was his intention to instruct LORD CANNING to have his Majesty prosecuted for Begummy.

THE STEAM CAT.

THE fast-improving spirit of the age has occasioned an active revival of the wholesome punishment of Flogging in the Army. At Coldbath Fields, and probably at other prisons, there is proceeding a restoration of the same good old discipline. Much mawkish sentiment has been excited by the circumstance, that at Woolwich, the other day, the diseased back of a soldier was lashed with a degree of violence a little too sanguinary. Therefore, lest the Cat should afford a handle to hollow philanthropists, by which they may succeed in wresting it from the control of colonels, and the grasp of drummers and executioners, it is expedient that some means should be provided for regulating the force with which the stripes are applied to the human skin, and the extent to which they lacerate it. For this purpose, an ingenious invention has been submitted to the Horse Guards, in the shape of a Flogging Machine. This clever contrivance is worked by steam, by the power of which the momentum of the lash can be precisely adjusted. At high-pressure, it exerts a quantity of Jack-Ketch power sufficient to lay bare the ribs and dorsal vertebræ of a muscular grenadier at one stroke; but perhaps it will seldom be required to perform this amount of action, at least in the present stage of our civilisation. When less steam is put on, it will, according to the reduction, tear and scratch the back to a depth varying from half an inch to less than a line,—will produce mere wheals, or only a slight redness; and may, indeed, be made to "do its spiriting" so "gently," as simply to cause a pleasing titillation, and to ply the cat with such leniency that its stripes would be just sufficient to whip the dust off an officer's boots. This machine will render the military and civil authorities independent of a soft-hearted executioner, and will save them from the excessive zeal of one whose heart is too much in his work. To the civil prescribers of flagellation this instrument of torture will prove an especial boon, as it will enable them to inflict the exact amount of torment they please on the criminals in their power, instead of the uncertain agony of a whipping obscurely signified by the loose and indefinite terms, "good," "sound," and "severe." One further advantage presented by this interesting application of machinery must not be omitted: it is so constructed that, whilst at work, it may be made to utter a scream like that of the railway-whistle, in which the shrieks of the sufferer under its operation may be drowned if required. This engine of correction has received the warmest approval in a distinguished quarter, in which it has been pronounced a pretty piece of mechanism. Its introduction will mark, if not a new era, at least a return to an old one; and the rack, improved by modern science, will no doubt be re-established soon after the establishment of the Flogging Machine.

SCOTCH PLUSH.

PLAID is commonly considered a fabric peculiar to Scotland; but plaid, as a specially Scotch article, is in danger of being superseded by plush. Here is a pattern of that commodity advertised by a Caledonian contemporary:—

THE PRINCE OF WALES BIBLE.—From an anxiety on the part of some of the best families in Town to procure copies of the above Bible, the Subscriber begs leave to intimate that he has placed sheets in the hands of his Binder, which, he trusts, will be ready by Monday. Meantime, a fac-simile of the Prince's Bible may be seen at the Edinburgh Bible Warehouse, together with a beautiful copy of the Scriptures presented in 1853 to HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT, through the DUKE OF ATHOLE.

PERTINAX M'SYCOPHANT, Proprietor, South Bridge.

Is this not plush of which one might almost be excused for saying *Ne plush ultra?* Truly, here is your plush of the most vivid thunder-and lightning. The sheets in the hands of M'SYCOPHANT'S binder will surely come out of them bound in that material, which will be more suitable to the edition than even the most brilliant red Morocco which might represent it as blushing for its title. Plush without blush is the publisher's proper symbol. Curiously enough, the sacred volume which might have plush for its lids, has already plush of the same colour in its original preface,—plush pieced in there in servile adulation of that "most dread Sovereign," who, by the way, was a Scotch monarch. To the respect of M'SYCOPHANT, and to the reverence of the creatures whom M'SYCOPHANT addresses, the Bible is commended by its association with royalty; and the plain Scriptures are not so precious as those which have been consecrated by having been presented in 1853 to Her MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT, through the DUKE OF ATHOLE.

WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT? is a thought often occurring to literary minds, public characters, and persons of benevolent intentions. An immediate answer to the inquiry naturally occurs also to every sane person, "Much more than it is worth: and I will therefore expend the money, first, in purchasing a complete set of *Punch*, where I shall find all I have to say infinitely better said for me; and, secondly, in increasing my life assurances, by which means I shall leave behind me writings for which my posterity will really be grateful."

THE SEASON AT BADEN.

MR. ROBINSON TAKES A SEAT AT THE ROULETTE TABLE.

MR. ROBINSON IN THE COURSE OF AN HOUR.

MR. ROBINSON HAVING LOST THE WHOLE OF HIS MONEY "À LA ROULETTE," WORKS OUT HIS HOTEL BILL.

VOTER-BOTTLING STOPPERED.

OUR male readers of course know what it is to "bottle" voters. But ladies equally of course can have no knowledge of the process, and should female curiosity impel them to desire it, they may easily inform themselves by reading the Assize reports, which have *faute de news* been overrunning all the papers. They will learn there that the course which is pursued in bottling voters, like as the course of true love, but rarely runneth smoothly. They will read that in one recent case "much violence was resorted to," and that in another "the voter was much bruised." And reading this, their feelings will incline them to agree with us that it is high time at this present that such bottling should be stopped.

We are not Teetotallers, and would never stop a bottle where legitimately pushed. But to bottle up a voter is to push him to extremities, and as this is an infringement of the freedom of the subject, while this is a free country we cannot but complain of it. There is too much body in such bottling to please us, and they who make a trade of it deserve to get their knuckles rapped. Although no friends to bribery, we like it better than coercion. We don't so much object to treating voters to a bottle, but to bottle them up bodily amounts to false imprisonment, which there ought to be most stringent and deterring laws to stop. The lightest punishment awarded for bottling a voter ought to be, to send the bottler for a twelvemonth to the Jug.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, PAPA.

ACCORDING to a conversation which HORACE GREELEY, of the *New York Tribune*, had with the High Priest or Archhumbug of the Mormons, PIO NONO has a formidable Antipope in BRIGHAM YOUNG. BRIGHAM pretends that his Church is not only infallible, but is moreover instructed by direct revelation, through himself of course, so that he is not obliged to wait till an opinion has gained ground and become general among the Mormonites before he ventures to publish it as a new dogma. BRIGHAM is a cock that crows on his own peculiar elevation to precisely the same tune as that of his rival on the Seven Hills. Witness the following portion of his dialogue with H. G.

"H. G.: Then I am to understand that you regard other Churches professing to be Christian as the Church of Rome regards all Churches not in communion with itself—as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?—B. Y.: Yes, substantially."

PIUS says BRIGHAM is not in the way of salvation, and BRIGHAM says that PIUS is out of it. What is this more than "Cockadoodledoo!" on the one side and on the other? Only the Yankee cock crows higher than the Italian one. The POPE of Utah, moreover, has much more reason in some of his apostolical versions and renderings than the POPE of Rome. For example:—

"H. G.: Does not the Apostle PAUL say that a Bishop should be 'the husband of one wife?'—B. Y.: So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as fitted for the office of Bishop. But the Apostle does not forbid a Bishop having more wives than one."

A Bishop, says the text, as enlarged by POPE BRIGHAM, should be the husband of one wife *at least*. As retrenched by the other POPE, it is consistent with a canon which makes one wife for a Bishop one too many. Is not the Antipope's addition to the plain words of the precept a little more reasonable than the POPE's subtraction from them?

THE DISTURBANCES IN THE EASTERN CHURCH.

WE are sorry to find that the Eastern Church, namely, St. George's in the East, has become infected with the same follies and superstitions as those which have hitherto been limited to the Western Churches, particularly St. Barnabas's and St. Paul's. Clergymen officiate in the Eastern Church attired in the very height of Puseyite fashion, wearing vestments of gay and gaudy colours; green for example, and, for aught we know, *mauve*. They also give themselves the same ridiculous airs and graces as their brethren, we might almost say their sisters, in the Churches of the West. As in the West so in the East, these innovations have excited great tumults among the laity, attended with manifestations of an iconoclastic spirit, which reverend gents who think fit to make images, figures, or Guys of themselves had better beware of.

The Italian Snowball.

ROLL the Snowball, roll;
'Twill gather strength in going.
The Tyrants of the Soul
And Body overthrowing
In each Italian state:
'Twill gain and gain in weight,
Till grown an Avalanche; to topple down,
And crush the Triple Crown.

"THE INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE."—The one of which LORD PALMERSTON is the Bottle holder.

DR. PETTIGREW'S MOTTO.—"Crescit amor *Mummy*."

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SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OUR EXCELLENT FRIEND, MR. BRIGGS, ALWAYS SHOOTS NOW IN KNICKERBOCKERS, AND DECLARES THEY ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE THINGS POSSIBLE; AND SO THEY ARE.

PUNCH'S IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON *to* LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

"MY DEAR JOHN, "*Broadlands, Sept.* 19.

"HAVING a little time upon my hands, I cannot, I think, do better than fulfil an intention which I have for some time entertained, and address to you a few words of advice, which I am as sure that you need as that you will take it in good part. Our long intimacy, the similarity and intensity of our political convictions, besides my having a year or two's advantage (as it is amusingly called) over you in age, will be my excuse for this course, if any excuse be needed.

"With the sanction of my Sovereign, my dear JOHN, I have placed you in a situation of great responsibility. It is a situation which I myself filled for many years, and history, rather than myself, shall say how. I assure you, my dear JOHN, that it will give me the most sincere pleasure to recognise in you a worthy successor to myself; and that I may have, in the afternoon of life, that gratification, is one of the main reasons, and possibly a selfish one, for my now taking you in hand.

"My task would be an easier one, my dear JOHN, but for your extreme ignorance. Do not recoil at the word, or, as you sit in your library glance indignantly round at books, most of them larger than yourself, which you have laboriously read, sedulously analysed, and disgracefully disfigured with your profound marginal notes. I will do you no injustice. I believe that the Oxford Examiners would do you some did they pluck you for shortcomings in history. I am sure that you know perfectly well that MAXIMILIAN THE SECOND, of Germany, married the daughter of the EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH, that LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH declared the Gallican Church independent in 1682, that LORD CHATHAM, as MR. PITT, supported the Broad Bottom Ministry, and that MR. WILBERFORCE'S Bill for abolishing the Slave Trade was rejected by the House of Lords in 1804. Pray, my dear JOHN, do not suppose that I accuse you of being ignorant of knowing myriads of things the knowledge of which is entirely useless. I should be most reluctant to put myself in the position of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green with you, and drop my fact and date (as he dropped money against his daughter's lovers) against your fact and date. I should be bankrupt in no time.

"But, my dear JOHN, your ignorance is of another and more serious kind. You do not know men, and what is of more consequence, you do not know women. You really amuse me (or would do so if I could be amused at the misfortunes of my beloved country) when I see you in society attempting to gain the confidence of the former, or the goodwill of the latter. Believe me, my dear JOHN, no highly virtuous youth from a Dissenting College, with DWIGHT'S *Theology* on his table as his prize for an Essay on Predestination, could be more convinced that he was the eighth wonder of the world, or more certain to be at the best a wonder whose extinguishment the proverb fixes at the ninth day. I wish, my dear JOHN, that I could make you a man of the world.

"Let me instance, for a moment, a case or two in point, and you will forgive me when you observe how intently and affectionately I must have watched you. At a party at your own house a few evenings before the termination of the Session, you may remember that D'AZEGLIO came up to you, and after a grimace or so, which you did not very happily imitate, he asked you whether you had sent off a certain despatch. What he wanted to know, of course, was whether I had seen it, and you naturally wished him to think I had not. What was your foolish answer? '*Un bon cheval n'a pas besoin d'éperon,*' with a half-toss of your head. He did not want to spur you, he wanted to know a fact, and your pert little answer was not evasive, only characteristic. Why did you not say point blank that you *had* sent it. You know quite well that you had not, so no harm could have been done. Why not, my dear JOHN, be frank and natural? Those dusty little sayings which you hoard up, because you can pronounce them glibly, are really out of date.

"Well, then, at LADY PALMERSTON'S assembly, the next night, a lady asked you a question about the Villafranca treaty. It was a silly question, and intended to be, but it was not sillily put, nor is the asker a silly woman. She had no business to ask it, when has a woman any business to ask the things she does? But she certainly got a sillier answer, and it was intended for a wise one. You must out with another of your proverbs, '*Une femme ne cèle que ce qu'elle ne sait pas.*' My dear JOHN, it was very pedantic and almost rude. Why on earth did you not explain to the woman confidentially anything that came into your head, and send her away pleased with your confidence, and utterly mystified? As it is, wait till you want her to keep young GABBLETON in town for a division.

"Now, my dear JOHN, consider what I have said, and in your dealings with the world try to be a little more a man of the world. You have industry, and patience, and a certain amount of brains, which in the brother of the DUKE OF B. may be called talent, and you might do a good deal for yourself if you would not be old-fashioned and pedantic, and would have a little more *bonhommie*—there's a French word for you as a sugarplum to sweeten the bitters.

"I need hardly caution you to keep this letter to yourself, and burn it when read.

"Always, my dear JOHN,

"Yours, faithfully,

"*The* LORD JOHN RUSSELL." "PALMERSTON."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL *to* VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

"MY DEAR LORD, "*Richmond, Sept.* 20.

"I AM favoured with your Lordship's letter dated the 19th instant, but received this morning, at 11 A.M.

"That the Prime Minister of England has time 'upon his hands' is a circumstance which may be differently interpreted by those who form different opinions of the individual holding that office. I am unaware that MR. FOX or my LORD MELBOURNE ever complained of having too much time for the business of the country.

"Waiving the other points in your Lordship's introductory paragraph, and especially the reference to the intensity of political convictions on the part of a Minister whose earnest devotion to Reform actually makes him tremble to approach it, I would observe that I believe your Lordship was born in 1784, and that my natal year was 1792. Your Lordship is pleased to compliment me on a certain acquaintance with dates, and it is due to myself to show that the credit is not entirely undeserved.

"Your Lordship will be good enough to receive my protest against the assumption that you placed me anywhere. I have, in my time, had most reluctantly to place your Lordship outside a Cabinet, but I cannot admit that you have been in a condition to place me in one. In the arrangement into which I entered from a sense of duty to my country, and for the purpose of removing my LORD DERBY from office, the choice of place was my own, and I should have selected the Premiership, but for feeling that the Foreign Office required more statesmanship than the nominal headship of the Government. To the implied and scarcely decent allusion to the Sovereign, it may suffice for me to remind your Lordship of a certain castigation procured by me for a Minister who neglected the trifling formality of acquainting his QUEEN with the contents of his foreign despatches.

"Passing over a variety of phrases which would be impertinent in an individual less accustomed to substitute impertinence for pleasantry, I would simply remark, that your Lordship's successes in this world by no means justify your adopting a dictatorial line. I could find in the books, to which you make taunting allusion, more profitable reading than the study of your Lordship's career, but I do not think I should detect in one of them an instance of an individual assuming to be a statesman, and at the close of a long career of alternated hollow triumph and helpless tumble, preaching Insincerity as the leading article of his political faith.

"I shall not enter into detail, my dear Lord, or vindicate myself for what it suited me to say in well-watched conversations in your drawing-room or my own. I am content to be charged with not knowing men by one who does not even know himself, and mistakes himself for a statesman; and as to knowing women, I deprecate the levity which would sanction a woman's presuming to meddle with matters beyond the sphere which Providence has assigned to her."

"While it is necessary for me to maintain the PALMERSTON Cabinet by retaining the Foreign Office, I shall administer that department in conformity with the principles to which I have ever adhered, principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne of these realms, and will, I trust, long retain it there, in spite of the dangerous intrigues of sciolists, and the reprehensible flippancy of octogenarians.

"That I may not seem ungrateful for your Lordship's kind advice, I will venture to return it by strongly recommending that instead of interfering with my business, your Lordship should mind your own.

"With kindest wishes for your Lordship's health (the evenings are cold and damp) believe me,

"My dear Lord,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"*The* LORD PALMERSTON." "JOHN RUSSELL."

* This last sentence of all seems to have been interpolated hastily, and as if the letter, after being approved by another eye than the writer's, had been re-opened.

CHIVALRY IN EXCELSIS.

THE man who would refuse to stretch forth his hand—and so forth. When did *Mr. Punch* ever decline to help a lady who wanted anything? The persevering way in which the doings of his friend "MRS. JONES of Plateglass" are perpetually brought before the excited world really deserves all the co-operation he can afford. Whether he entirely shares the Plateglass idea that the universe watches the Plateglass movements as astronomers watch comets, or LORD JOHN PALMERSTON, is beside the question. *Mr. Punch* is far too chivalrous to be particular. He had not read any announcement about Plateglass for at least three weeks, when he suddenly lighted upon a statement in a Welsh paper that "MRS. JONES of Plateglass, whose carriage was recently upset, has recovered from the effects of the accident." The paragraph does not say whether the lady was *in* the carriage; but, presuming that such were the case, and that all is well (had he an idea that all were not so, of course he would split up his pen into Welsh consonants sooner than joke on the matter) he proceeds at once to promote the desired publicity and to offer his gallant homage to the lady, thus:—

"MRS. JONES of Plateglass,
Going over a pass,
Was upset, her postilion most likely an ass:
But since the Welsh stones
Have demolished no bones,
Punch begs to congratulate dear MRS. JONES."

The Laureate Abroad and at Home.

ALFRED TENNYSON has just returned from a visit to Lisbon. Curiosity having been expressed about the motive of his voyage, *Mr. Punch* is authorised to state, that it was *not* for the purpose of adding a sprig of Portugal laurel to his English garland. Had the visit been to Spain instead of Portugal, one might have supposed it connected with a performance on the LAUREATE'S official instrument,—the sack-butt.

CON. FOR A COCKNEY.

WHY is the extra Income-Tax like a Whirlpool?
Because it 's a vortex. (*War-tax.*)

LOOK TO YOUR GOLD DIGGINGS.

A VOICE from Backworth, Victoria, the voice of a British subject, cries—

"I am one of 200,000 men who live in one of England's colonies; we each, upon an average, export close upon £100 sterling, the greater part to the mother country. . . . We can muster something like 10,000 weapons, muskets, rifles, &c.; as to ammunition, we have no powder unless it is for blasting purposes. . . . In our chief towns we have movable property worth £20,000,000, houses, gardens, &c., that have cost us twice as much, but we are so ill-protected that 1,000 men, similar to Englishmen, could levy £5,000,000 from us as a ransom, or could do our property damage to the extent of £70,000,000. Besides which, there is shipping and property of England always in Hobson's Bay to the extent of millions."

Is there any occasion to quote more of this sort of thing? Isn't it obviously the preface to a demand for a vote of an enormous sum to provide a fleet, an army, and fortifications for the defence of Melbourne? There is necessity for a little further quotation, as the conclusion to the foregoing statement is not what previous experience would lead any one to anticipate:—

"We do not wish to beg—what we need we can pay for. All we ask from the home Government is, say, 50,000 or 100,000 rifles, with bayonets and ammunition. Your War Minister may draw upon us for the amount. We will not dishonour his draft. You should send out, say, three heavy-armed gun or dispatch steam vessels. You often send more where they are less needed."

This appeal will of course be attended to as soon as Parliament meets, unless Parliament is saved that trouble, which it might be, easily. Why should not an association of enterprising capitalists forthwith supply the Melbourne people with all the arms and ammunition they want? Their demand for weapons and gunpowder might speedily be met by a joint-stock company, of limited, and very limited, liability, since the customers would be sure pay, and, being in urgent want of the desired articles, would doubtless give a good price for them. Their want is pressing. Are there no Filibusters in America, and elsewhere? Russia is in want of a loan: suppose she were to go in a man-of-war or two, and borrow money of Australia, on her own terms? The French Colonels have never yet thought of sacking Melbourne—the enterprise would be more profitable and less difficult than a similar attempt upon London, where, though they might grab considerable booty, they might not be able ultimately to get off with it. Australia has now no protection from the Colonels, but the moderation of the EMPEROR, and sea-sickness, which would perhaps forbid their voyage to the Antipodes,—because, in the present state of our own national defences, it is the principal obstacle to their crossing the Channel.

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS THAT WANTS CORRECTING.

WE extract the following advertisement from the *Athenæum*:—

REPORTER WANTED.—WANTED, on a Newspaper in a small Town in the West of England, a REPORTER and READER, who would be also required to keep the Accounts, and attend to the publishing of the paper. One practically acquainted with Printing indispensable. Address, &c. &c.

We wonder what the salary would be of the above rarity that is wanted. It ought to be something stupendously large, for we notice that the reporter is expected to do the work of no less than five separate individuals. He must be reporter, reader, accountant, publisher, and something of a printer. The remuneration ought to be correspondingly comprehensive. Our only wonder is, that the list of required qualifications stopped so short as it has done. It might with equal justice and good taste have been extended much further. Why have not laid it down that no one need apply who could not clean the windows, sweep out the shop, put the children to bed, drive a donkey-cart to market, and make himself generally useful when company came to dinner? Something might, also, have been said about wearing a livery, and following behind the family, and carrying the prayer-books, when it went in grand parade to church on Sundays. The reporter on a provincial paper is sadly to be pitied. He is expected to know something of everything, and to do a little of everything. Occasionally he walks in the course of the day as much as a postman. He must be ready at a moment's notice to run into the country some five or ten miles, to attend a coroner's inquest, or to pay court for days to the chief constable of some distant district, in order to pick up some exclusive information about a recently apprehended murderer. He must sacrifice his time, his rest, his meals, his tastes—everything to his employer. As for sleep, he must sleep where he can, and at what hours he can. So long as the steam-engine is panting for "copy," he must not think of closing his eyes. The provincial reporter occupies on the press, pretty much the same position as a governess holds in society. He is equally hard-worked, and not much better paid. We should like to put, for a short time, the proprietor of the above "newspaper in a small town in the West of England" to do what he modestly demands of the encyclopediac reporter he is in search of, and we will warrant that, after a week's hard fagging at it, he would willingly purchase his release by exchanging places with his maid-of-all-work.

PENAL SHIRT-MAKING.

CAN anyone have forgotten the *Song of the Shirt*, which—as everybody should know—was first printed in these columns? Here is a case to bring that canticle to mind; a case brought the other day before the Hammersmith Police Court:—

"EMILY DAWES, an attenuated and sickly-looking woman, living at Key's Terrace, Hammersmith, was placed in the dock before MR. PAYNTER charged with illegally pawning several soldiers' shirts which had been given to her to make up.

"MR. MARTIN said he appeared on behalf of the prosecutor, who was the sub-contractor for the making of military clothing under the contractor to the Government, and he did so with great pain, as he believed the offence had been committed through the paltry pittance which was allowed for making up of shirts for soldiers and sailors. His client received 5*s.* 6*d.* a dozen for the making of the shirts, and he employed women, who worked at them for 4*s.* 6*d.* a dozen, so that he had only a profit of 1*s.* a dozen. During the last few weeks his client had lost 20 dozen of shirts which had been given him to be made up, and according to his contract he was compelled to make them all good. He was therefore obliged, although reluctantly, to press the charge against the prisoner."

A profit of "only" one shilling on an outlay of four and sixpence, is at the rate of more than 25 per cent. Tradespeople whose business brings them "only" this per-centage, can afford to lose a part of it by the pilferings and losses which are and ever will be incidental to such trades. We therefore cannot pump much pity up for any sub-contractor who may chance to have been robbed of twenty dozen of his shirts. The sympathy we feel is for the victims of this system of sub-sub-sub-contracting, which so "sicklies" and "attenuates" the poor folk who do the work. As the Magistrate remarked:—

"These contracts often passed through many more hands than MR. MARTIN had mentioned in this case. He then asked if the women had to find their own thread in making up the shirts at 4*s.* 6*d.* a dozen.

"MR. MARTIN said they had. He also said that the shirts were made for the Government at 1*s.* 10*d.* each."

The thread which women have to find, when making shirts at the starvation price of four-and-sixpence per dozen, is not alone the thread which the linen-draper sells them. Life hangs by a thread, and 'tis the thread of their own lives which they so often quite use up, or cut short in the process. But it is no good talking sentiment. The question is if something can't be done, and that at once, to stop the strain upon this thread which in so many sickled shirt-stitchers is so fast wearing out. On this point hear a man who is entitled to a hearing;—

"MR. PAYNTER said it was a melancholy case, and he was afraid there was no cure for it. They could not think of regulating the labour market to prevent what was called 'sweating,' but he thought the public would be much benefitted if that kind of work was made up in prisons. It was the right employment, and succeeded very well in the German prisons and the other parts of the Continent. He had pressed those views upon the authorities, but they met with strong objections. He sentenced the prisoner to pay 1*s.* 10*d.*, the value of the shirt, and a fine of 20*s.*, or 14 days' imprisonment.

"The prisoner was locked up in default."

What the "strong objections" were, we are curious to know. Very possibly the knowledge might convince us of their strength; but we own that in our ignorance we think that penal shirtmaking would prove a most effective and deterring form of punishment. We cannot help opining that our gaols would be less popular, were our criminals to be sentenced to learn sowing and make shirts; being dieted the while with the same amount of food as our poor starving sempstresses are able to afford themselves. Perhaps this might not wholly "cure," but it would certainly, we think, reduce the sweating system; which the Government should do its best to throw cold water on, instead of fostering and fomenting, as seems now to be the case. Penal shirt-making would be more useful work than crank-turning; and if worthy MR. PAYNTER'S views were rightly carried out, our soldiers would no longer be of those of whom 'tis said—

> "It is not linen you're wearing out,
> But human creatures' lives."

PRETTY PIGS.

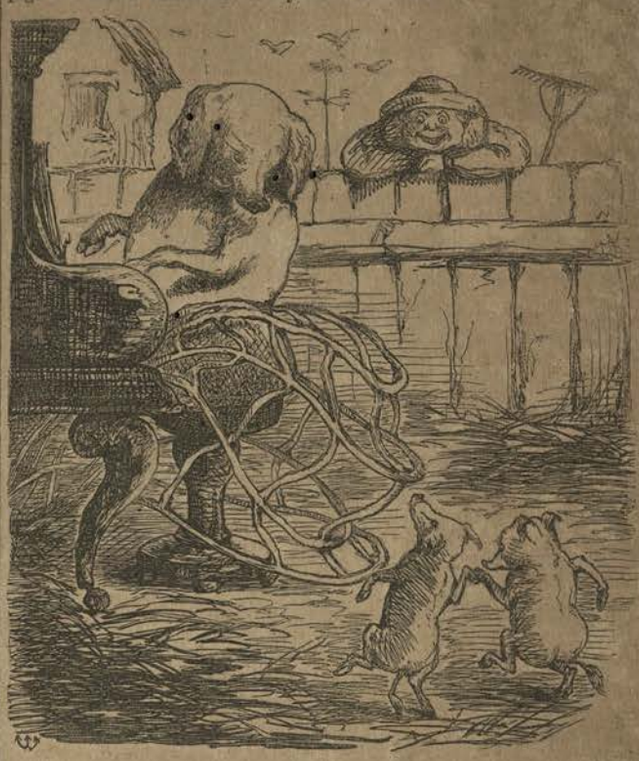
"MR. PUNCH,

"IF you'll look into the *Builder* o' last wake, you'll vind there's an interestun article in un about 'Pigs' and 'Whistles.' A chap, one MR. H. N. SEALEY, as zims to be a cleverish zort of a feller, read a peaper tother day at a meetin' o' the Zummerzet Harkalogical 'Ziety on the word Pig. Well,—there, 'tis too much of a preamble to quoat the hole; but the long and short on't is, that 'Whistle' manes 'Wassail,' and that 'Pig's' short for 'Piga,' which is Hangler-Zaxon for a maaid. I never knowed afore that Pig and Gal was zo near akin. Well, there, they be boath on 'em good creturs in their proper places,—which is raather different, I'll allow; and then there's another difference 'tween a zow and a young ooman, which I s'pose I needn't hardly pint out to you,—that is to say, the more score a zow is the better; but, as for the tother, one score is enough for she, and if so be they runs to as much as a score and a half, 'tis a thousand pities but what they bides there. Zo a good many on 'em do, if you can take their word for it,—stops short at that pint by their own account, never gits beyond it, and don't ha' no more birthdays arter that. Yet there be them as mounts up to as many as dree score and ten,—ah! and vower score, and zum even owns to't; but by that time, and long afore, they sases to be Pigs, takun Pig as another word for a gal, unless you may call a old gal a old Pig, and I wishes un joy, whoever has got to keep sitch pigs as they.

"I be, *Mr. Punch*, your obajent sarvant to command,

"*Washbourne, Sept.*, 1859. "SOLOMON CHAW."

"P.S. Now I thinks on't, gals is remarkibul for screemun and squallun. 'Tis curious, that pigs is celebrated fur squeakun, which is music in the same key. Old wimmun, on t'other hand, is likewise uncommon apt to grunt. P'raps these here facts explains why 'tis that pigs is a sart o' neamsakes to faymale Christians."



THE FRENZIED FRIENDS! A TALE OF TERROR!

SAID SMITH to SNOOKS, "My SNOOKS, what makes you look so serious?"

Said SNOOKS to SMITH, "My friend, I have a silent sorrow *here*,"—giving a big thump upon his well filled waistcoat.

"A sorrow? and you silent? Pooh, pooh, don't be foolish. 'Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,' goes and bursts its boiler, or does something quite as dreadful. Come, tell me what 's the matter. Say. Has ANGELINA flirted? Have you been and dropped your door-key? Have you done a little bill, and has the bill returned the compliment? Has your uncle CRŒSUS cut you? Have you smashed your favourite cutty? Have you been drinking some Catawba? Have you got the stomach-ache? Have you ——"

"Peace, friend, and I will tell you," sighed the wretched SNOOKS. "A far worse fate than these is that which hath befallen me. Know that I this morning have met the miscreant JONES, and he hath as usual asked me a—c—co—"

"Speak, wretched one!" gasped SMITH. "Say, was it a conundrum?"

"Alas, yes!" groaned the other. "An unutterable conundrum; one that would have palsied any lips but JONES'S; one that like a poison-shaft still rankles in my breast, and grieves me to the heart's core to reflect on man's depravity."

"Out with it then, my SNOOKS. 'Twill ease your mind to tell it me. I am robust in health. You need not fear my fainting."

Moved by his friend's appeal, poor SNOOKS, in a low voice, made this terrific revelation:—

"*Why is the* EARL OF SHAFTESBURY *not unlike* NANA SAHIB?"

"*Because he is a person who is vile and tropical.*"

A pause of just ten minutes and three seconds for reflection.

"Well, where's the joke?" gasped SMITH.

"There, I knew you wouldn't see it. I can't tell jokes as JONES can. Would you believe it, my dear boy, the wretch pronounced those three last words so as to sound like '*philanthropical!*'"

Whipper. "DOOCED NICE PLACE, THIS—ONLY ONE CAN'T SPEAK TO A GAL WITHOUT IT'S BEING REPORTED YOU'RE ENGAGED TO HER."
Snapper. "HAH! I TOOK THE PRECAUTION TO GIVE OUT WHEN I FIRST CAME THAT I WASN'T A MARRYIN' MAN!"

A PRINCE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

HOW dear little WALES—
sure the saddest of tales,
Is the tale of the studies
with which they are cram-
ming thee;
In thy tuckers and bibs,
handed over to GIBBS,
Who for eight years with
solid instruction was
ramming thee.

Then, to fill any nook GIBBS
had chanced to o'erlook,
In those poor little brains,
sick of learned palaver,
When thou 'dst fain rolled
in clover, they handed
thee over,
To the prim pedagogic pro-
tection of TARVER.

In Edinburgh next, thy
poor noddle perplext,
The gauntlet must run of
each science and study;
Till the mixed streams of knowledge, turned on by the College,
Through the field of thy boy-brains run shallow and muddy.

To the South from the North—from the shores of the Forth,
Where at hands Presbyterian pure science is quaffed—
The Prince, in a trice, is whipped off to the Isis,
Where Oxford keeps springs mediæval on draught.

Dipped in grey Oxford mixture (lest *that* prove a fixture),
The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox Cam:
Where dynamics and statics, and pure mathematics,
Will be piled on his brain's awful cargo of "cram."

Where next the boy *may* go to swell the farrago,
We haven't yet heard, but the Palace they're plotting in:
To Berlin, Jena, Bonn, he'll no doubt be passed on,
And drop in, for a finishing touch, p'raps, at Gottingen.

'Gainst indulging the passion for this high-pressure fashion
Of Prince-training, *Punch* would uplift loyal warning;
Locomotives we see, over-stoked soon may be,
Till the supersteamed boiler blows up some fine morning.

The *Great Eastern's* disaster should teach us to master
Our passion for pace, lest the mind's water-jacket
—Steam for exit fierce panting, and safety-valves wanting—
Should explode round the brain, of a sudden, and crack it.

LIFE IS A MYSTERY.

THE following is beyond all number the most extraordinary phenomenon we ever read:—Six ladies were enjoying themselves over the tea-table at Rotherham, and, by way of amusement, they began confiding to each other in secret how old they were; and it was found that their united ages amounted to one hundred and twenty-five years. The most singular thing, however, is, that the daughters of these six ladies—and each lady had one—were in the next room, trying over the last new Polka; and, upon calculating their united ages, the result revealed the astounding fact that, though not yet married, still they were older than their Mammas by seven years, eleven months, and fourteen days! The mystery is still unexplained; and yet we should be loth to accuse the young ladies, for the purpose of gaining a victory of no moment whatever, of having made themselves out to be older than they really were.

One-Sided Constructions.

MANY of us, too many of us, are apt to attribute a bad motive to a good action; but few of us, when a poor devil has been guilty of a bad action, ever think of attributing a good motive to it.

THE NEW ALLIANCE.

EMP. LOUIS NAPOLEON TO MR. BULL. "IS IT NOT LUCKY, MY DEAREST FRIEND, THAT WE HAVE BOTH BEEN GETTING OUR GUNS INTO SUCH GOOD ORDER?"

"A FOOL AND HIS LUGGAGE."

A TALE OF THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

S Thursday, dear *Punch*,
you will please to remember
Is the day of St. Partridge
—the first of September,
We expect you on Wednesday to tiffin:
Bring your best double gun
and your own shooting-traps,
You will find a small party
—the right sort of chaps.
Believe me, yours truly,
A. BIFFIN."

Such the letter ('twas dated
from somewhere near Lynn)
Set me off in a cab, the express train to win,
Full drive to the Bishopsgate Station.
The famed Eastern Counties
—that theme of abuse—
Famed for cooking its own and its passengers' goose,
Beyond any line in the nation.

I paid double cab-fare; so fierce was my haste;
But the station once reached I repented the waste.
Eastern Counties expresses don't hurry.
There was pushing and rushing and struggling and bustling,
Crushing toes, barking shins, Porters heaving and hustling—
And shouting, and swearing, and scurry.

Leather gun-cases rattled about one by scores,
Coupled pointers seemed jammed up in all of the doors,
In a chaos of muzzles and tails.
'Twas ten minutes past time, but serene o'er the riot,
All reckless of *Bradshaw*, in dignified quiet,
The Engine stood calm on the rails.

They seized on my luggage, they gave me no ticket,
When I asked, I was thrust through a strait platform-wicket,
And hustled up into a seat.
And I inwardly murmured, 'twixt sulking and stun,
"Your will, Eastern Counties Directors, be done,"
When—oh joy—'tis the Engine's quick beat!

On, through Stratford and Waltham and Broxbourne and all,
As but Eastern Counties expresses can crawl,
Through flat Essex, as flatly, we glide:
Stopping, where no express but an Eastern would stop,
Where there's no one to take up and no one to drop,
And in Cambridge at length we subside.

And there was the *scena* of Shoreditch again—
The row and the riot—the struggle and strain—
The push, and the press, and the pull.
Breathless haste, where of calm and good order was need,
And slowness, where passengers fretted for speed—
Great cry and—alas!—little wool.

So to Ely and last—fifty minutes o'er due,—
Patient pilgrims, to Lynn's ancient city we drew—
With delight from my carriage I tear.
Quick! my gun-case—my bag—or, as I am a sinner,
I shan't get to BIFFINS in time for their dinner—
NOR MY BAG, NOR MY GUN-CASE WERE THERE!

* * * * * * * *

My pet double Moore, that I longed to display
Dropping birds, right and left, on St. Partridge, his day;
Shooting coat—that 'twas pleasure to wear;
Shooting trousers, impervious to wet or to whin;
Shooting boots, old and easy, yet fitting like skin—
All—all—far away—who knows where!

I bullied—I blustered—entreated, cajoled—
Eastern Counties officials are cruel and cold,
All the more as their victims are hot—
"P'r'aps my things were at Norwich—or Wisbeach," they said,
"Or at Bury, or Yarmouth, or Lowestoff, instead:"
But at Lynn it was clear they were not.

"Why make such a fuss? Things were frequently lost!
Luggage *would* get mislaid, when so many lines crost—"
They 'd telegraph for it—of course.
"Perhaps I might get it in course of to-morrow,
P'r'aps a week or a month hence," meanwhile—I might borrow.
"Only clothes—it was well 'twas no worse."

Why pursue the sad tale? All the time of my stay,
My gun-case and bag—were still far, far, away—
By my friends I was rigged for the sport.
Need I say that my gun was a bad second-best,
How tight were the trousers—how baggy the vest,
And the boots—oh, how cruelly short!

But if, in the stubbles, I looked like a Guy,
'Twas still worse, when the dinner-bell sounded, and I,
In borrowed plumes had to appear—
Dress boots, never-mention-ems, waistcoat and coat,—
By charity rigged from my toes to my throat—
Need I say that my pangs were severe!

My pleasure was poisoned—ere three days were o'er,
I was fretting and fuming to Shoreditch once more,
To the lost-luggage-office I rushed—
Quoth the bland office-keeper, "Your things, Sir, are here,
At Bury they 've been, though how, isn't so clear."
I gazed—BUT THE MAN NEVER BLUSHED!

ENGLISHMEN AND ENGLISH.

WHY cannot plain Englishmen take the pains to write plain English? This is not a riddle, reader. It is to us a painful question, and by no means one to laugh at. We cannot ourselves answer it, and we know nobody who can, and that is one chief reason why, to ease our minds, we print it. Every reader will of course oblige us with his views about it, and if our mind be not enriched, our waste-paper store at least will be. We repeat, then,

Why cannot plain Englishmen take the pains to write plain English?

Every day we find fresh cause to pop this most momentous question. Dip into any column of advertisements we will, we are sure at the first plunge to bring up some new reason for it. Here for instance is a specimen fished from a shipping journal, which will serve as illustration of the truth of what we state. With the exception of the names, for which we only are responsible, the extract runs—or halts, rather—*verbatim* thus:—

"TO SHIPPERS AND MERCHANTS IN GENERAL.

"LINDLEY, MURRAY, & Co., General Agents, London, would say that, in every description of Scotch, Woollen, Cotton and Linen manufacturers, as well as Manchester and Leeds goods, they can be supplied as well, as quickly, and with as much satisfaction in every respect—more satisfaction, as L. M. & Co. are always on the spot, and undertake nothing which they cannot perform with despatch, as it is possible to do.

"All communications promptly attended to in person or by letter."

L. M. & Co. would clearly, we should say, be something more than "general agents," if what they tell us of their business were true: which it is not. We speak flatly on this point, for we wish not to speak sharply; and we doubt not that L. M. & Co. would prefer to be accused of stating an untruth, than to be charged with what amounts to a grave criminal offence. England is not a slave state; "manufacturers" are not here articles of merchandise, and it is therefore wrong to class them with "Manchester and Leeds goods." When L. M. & Co. assert that they can deal in "manufacturers," they accuse themselves of what in fact amounts to body-snatching; for no live manufacturer by law is saleable in England, whatever chance of purchase there may be for a dead one.

Were we not persuaded that L. M. & Co. are stating an untruth, we should certainly reveal their real names to the police; for not only is their trade, by their own showing, an illegal one, but they lead us to infer that others are engaged in it. Their phrases of comparison can but be construed to mean this: and the puzzling incompleteness of their "*ases*" and their "more" we attribute to the startling nature of their statement, which was enough to frighten grammar clean out of their heads.

A Slight Misprint.

"The German smokers are, it appears, in an ecstacy of delight in consequence of a report that PROFESSOR LIEBIG has discovered a mode of imparting to ordinary tobacco the perfume and flavour of the finest Havannah. It is said that the most experienced *connoisseurs* have been put to the test, and have smoked the prepared tobacco in the belief that it was the finest Cuban."—*Morning Paper.*

MR. PUNCH is compelled to record his *à priori* conviction, that this discovery is attributed to the wrong Professor. It was made not by LIEBIG, but by BIG-LIE.

Angelina (entering the sanctum suddenly). "*See, Charles—look at dear Baby in her new sea-side dress.*" [Startling, but unexpected effect on CHARLES.

ITALY'S PARTIAL SUCCESSES.

(*A Song from the Moniteur.*)

CONFOUND you Italians! myself, you rascalions,
Your conduct extremely distresses,
Great objects unheeding—these hence not succeeding—
You seek little partial successes.

Successes so little, that we gain no tittle,
My policy all in a mess is,
Because you derange it, and force me to change it,
By those little partial successes.

I feel an objection to that wrong direction
In which your new freedom progresses:
Your Princes expelling, and thus by rebelling,
You win little partial successes.

I had for you other designs which you bother—
In short, what I wish to impress is,
My end whilst I'm bent on, your own you're intent on—
All those little partial successes.

French Idiosyncrasy.

A FRENCH Paper boasts that France of all nations, is the only one that goes to war for an idea. England at any rate, fights no more on that account. She is not such an idiot.

OUR CHINESE MISSIONS.

WE shall never succeed in the attempt to Christianise those Chinese barbarians, unless we contrive to get somewhat higher than to Cant—on.

A SMALL POPE PIUS.

WE read in the Papers that a few days ago there appeared before MR. LONG, at Marylebone, a Roman Catholic priest, named ROBERT SMITH, "attached to the Roman Catholic Chapel, Kentish Town," charged with an assault upon a child named JOHN COX. The evidence was as follows:—

"JOHN NORWOOD, residing near the chapel, said that on Sunday evening he saw several children, among whom was the complainant, at the door of the chapel, who were knocking at the door. The defendant came out, upon which the children ran away. They were followed by the defendant, who upon coming up to the complainant struck him with his hand, when he fell. While complainant was on the ground he was struck by the defendant three or four times. When he got up his mouth seemed full of blood and his cheek was grazed.

"In answer to the defendant, he said he had no stick.

"MARY COX, complainant's mother, stated that her son was four years and five months old. She fetched him from the chapel, when she found his mouth, nose, and cheek bleeding.

"The defendant stated that he did not knock the complainant down, and that he all while he was running away.

"Defendant was fined 10*s*., which was paid."

The REVEREND ROBERT SMITH appears to have been so very much "attached," as the reporter says, to his chapel, he could not bear its door to receive a knock from the hand of a child. Little children are evidently not suffered to come to that temple. The REVEREND ROBERT SMITH defended himself, and stated that he did not knock the complainant down. Probably this was true, the hurry of a child of four years old to get out of the way of a full grown and furious clergyman being quite enough to cause it to tumble, and we should be sorry to see a minister of religion unjustly accused. But the REVEREND ROBERT SMITH had nothing to say, according to the report, to the charge of beating little JOHNNY COX when he was down, or, if he did say anything on the point, the Magistrate did not believe the REVEREND ROBERT, and mulcted him in ten of his namesakes. It will doubtless be a lesson to his Reverence, but *Father Punch*, in addition, hereby prescribes to the sinner, for his soul's health, to say nineteen *Paternosters* every morning before breakfast for a week, and while doing so, to meditate upon the meaning of the words (if he understands Latin), and consider whether frightening babies till they fall down and make their faces bleed, and wopping them when down, is a proceeding exactly in accordance with the spirit and teaching of the orison he is repeating.

But, *culpa nostra!* The REVEREND ROBERT will have a triumphant answer for impertinent heretics. Who is *Mr. Punch?* Is he to dictate to the clergy? Let the profane party mind his own business. Is not the REVEREND MR. SMITH simply imitating the head of his own church, His Holiness POPE PERUGIA? Of a surety he is. Were not the poor little Perugians knocking, in a small but possibly troublesome way at the door of the Vatican, begging for liberty. And what did the POPE to his children? Why, even as did the REVEREND ROBERT SMITH to the children of Kentish Town. Rushing forth frantically in the form of a Swiss Guard, he, POPE PERUGIA, stabbed, shot, and slaughtered his troublesome children by way of a lesson in holy living and dying. Nay, the REVEREND SMITH smote a child of the ripe age of four years, but the REVEREND PIUS caused an actual baby in arms to be killed, because it had been decorated with a cockade of a colour misliked at Rome. The Kentish Town priest is not equal to his Master.

SMITH is fined Ten Shillings. PIUS is not yet in custody. But there is good hope that ere long the Italian culprit will be fined a Crown.

DUET FOR DOON.

"LORD DERBY is so indignant at the concealment, by his tenants in Doon, of the well-known murderer of MR. CROWE, that his Lordship has given orders to evict them all."—*Irish Paper.*

DERBY.

YE banks and braes of bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair,
How can you Irish turn a tune
While you conceal a murderer there?
I 'll break it up, that rascal gang,
That screens the man who lurks to slay;
And if the scoundrel does not hang,
By George, I 'll clear you all away.

PUNCH.

All social lessons, good my Lord,
Must be the patient work of time,
And driving folks from bed and board,
Is scarce the way to hinder crime.
But bid the Priest (whose curse hath awe
For those who own a Popish king)
Command his dupes to aid the law,
Or, as accomplice, let him swing.

THE WAITER'S EPITAPH.—"Coming, Coming!"
THE AUCTIONEER'S EPITAPH.—"Going, Going, Gone!"

THE LAST SWEET THING IN HATS.

SUBSTITUTES FOR MILITARY FLOGGING.

To Colonel North, M.P.

My Dear Colonel,

In proposing "The Army and Navy" the other day, at Banbury, you are reported to have told the farmers that—

"The punishment of flogging for desertion in the Army had only been lately sanctioned by Parliament in the Mutiny Act, and it was absolutely necessary, because during last year alone there were no less than 11,000 desertions, and it must be borne in mind that every soldier cost the country for his kit and his bounty alone £6 18*s*., independently of which a large expense was incurred in drill."

Absolutely necessary, my dear Colonel? Will you, on reflection, adhere to the statement, that flogging is absolutely necessary to prevent desertion from the Army? Is the British Army so uncomfortable a sphere that, but for the terror of the lash, the soldiers would burst their confines, and break out of it? Is it, indeed, too hot to hold any private soldier, undeterred from quitting it by the tormenting scourge of the military guardian furies? And is it the fact, that the number of deserters last year amounted to anything like eleven thousand—allowance being made for the rascals who re-enlisted to sack a second bounty? Can you think of no better means of preventing such wholesale desertion than tying up the wretches who are guilty of it and torturing them? Apparently not. For I find you, in continuation, making this acknowledgment:—"With regard to the punishment of flogging, he had no hesitation in saying that it was a degrading punishment, but it was intended to be a degrading one. No doubt it was a severe punishment, and he himself had seen both officers and men faint while it was being inflicted, and if Mr. Bright, or any other man, would provide an effectual substitute, he had no doubt the whole Army would gladly receive it."

"Hear, hear," cried your audience, greeting this last expression of opinion. I, too, say, hear, hear. Wanted, then, an effectual substitute for flogging! Can I suggest any? Certainly not any simply penal substitute, at once more effectual and milder. A more effectual substitute of that kind would be a severer one. You sometimes brand deserters in addition to flogging them. Well, suppose you branded them—not, by tattooing, but, *more majorum*, with a red-hot iron. The superaddition of branding to flogging would be more effectual than mere flogging. Nose-slitting, ear-cropping, and other the like good old inflictions, would doubtless produce increased effect of the same kind. And if you tore a man's back with red-hot pincers, instead of knotted cords, you would probably find the pincers an effectual substitute for the cat-o'-nine-tails.

But must the substitute, to be effectual, be penal? Must we take this point for granted? Could desertion be stopped by encouraging soldiers to remain in the Army as well as by discouraging them from deserting it? I suspect it might. Better permanent pay, the stipulated amount honestly paid in cash, the chance of promotion, and comfortable and decent quarters, would, perhaps,—if the idea of any alternative for punishment can be entertained,—constitute an efficient substitute for flogging. Might not one of the causes of desertion, for example, be removed by remedying, in barracks, that inconvenience which is similar to the *Carrier*'s grievance in *Henry IV.*? The cause ceasing, the effect ceases—would not the abolition of the causes of desertion, in so far as they can be abolished, prove a substitute for flogging, effectual in such a measure as at least to render corporal punishment not absolutely necessary? The substitute would be expensive? It would hardly cost so much, however, after the rate, as a state of things in which five thousand soldiers are found to jump at an opportunity of getting discharged from service. This is not the contemptible fancy of a blank civilian, but the opinion of the Prince Consort's gallant comrade,

Field Marshal Punch.

P.S. Recollect, the lash was once thought absolutely necessary in madhouses, but now its employment has given place to humane treatment, and the substitute has proved effectual.

Head-Quarters, 85, *Fleet Street*.

THE LAMENT OF THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK-WORKS.

Oh! Barry and Denison ne'er shall we get a
Good pair of hands to exhibit our paces,
So long as you two only double your meta-
-Physical fists in each other's faces.

If Barry would make them so weighty no baro-
-Meter could weigh them,—no barrow could carry;
As Time will not wait, but flies on like an arrow,
'Tis meeter that we should not wait for Charles Barry.

At Ben Rhydding, Denison seems to be bidding
For lightness of hand—as though old Time would linger;
But Big Ben, himself of his Denison ridding,
Still tolls a lament for the loss of his finger.

Each writes to the "*Times*," while the time's flying on;
At each letter the ire of each seems to wax hotter;
Sir Charles gives his deep digs, while warm Denison,
From out his cold sheets, throws Sir Charles in hot-water.

Oh! Barry and Denison, let us alone;
Or put hands to the work—not of writing a letter—
But as both of you have so much face of your own,
Each take to a face; show which does it the better.

Or let some one else, who 's a little less wroth,
Give us hands, that are not only handsome but strong.
While you two—many cooks only spoiling the broth,—
May prove to the world that you 're both in the wrong.

AWFUL WARNING.

In the *Bath Chronicle* we discover the following appalling paragraph:—

"Caution to Yawners.—On Thursday last, a young man named Diprose, a servant to Mr. R. Biggenden, Peckham East, was in the act of yawning, when his jaw became dislocated. By no effort of its own could it be brought to its original position, and with his jaw distended he proceeded a distance of two miles to a surgeon's, Mr. Hooker, of Hadlow, who replaced it, and no serious consequence ensued."

If this is true, no father of a family, unless himself a medical man, will in future allow Sir Archibald Alison's *History of Europe* to remain in his house. To be sure, the appalling catalogue of Sir A. A.'s blunders, set out by a merciless torturer in Fraser's *Magazine*, must deter any humane Paterfamilias from leaving the ton or so of mistakes termed a History within reach of young people. Still, however, the fate of Mr. Diprose should be known in domestic circles.

THE TOBACCO-PIPE OF JOHN SOBIESKY.

"The tobacco-pipe out of which Johann Sobiesky smoked during the siege of Vienna, and which had been carried away by the French about fifty years ago, has lately been sent back to Vienna, and re-instituted to its former place and honours."

The relic may well be cherished, but hardly, perhaps, by the government which, after being saved from the Turks by the gallant King of Poland, took part in two successive partitions of his kingdom, and finally joined in the suppression of the liberties of Cracow,—the very city in which the Polish monarch gathered the army which rescued Vienna from the Mussulman. The whiff of Sobiesky's pipe is the most fitting emblem of Austrian gratitude; but one would hardly think that Austria would like to remind people that her professions of thankfulness to the Polish hero expired in smoke.

Of no use to any but the Owner.—A Black Eye.

Mr. Timkins (loq.). *"What am I sitting up here for? Why, they say you can't have too long a rod for Roach-fishing; so I just invested in a 'five-and-twenty footer,' and this is the only plan I can hit on for getting at my hook to bait it."*

A POSER FOR THE PUSEYITES.

THE Reverend Swell who has been causing such a shindy at St. George's in the East by his eccentric toggery and clerical gymnastics, has written a mild letter in defence of those absurdities, which he contends are needful to the due performance of the service. His Reverence seems to fancy that people go to Church with the view rather to exercise their eyes than use their ears; and he apparently considers that a preacher, to be popular, must appeal more to the ocular than to the aural sense. It is, doubtless, this idea which disposes him to argue that much of the impressiveness and influence of the service is dependent on the visual attractions which it offers; and, therefore, that a clergyman, attending, as he does, to be looked at more than listened to, is fully justified in being most attentive to his dress.

Holding these eccentric views, his Reverence does not so much surprise one by contending that the effect of the Church service would considerably be heightened if proper vestments were assigned to the performance of each part. Variety is charming, even in a church; and as, according to his Reverence, the attraction of a clergyman lies chiefly in his dress, it is natural to infer that, with at least his female hearers, the oftener he changes it the more he will attract. In fact, "not to speak profanely," a parson, to be popular, should try and copy the late CHARLES MATHEWS in one of his "At Homes;" and, in performance of the service, should act up to the pattern of those public entertainers, who represent at least a score of characters per night, and the merit of whose acting is the marvellous rapidity with which they change their dress.

To carry out these notions, and design the various vestments which a parson ought to wear, is a work for clergymen-milliners, but not a work for *Punch*. Let the clerical *costumiers* devise what robes they please; except in wholesome ridicule, *Punch* cannot spare his space to them. What if the Litany were read in sackcloth and in ashes, and the prayer for the Church militant delivered in a red coat! such mummeries would not be vastly more ridiculous than those which every day are practised in the Church, and which nearly every week *Punch* has the pain to laugh at. Yet were *Punch* to be consulted upon clerical costume, there is just one hint which he would like to offer: namely, that as the sermon is that portion of the service in which alone the preacher can utter his own thoughts, it would be well if he delivered it in suitable attire, such as to those who sat beneath him might seem an outward sign of what was really in him. Were this notion carried out, *Punch* would forbear to question his dear brethren, the Puseyites, whether parsons who talk stuff such as that which caused this article might not with some fitness preach their sermons in a fool's cap.

A MAYOR—AND SOMETHING MORE.

IN common, he presumes, with all right-minded persons, *Mr. Punch* feels always awed in the presence of a Mayor. *Mr. Punch* regards a Mayor as a creature supernatural: a being gifted with peculiar sagacity and wisdom; whose *dicta* are too deep for merely common minds to fathom, and have far surpassed in mystery the Oracle of Delphi and the Hermit of Vauxhall. That *Mr. Punch* is as correct in this, as in whatever other opinions he has formed, a hundred proofs at least come daily to his hand. The one which he selects for present illustration is a decision lately given by the Worshipful of Windsor. The proceedings which elicited the judgment of this Solomon, were thus mentioned in the columns of the *Windsor Express*:—

"A lady with her son and two young children had taken shelter from the rain on Friday last under the South Western Railway Bridge in their boat. Their dog swam across the river, and lay down on an island which belonged to MR. B. MR. B.'s 'watchman' ordered the young gentleman to fetch the dog off the island. The reply was, 'You may drive him off, if you like, but you don't suppose that I am going to do it.' The man then threatened to tie the dog up, and made use of such remarks as lead the lady to remonstrate, and ask 'if he was aware that he was addressing a gentleman in the presence of a lady.' His answer was, 'I have spoken to more gentlemen than ever you did?' The son, hearing his mother thus insulted, was exasperated, and in the heat of the moment cried out, 'If you don't mind what you say, I'll blow your brains out!'"

That the terrors of this threat may be properly appreciated, the report proceeds to state:

"As there was nothing in the boat but some provisions, it was not very likely he could carry out this threat: and the man showed he had no fear of it by still continuing his abuse."

In point of fact, the threat was just about as terrible as if the youth had said "I'll chuck you over St. Paul's," or "I'll throw you down Niagara," or "I'll come ashore and kick you into the middle of next week." Nevertheless, the man made afterwards pretence that he was frightened at the youth. So a warrant was applied for, and, having nodded through the case, the Mayor turned to the man's master, and delivered himself thus:—

"I suppose we must bind defendant over to keep the peace for six months, under a penalty of ten pounds."

This appealing to the prosecutor to help the judge to settle what sentence to award, appears a stroke of such sagacity as no mere mortal could have struck. *Mr. Punch* is therefore fortified in sticking to his faith, that Mayors are supernatural, and something more than men. What that something more may be, *Mr. Punch*, in his great awe, will not venture to reflect. As a horse may, by cross-breeding, acquire a more than equine longitude of ear, so, by virtue of his office, a Mayor may gain appendages, which fit him to be viewed as being a Mayor—and Something More.

ADVICE TO THE NINE HOURS MOVEMENT MEN.—Strike—with your hammers and mallets!

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A REAL TREASURE.

Paterfamilias (suddenly arrived in town). "GOOD GRACIOUS, MRS. WILKINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU FORWARD THESE LETTERS? THEY ARE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE."

Mrs. Wilkins (the Treasure). "LOR, SIR! I SHOULD NEVER THINK O' FORWARDING SICH THINGS AS THEM. WHY, I SEE THEY WAS ONLY BUSINESS LETTERS FROM THE HORFICE, OR SOMETHINK O' THAT!"

THE DAWN IN ITALY.

WHAT of the night o'er Europe spread?
Is day in Italy begun?
Has the long, dismal darkness fled?
Shines, yonder, Freedom's rising sun?
It should be daybreak—steady, clear,
Serenely, temperately bright;
And they that in its rays appear
Are true men walking in the light.

Apart from rant; without bombast,
The building of self-rule proceeds;
No braying pomp, with trumpet blast,
Burlesques the grandeur of their deeds.
No mutual kisses, maudlin tears,
Frivolous dance, or mad fool's cry;
No sickly song offends the ears;
No flaunting tinsel shames the eye.

Or see we there no rosy dawn,
No true Aurora; but a lamp,
Which in a moment may be gone,
Extinguished by a tyrant's stamp?
Is, then, immoral force so strong,
The strength of Right so sad a doubt,
That England must permit the wrong,
Stand by, and see the light put out?

Brave men, at least our wishes take,
If they are all we can afford;
With foes environed, for your sake,
If we can spare no helping sword,
With spirits of your bards, and shades
Of Romans old, we still survey
Your noble struggle, forced with aids
Reserved, to hold the world at bay.

Rome and Utah.

ROME, the spiritual domain of the POPE, is called by papists the See of PETER. BRIGHAM YOUNG may with nearly equal reason, and to quite as much purpose, boast that the Lake of Utah, his pontificate, is the Sea of Saltpetre.

A SIXTH SENSE.—The scents of the Thames—and it is stronger than the other five senses put together.

CLERICAL CONSCIENCE-MONEY.

THE following was inserted in the *Times* of the 20th:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of 1*s.* 3*d.* from 'A Curate,' on account of Income-Tax."

There must surely, we should say, be some mistake in this. Curates surely must be paid their yearly stipends free of Income-Tax. Surely any Clergyman who can afford to keep a Curate would take care to pay his salary clear of all deductions. Oh yes, the more we think of it, the more we feel persuaded that such is, because it must be, the inevitable fact. In this case very possibly the Clergyman neglected to make mention of the payment. Small wonder such a trifle should have escaped his memory. What was one and threepence to a reverend employer who could afford to pay £300 to have his work done for him? So, not knowing that the tax had been duly paid beforehand, the Curate, in his rectitude, sent it up as Conscience-money. Had it been really due, it would have certainly been called for; but the tax-gatherer of course was as well aware as we are that Curates are invariably paid their incomes free of tax, and he therefore abstained properly from second application.

Feeling quite convinced, then, that the tax has been paid twice, we may expect to see another announcement in the *Times*, to the effect that—

"'A Curate' acknowledges the receipt of 1*s.* 3*d.* from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, on account of Income-Tax in error overpaid."

Latest Bulletin from Rome.

"HIS Holiness the POPE has been for some time laid up with lameness, in consequence of his foot having slipped in some blood spilt in the street of Perugia, but he is now convalescent to the joy of mankind."

JONATHAN'S JOHNSON.

THE *New York Herald*, referring to an election contest in Minnesota, says—

"So we must look for all sorts of tricks, wirepullings, roorbacks, and intrigues on both sides."

A not bad Yankee notion might be the publication of an American Annual Dictionary. The Anglo-Saxon tongue is constantly receiving so many additions from the Transatlantic branch of the family, that the compilation of such a lexicon has become very desirable. "Roorbacks," now!—What are "roorbacks?" one would like to ask the *New York Herald*, which, at least, should always come out with a glossary. Comparative philologists, who derive the words of all languages from certain primitive roots, may have some difficulty in tracing the affinity of the American verbal coinage to the Queen's English; much more in attempting to make out the relation of Yankeeisms to any of the other Indo-European languages: a course of investigation in which the inquirer would be likely to find himself pumphlusticated.

City Treason.

"IF I were to throw the LORD MAYOR into a horsepond," asked VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, "why would he become a railway bridge?" "Because," replied to himself, after a pause, the Venerable Peer, "he would be a *Wire-ducked*."

MEMORANDUM ON MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

OLD martinets are old boys who are a little too fond of playing with the cat. It would serve them right if they now and then got scratched.

A MELLOW DRAMA.—The Green Bushes.

THE "NATION" IN A FIT.

IN the disaster at the Peiho, the *Nation* newspaper makes the following, among other remarks:—

"On the waters of the Peiho the British banners have been covered with defeat, slaughter, and disaster. Deep under its waves lie the shattered skeletons of her vanquished flagships; flying for safety to Canton are the remnant of her routed forces. . . . All draggled with blood, all ghastly with wounds, all pale with defeat—defeat, wounds, blood, all of their own seeking and challenging—are fleeing the men who were the first to 'run up the signal for action,' and enter upon the fight in which they have been so terribly worsted!"

Here the authoress of the foregoing efflux of hysterical spite, was overcome by emotion, of which she strove in vain to vent herself. She sprang from her seat and danced; she tore her dress, and scratched her own face in the self-inversion of her unglutted malice. Choked with the passion which she could neither spit nor swallow, she then fell into a fit, whence having been recovered by means of burnt feathers and hartshorn, she proceeded, her stays having been in the meanwhile cut, to insult the misfortune of brave men with the following overstrained and incoherent taunts:—

"Loud rise in England the gnashing of teeth and the oaths for revenge; 'foul play, foul play,' is called from lip to lip, which means, 'we have been beaten;' foul play; we took gun-boats up the peaceful river to intimidate the Chinese cowards, and sweep all before us; foul play, foul play, we, instead, have been swept away. We thought we were the stronger party, and therefore 'ran up the signal for action;' the action has gone against us; we have had to fly, having been shot down 'like birds;' therefore, 'foul play, foul play.' Never was defeat so self-sought, so utter, so complete. The 'action,' for which the English admiral, of his own choice, 'ran up the signal,' and made the first movement, was literally a *battue* of the British assailants. They fell, not in tens, but in scores and hundreds, under the skilful fire of the long-despised Chinese. . . . The Chinese did not prove helpless sheep this time, that is all. Their shout of victory will not be unheeded in the East. . . . The signs redden in the sky; the days of Eastern conquests and plunder are over! The tide has turned on the Peiho."

Here the overwrought woman uttered that piercing shriek, which, as indicated in the "Revivals," is the well known characteristic of her complaint, and again fell, foaming and kicking, on her back, where she lay for the space of an hour in violent convulsions, insomuch that it took three men to hold her.

The sex of the writer of the foregoing extracts from the *Nation* is a fact, the discovery of which needs no clairvoyance. Nobody can mistake it who has ever had an opportunity of hearing the rancorous invective, the rampant mockery, the exorbitant imprecations of infinite and impotent hate, the rabid canine howlings uttered by an infuriated female of the lowest class, in the gripe of the police, and restrained by handcuffs from using her teeth and nails.

But the best of the joke remains to be told. Whilst NORAH scolds and mocks as above in the columns of the *Nation*, JUDY accompanies her sister's abuse with an article suggesting that HER MAJESTY should be graciously pleased to pardon MEAGHER, M'MANUS, and—MITCHELL! As if the *Nation* thought it was taking just the course calculated to render it an effectual intercessor with the British Government on behalf of Irish traitors—not to name both a traitor and a devilish and dastardly miscreant; the vitriolic champion of slavery.

How thoroughly Irish! For the newspaper capable of such wonderful consistency what a very appropriate name is the *Nation!*

MARTYRS OF SCIENCE, OR THE LAY OF MAGNA MOLA.

LADIES, who love gallant deeds, and specially smile on the uniform,
Holding a smiter of flesh the noblest creation of Providence.
Ladies, whose eyes are suffused when you read of the valiant in battle,
Whacking and smashing and slashing and cleaving and stabbing and slaying,
And gloriously polishing off their less stalwartly-made fellow creatures.
Ladies who joy in the deeds of the elegant WILFRED of Ivanhoe,
But rather prefer (as a *roué*) his rival, SIR BRIAN of Gilbert's Wood,
And wish, though you will not admit it, he 'd really got off with MISS ISAACS:
Ladies, who make us all fighters, from JIM, the small boy in the gutter,
Who punches the eye of brown BOB for the blue-eyed and dirty-faced SALLY,
To the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, ARCHIBALD, Earlie of Eglinton,
Riding his best in the tournament, breaking his broomstick for Beauty:
List to a tale of brave fight, courage, and daring, and bloodshed.
Who is the liar that states that the race of the heroes is vanished?

SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS was born in the fortunate region of Pimlico,
Not the abandoned locality London redeemed from the marish,
That echoes from morning to night with the howls of the peripatetics,
And nobody, therefore, resides in, unless he is deaf or a madman;
But Pimlico, Brighton, gave birth to the infantine THOMAS DE SAYERS.
Oft on the shingle he wandered, his curls floating free on the breezes,
And the mermaidens smiled on the child as their pearly wrists played with their tresses,
And they whispered, "One day to be great, to be named where the gentles assemble,
And glory of glories, be hymned on the harpstrings of *Punch* the Worldmaster."
Then floated the mermaids away, and the child began picking up muscles,
Omen that soon his own muscles should win him a banner and blazon.

Not all at once waxed he great, like a bubble, or tyrant, or pumpkin,
Slowly he gathered and garnered the strength that is now so colossal.
Humbly (all good men are humble) he laboured in modest obscureness,
Toiling at work which BEN JONSON, the eminent poet, disdained not,
Sign that DE SAYERS himself should turn out a Brick of distinction,
Sign that DE SAYERS should bray every foe as it were in a Mortar.
Stratford, but not upon Avon, beheld him a sedulous worker,
So did the hilly back-slums of the placid and yacht-haunted Erith.
Haply upon him hath fallen the glance of SIR THOMAS M. WILSON,
When silently scheming a station to serve his own private convenience,
And further delay the bad trains that dawdle to Gravesend so vilely.
Haply SIR THOMAS the saintly hath looked on his namesake athletic,
And fancied SIR THOMAS the strong might one day erect the said Station.
Many a station the latter hath crowded with eager admirers,
Fiercely demanding the cars to bear them to witness his glory.
When will such thing be affirmed of the sanctified THOMAS M. WILSON.

Still, not untried were the thews of the young and the promising hero.
Many a foe came across him, often he closed in the conflict,
Often his enemy fell, prone in the dust of the brickfield,
Prone, as EURIALUS fell, floored by the blow of EPEUS,
When godlike ACHILLES held games in honour of slaughtered PATROCLUS,
And as CHAPMAN, the noblest translator, records, "the neat limbs of EURIALUS
Strowed the knocked earth, and his friends took up the entrancèd competitor;"
Later, DE SAYERS contended for prize in the regular tournament,
Gallant SIR ABRAHAM CROUCH crouched at his feet in twelve minutes,
Twice with SIR DANIEL DE COLLINS he fought, but the beak's interruption
Roused his and COLLINS's Passions, and put a brief end to the tournay.
Down went a brace of SIR JOHNS, and surgeons had work to recover
DE GRANT and DE MARTIN, o'erthrown by the might of the terrible SAYERS.
But all was not rosy and sweet, and heroes are made by reverses,
And on his reverse the brave THOMAS was set by the stern SIR NATHANIEL.
Who has not heard of DE LANGHAM? think of him always in walking
From Oxford Street Circus due north, where a church with extinguisher spire,
Graces a Place that is known by the name of the Leicestershire champion.

Fortune, resuming her smile for the child whom the mermaids had fostered,
Gave him new laurels in heaps too large to be labelled by minstrel,
But who can be silent that thinks on the day when SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS
Fought with SIR AARON DE JONES on the loveliest isle of the Medway,
And the curtain of darkness was drawn ere that terrible fight was concluded,
Stopped, but again to be waged? By the piper that played before MOSES,
AARON was beat in two hours, and the victor, in soaring ambition,
Challenged to combat the hero, the awful SIR SLASHER DE TIPTON.
That was a day when the gods, looking down from their happy Olympus,
Saw on the banks of the Medway a fight might have honoured SCAMANDER,
And SLASHER DE TIPTON in blood at the foot of SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS.
Fill for him, fill up the cup once owned by the other great THOMAS,
Gird him with belt that was worn by the demigod, CRIBB the undaunted,
Comes there a Boy from Benicia to wrench from his clutch those twin prizes?
Methinks, Boy, they love thee but lightly who send thee to beard such a Shaver.

VERNON, "with six ships alone," saith a medal which some one has stolen,

(Nor, were I aware who it was, should my kick be at all ineffective)
Took, in Seventeen Thirty Nine, a place which was called Porto Bello,
Whence the Scotch christened a spot where they go and devour many oysters,
This oyster-bank brought forth the rival of Thomas, the child of the muscles.
His name is Sir Robert De Brettle. Worcester, and Purfleet, and Warwick
Resound with his fame, and De Simmonds, an excellent Birmingham witler,
Can tell how at Didcot he fell, oppressed by the blows of De Brettle.
How Sir Elastic De Potboy succumbed to his might at Shell Haven,
(Did not the oysters lend force to his arm at the haven of shells?)
How the Black Knight, Sir R. Travers, finally went down before him,
Like Sir R. Vipont when cried the other Black Knight, *Desdichado!*
How to Sir James of the Mace the warrior administered pepper,
With other brave deeds he hath done, are they not truly recorded
(I have not the slightest idea) in a book that is called *Phistiana?*
No thistledown champion he, nor effeminate knight of the carpet,
Stern on his shield and in argent haughtily rampeth the Lion,
Under whose sign, too, he vendeth at Birmingham laudable beer.

Long had the heroes been languishing, eager to wop one another,
But Fate, and the Stars, and the Mopuses somehow were still unpropitious,
Till finally wager of battle was laid and the conflict appointed.
Appointed with wonderful fitness for what was a grand anniversary,
Day that proud Delhi went down before the Avengers of England.
Deep into wholesome seclusion then plunged the unparalleled champions.
This in a sweet Kentish village, where, like the pious Sir Galahad,
Calmly awaiting the battle he purified body and mind,
This sought still lovelier Derbyshire, where, in the exquisite Dovedale,
Harmless as dove he abode, but still with the wisdom of serpent.

Dawned the dread morning of fight, and hundreds who paid for the Office,
Hastened by special conveyance to witness the terrible contest.
Charming in truth was the spot by the veteran Oliver chosen,
And even the sporting reporters were moved to expressions of rapture,
"Hill, dale, and woodland combined presented a beautiful picture,*
Which those more reflective enjoyed along with the slaughterous combat,"
Happy the man who possesses such delicate sense of the beautiful,
Turning with smiles from the hop to applaud a good dig in the hoptic.
Two thousand of such were at Penshurst on Tuesday, September the Twentieth.

Baring their manly proportions, the heroes prepared for the battle,
Both were in splendid condition, little of choice lay between them,
Bright was the eye of Sir Thomas, firm was the flesh of Sir Robert,
And both looked as happy and pleasant as guests at a gay wedding breakfast,
When foams the champagne in the glasses, and bridesmaids are flirting their best,
And moonily rises to speak a white-waistcoated family friend;
Oh, for his eloquence now, to detail the great deeds of the champions.

After some elegant feinting, in went the left of Sir Robert,
Smiting, though slightly, the mouth of his gallant opponent, Sir Thomas.
Then back sprang the wary Sir R. to be out of the way of reprisals,
But calmly De Sayers regarded him, meaning him subsequent pepper,
Tried his right distance, and struck, but not to much visible purpose.
Then again charged the bold Robert, dashed at his enemy's frontispiece,
Vainly, it seemed, for De Sayers, suddenly dabbing his dexter
Bang on the mouth of the foe, brought out unmistaken Lafitte.
And the beautiful landscape of Penshurst, that softened the stolid reporters,
Echoed the jubilant shouts of De Sayers's friends, "*Early Claret!*"

Sir Robert went in with the left, but the foe shook his head in derision,
Derision that might have been spared, for, stung by a taunt from De Sayers,
Whose leg had been hurt by a spike in the well guarded shoe of De Brettle,
The latter hit out like a man, and got home on the other's proboscis,
Making him reel from the stroke, and finally drop upon Tellus,
Birmingham blatantly bawling and blessing the beautiful blow,
But the just Rhadamanthi declined to award it the knocking-down Honours.

Then for the third time they closed, but accomplished no deed of importance,
But valiant Sir Robert went down to the ground in the finishing struggle,
Then, as if like Antæus he gained new strength from the kiss of his mother,
He came up a giant refreshed, and a fourth time the combat was raging,
When in went his terrible left, which, striking the jaw of De Sayers,
Sent him to grass in a second, flat as the flattest of flounders,
Birmingham blatantly bawling and blessing the beautiful blow,
To which was awarded the Honours at once by the just Rhadamanthi.

For vengeance De Sayers strode out, and he thought of the song of the mermaids,
And the future of greatness they promised, and hymns from the harp-strings of Fleet Street,
And visions of glory came o'er him, and scarce he beheld his opponent,
Who, eager to follow his fortune, let out at the ribs of De Sayers.
Then struck the De Sayers in fury, but wily Sir Robert back darting,
Escaped from the Scylla, a wop, to meet a Charybdis, a tumble,
And wrenched in a pitiful fashion his manly and sinister shoulder,
And there should have ended the fray, no longer an even contention;
But the brave knight De Brettle insisted on once again showing his mettle.

So for the last time they closed, but the arm of Sir Robert was feeble,
And vainly descended its blows on the leathery frame of De Sayers,
Who, watching his time, sent his right full bang on his enemy's squinter,
And made him look nine ways for Sunday and finally fail to perceive it.
Then, improving the shiny, as ever beseemeth a bee that is busy,
Went in with one smash at the shoulder—the battle is over and done.
At the feet of the child of the muscles is prostrate the child of the oysters,
And Scotland is licked and chawed up, as she was by old England at Flodden.
Porto Bello done up in six rounds, as it was with six ships by brave Vernon,
And Sir Thomas De Sayers, the Champion, is hailed as the victor again.

Yet, let no undue exultation be heard in the palace or cottage,
In the halls of Balmoral the Consort will please to restrain his delight.
Let the Peerage of England be calm, and subdued be the joy of the Commons,
Nor need Mr. Tupper break out with a hymn of rejoicing and praise.
Though short was the fight, it was brisk, and both heroes are covered with honour,
But not as Decisive this Battle were thought by the erudite Creasy,
Had that learned Professor designed it a place in his next new edition;
And who but the Destinies know in what fashion the fight would have ended,
Had the shoulder of Brettle the Brave been only as stout as his courage?
Ladies, who honour the bold, and are partial to legends of battle,
Say, when you sing of this fight to your harps, and guitars, and pianos,
"Tom is a trump what comes down on your mug with a thundering stunner,
But Bob is a buster, by gum, as can pop in a slommaking wunner."

* "The interest of this battle was by no means lessened by the enjoyment of the more reflective in the beautiful and romantic scenery of the locale of the fight. Hill, dale, and woodland combined, presented a beautiful picture, considerably heightened by the hop-pickers in myriads of groups gathering this season's clusters."—*Sporting Life.*

Progress of Science.

A Scientific young lady of considerable personal attractions has a mole on her face. She read, the other day, a learned Professor's Lecture, delivered at the British Association, Section B., "On the Organic Elements." Ever since that, she has called her mole a molecule.

EXCITEMENT OF THE HANSOM CABBIES ON THE APPEARANCE OF A SWELL OUT OF THE SEASON.

MISSES AND MERLINS.

THE sage who defined man to be a tail-less biped, without feathers, was introduced to a plucked goose, and wished joy of his relationship. Nevertheless, that men and women have very often something of the birdlike in their nature, is a truth which every day we find fresh reason to assert. For instance, here is an advertisement which will serve us as a peg to hang up yet another illustration of the fact:—

TO FALCONERS, &c.—A very strong young female MERLIN, fond of the lure, and trained to strike it well; will probably be partially entered to larks before this is answered, with all her furniture complete; also another female, rather smaller, not quite so far advanced.—Apply, &c.

They who have read the *Idylls of the King* (and who has not?) may think of "lissome VIVIEN," when they hear of a "young female" being "fond of the lure," and moreover "partially entered to larks." Nor will the word "MERLIN" serve at all in such case to lessen the illusion. But we surely need not go back quite so far as good KING ARTHUR's time to meet with a "young female" who answers this description. Why, every nine in ten of our bread and butter misses have been thoroughly well fitted to come forward as respondents to it. The simplest of them show a fondness for the "lure" at a very early age, and are trained to "strike" a lover ere they get their bibs and tuckers off. Lover-hawking is a sport for which "young females" in petticoats seem as naturally fitted, as the young females in feathers, one of whom above is advertised, are in general found suited for the other kind of sport. Just as our young Merlins are trained to strike the lure, so are our young Misses schooled to bring down (to an offer) any lover they're let fly at. Their game generally consists of those of us poor creatures who have feathered our nests well; and the better our nests are lined the worse in general it is for us. At the very moment, may be, when we are most in feather, and are pluming ourselves on the snug nest-egg we have laid, down swoops some young and well-trained female Merlin on our head, and we surrender up our life into the claws of the enchantress.

Whether a young lady on her entrance to a boarding-school, may with propriety be spoken of as being "entered to larks," is a question which we leave to stronger minds to agitate. Flustered as we are by mere suggestion of the query, we dare not trust ourselves to dwell on it, or hazard a response. As the question is however one of national importance, it would be well if information were collected on the subject: and were Parliament now sitting, we should certainly propose that a Committee be appointed to examine and report on so momentous a moot point. Should it be found that even "partially" such really is the fact, the discovery, of course, would strengthen our belief, that human creatures have a something birdlike in their being, and that young Misses and young Merlins show a natural affinity and marked likeness in their tastes. Were lovely woman classed among the feathery creation, her gift of gab might well entitle her to perch with the poll-parrots, were not her fondness for the lure a sufficient indication that a place among the hawk-tribes is the right one to assign to her.

Napoleon as an Italian Image-Boy.

(Speaking to the Italians.)

"BUY my fine Image! PLON-PLON! *Little* PLON-PLON! Pretty KING! *Corpo di Baccho*, beautiful King! Real Plaster of Paris! Buy my fine Image! Buy! Buy! Cheap—cheap. You shall have him for nothing!"

THE EMPEROR UNVEILING ITALIAN LIBERTY.

THE GREAT SEA-SIDE BUILDING SQUABBLE.

A LARGE and influential open-air Meeting of Operative Juveniles engaged in Seashore Building was held on Ramsgate Sands on Monday morning last, with the view to their determining what attitude to take in reference to an alleged combination of their nursemaids for the purpose of shortening their hours of spade-labour. The Meeting for the most part was composed of Master Builders, but a fair sprinkling of Misses were also in attendance, who appeared to take great interest in the general proceedings. A splendid sand-heap being raised and scooped into a seat, a severe struggle ensued as to who should act as Chairman. The post of honour was, however, at length assigned to MASTER BOUNCER, who voted himself into it, he being much the biggest of the Master Builders present. An order being issued to strike work and shoulder spades—

The Chairman opened the proceedings by observing that they met there to resist an act of tyranny, such as was an insult to all freeborn British children, and which he for one would never stoop to brook. (*Applause.*) He would not use slang phrases more than he could help; but they might perhaps have heard their Pas talk about "pocketing an insult." Well, he had put this insult in the pocket of his pinafore, and with their permission he would proceed to read it out to them. (*Hear!*) It was signed by all the nursemaids in Ramsgate, and ran thus:—

"I declare that neither in my present place of nursemaid, nor in any future situation I may occupy, will I demean myself by working more than Nine Hours per diem, as overseer of the children while building on the sand: nor, without advance of wages, will I ever undertake any manner of spade-labour, or in any way assist them in the progress of their works; nor will I engage myself to stop the Master Builders from dabbling in the sea, whether it be with or without their shoes or stockings; nor more than twenty times an hour will I run in and prevent their being carried off their legs, or tumbling themselves down and rolling in the water, as but for constant watching they inevitably would do."

This, they must allow, was a most obnoxious document. He could not read the signatures, for most of them were marks; but he believed, as he had said, that it was signed by all the nursemaids who were then in Ramsgate, and delegates were stationed at the pier-head and the railway to prevent any nursemaid from arriving without signing it. The document had artfully been put forth on a Monday, just when his hearers knew their Pas had gone away to town, and would not be back until the Husbands' Boat on Saturday. Here then was a week of gross oppression to look forward to. (*Groans.*) What was to be done was more than he could say, and he therefore begged to be excused from saying it. (*Cheers, and a giggle, which was instantly suppressed.*) He would however call on some one to get up and suggest something, and if that something were worth anything, he would use his strongest influence towards carrying it out. (*Renewed cheering.*)

Several pinafores here rose in a most excited state, but the Chairman's eye first catching that which buttoned in MASTER BLOGGINS, that young gentleman obtained the precedence of speech. Striking a tragic attitude, and assuming as sepulchral a voice as age allowed him, he said:—

"My name is BLOGGINS, upon Highgate Hill
My father feeds ——"

Here the orator was interrupted by a spadeful of sand, which was thrown so accurately that it almost choked him. Advantage being taken of his temporary speechlessness, MASTER JAWLER gained permission to speak by way of proxy. He said that what their Chairman had told them was quite true. They were in fact the victims of as wicked a conspiracy as had ever come in his experience to witness. (*Sensation.*) In the whole course of his life (and he begged to say he should be Six next April) he had never had acquaintance with so tyrannous an act. The combination of their nursemaids was a piece of foul oppression, which they, as rising Englishmen, were bounden to resist. (*Cheers.*) The declaration was an insult to the youngest understanding. It was like setting a sum in addition or subtraction, [*in his warmth the orator pronounced this word "substraction"*] to a boy who'd got as forward as the double rule of three! How to show their marked contempt for it was what they now had to consider, and he for one should not feel easy in his pinafore until their brutal tyrants were made to bite the dust. (*Shrill cheers, and shouts of "Bravo! Go it, Gussy!"*)

MASTER BRIGHTEYES said he had no wish to make a row, but in his opinion the last speaker was a duffer. (*Cries of "Order!" and "Oh, crikey!"*) Why, what did his speech amount to? A mere volley of hard words. Now he (MASTER BRIGHTEYES) could use hard words as well as any boy. He could pronounce "Kosciusko," and say the whole of "Peter Piper" six times without missing. But it was no good calling names, when there was nobody to listen to them. (*Hear!*) If they wished to free themselves, and flabbergasterfy their nursemaids (yes, that was a hard word: he'd found it in a sentimental nigger song which he was learning), it was by deeds not words that they could hope to do it. They must all rise as one man (*"hear, hear!" from six pinafores*), and go to their Big Brothers, and get them at once to kick the nursemaids out of doors, and then to telegraph to town for their Pas to send them new ones.

MASTER SLYBOOTS feared his friend would find his dodge would be no go. From the knowledge which he (MASTER SLYBOOTS) had of their Big Brothers, he should say they were more likely to kiss nursemaids than to kick them. (*Cries of "oh! oh!" from the Masters, and "oh, my!" from the Misses.*)

MASTER SLINKER could corroborate (*the word he used was "crobrate"*) the last speaker's assertion. He and his chum SLYBOOTS, having both inquiring minds, had kept a watch on their Big Brothers, and had often (through the keyhole) seen them do what was imputed to them. (*Loud hisses and groans, and cries of "you're a sneak!"*)

MASTER SMITH suggested, if the Big Brother plan failed, they had better see if their big Sisters could not help them. Girls had nothing on earth to do, except to loll about on camp-stools, work crochet, and read novels; and it would be an act of charity to give them occupation. They might just as well, he thought, employ their time as nursemaids, as go bathing for the sake of letting their back hair down, or walking up and down the pier to make their cheeks red. (*Oh! oh!*). If they'd do this, their Pas would save no end of wages, which might be spent at Christmas time in pantomimes and—and—(*a voice "And pudding!"*) Yes, and pudding; he begged to thank his honourable friend there for the hint. He was going to add "and lollipops," but pudding was more substantial and he liked it better. (*Hear, hear! and a cry, "Oh, so do I; don't you,* BOB?")

MASTER JONES observed that this was a departure from the question, which was not whether they liked lollipops—of which there was no doubt—but whether they could lick their nursemaids, which he thought seemed far more questionable. What their maids had to complain of he really could not see. For his own part he was ready to work twelve hours on the sand, and he could not conceive how persons could get tired in only nine of it.

A very little lady in a white frock and *mauve* mantle, protested with a pout that she could do without a nursemaid; and as for helping them at "thand-heapth," she thought that their big "thithterth" would be only in the way. Some children were of course not so able to protect themselves: but for her part, she considered that when a girl was three years old, she was most fully competent (*the fair speaker called this "tompetent"*) to take care of herself.

The Chairman said that this was the best speech he had listened to. If girls didn't want a nursemaid, surely boys could do without one. He should therefore ask his Ma to give his her discharge; and to settle the whole business, he should move this Resolution:—

"That this Meeting, feeling competent to take care of itself, resolves henceforth to dispense with the attendance of its nursemaids, and further to take steps to impress upon its Parents that it determines to be naughty till its wishes are made good."

This heroic resolution was seconded and carried amidst such a burst of cheering, that several anxious mothers came to see what was the matter; whereat with some precipitation the Meeting was dispersed.

Palmerston Sitting on a Rail.

LORD PAM has been coming out in quite a new character, which fits him just as elegantly as the many hundred of characters he has played in his lifetime. He has been doing the railway navigator at Romsey. He trundled a wheelbarrow backwards and forwards, and filled it with earth in a majestic style that entitles him to be called "The King of Spades." The people cheered lustily, delighted to find their Premier such a hearty son of the soil. Should the cry ever be raised of "How TO MAN THE NAVVY," PALMERSTON will know most dexterously how to do it.

Kill or Cure.

A REMEDY for tetanus is said to have been discovered by a surgeon at Turin, in the substance which used to be called the "ourari" or "wourara" poison: but has lately received the denomination of "curare." We hope it deserves it, but should be rather disinclined to make trial of its virtues, lest it should prove, not "curare," but "occidere," or "necare."

"And So Say All of us!"

WE rejoice to find that the *Saturday Review* is compelled to make the following admission:—

"Not only are we without any actor or manager who can do for SHAKSPEARE what was done by MR. KEAN in Oxford Street, but there is no one to follow in his steps, even at a long interval."

For the sake of the Drama, we are heartily glad to hear it.

"WHAT NEXT, AND NEXT?"—A person of the peace-at-any-price persuasion declares it most unchristianlike to chastise the Chinese. He contends that it is part of our duty to our neighbour to refrain, and "keep our hands from Pekin and Chusan."

BAD LANGUAGE BY A LADY!

SOMETIMES we feel inclined to put the question, What do foreigners who have learnt English, and who chance to read our newspapers, think of the bad language which may constantly be found there? When we say bad language, we however don't mean "Billingsgate." The language we allude to is bad merely in construction; and its vileness consists in its vile grammar, not vile words. We rarely run our eye down a column of advertisements without catching sight of half a hundred failings of this sort. Here, for instance, is a sample from the *Times* of the 10th ult.:—

HOUSEMAID WANTED—a steady, healthy person, between 20 and 30, of the Church of England. She will be required to assist an invalid lady and her daughter to do part of the housework and needlework. Kindness shown to a deserving person. No followers, but all reasonable leave to go out. Two other servants and a nurse kept. Wages £12, with allowance for tea. The washing put out. Beer allowed. It is requested none will apply who cannot be sure of good characters, and who cannot be recommended for cleanliness and good temper. Apply by letter, &c. &c.

Kindness—good wages—easy work—and beer allowed. Were it not for one thing, this would seem a tolerably enviable place. The single drawback is that the mistress can't write English, and this is a defect which we should fancy housemaids now-a-days would sooner perish than put up with. The second sentence of the statement is the proof of our assertion. It is there said that the "healthy person" who is wanted is required "to assist an invalid lady and her daughter to do part of the housework and needlework." Now, any "person" who is "healthy" in mind as well as body must see that no such thing is meant here as is stated. It is sheer nonsense to suppose that an invalid lady would "do part of the housework," to say nothing of the needlework, when she had in her employment two servants and a nurse, and could offer such good wages for a third to come and help them. What we take to be the real meaning of the sentence is, that a housemaid is required to assist—that is, to wait upon—the invalid and her said daughter, *and* to do part of the housework and needlework aforesaid, whereof the "other servants" and the nurse will do the rest.

If this invalid lady really wants a fourth assistant, she had better lose no time in amending her advertisement. Servants now-a-days are such literary characters, and so much of their time is spent in study of their language by reading the best written and most improving prints, that the error we have noted could not fail to be detected, and would prove a sure deterrent from entering the house. With the knowledge of pure English which her *Family Friends* and *Guides*, and other journals would have given her, no housemaid would demean herself by entering a service where the ladies used bad language, although they gave good beer.

A PARALLEL.

ENGLAND hath her two Great Easterns,
Crowning boasts of English lips:
This, Leviathan of Conquests,
That, Leviathan of Ships.
Strong the heads and hearts whose striving
Our Great Eastern Empire wrought:
Strenuous those, to consummation,
Our Great Eastern Ship that brought.

Both passed through their stage of blunders;
Failure marked their earlier day;
Both o'er failure grew to wonders—
Monster ship and monster sway.
Till the rulers of that Empire,
And the framers of that Hull,
Stretched their hands in self-complacence,
Laurels of success to cull.

In DALHOUSIE'S boastful minute,
Summing up the work achieved,
Realms annexed, and foemen baffled,
Arts diffused and means retrieved;
In Reports of blithe Directors,
Rosy after-dinner talk—
Ship's success and Empire's fortunes
Where was care or cloud to baulk?

Loomed that Empire's mighty sceptre
O'er two hundred million souls:
Rose that steamer's bulk gigantic,
Like the whale 'mong minnow-shoals.
Princes, 'neath the one's vast shadow,
Dwindled into vassal's rank:
War-ships 'neath the other's quarter,
Down to tiny cock-boats sank.

Proudly spake we to the nations,
"Would you learn the art to rule,
See our mighty Eastern Empire,
To its masters go to school.
Would you win mechanic triumphs,
Nature's forces yoke and tame,
Visit our *Great Eastern* Steamer,
Mark her engines, lines, and frame."

How should we have heard the prophet,
Whose ill-omened voice had dared
For reverse in Ship and Empire,
Bid our pride to stand prepared:
'Gainst vain-glory tried to warn us,
Lest, between the cup and lip,
A greased cartridge lose our Empire,
A closed stop-cock wreck our Ship?

Yet that prophet truth had spoken,
Hard as on our pride he bore:
Great effects from little causes,
Flow still, as they flowed of yore.
Scarce had died our song of triumph,
From the Durbar and the Deck,—
Our Great Realm for life was grappling,
Our Great Ship was dashed in wreck!

And 'twas even a greased cartridge
Raised her subjects 'gainst the one;
And 'twas but a fastened stop-cock
Left the other half undone.
But that stop-cock and that cartridge,
Had its weighty tale to tell—
How the thing that men deem smallest,
Tests man's ruling ill or well.

Too great striving after glory,
Too great striving after gain—
Ship and Sway, the self-same story,
Tell to men for both too fain.
Good and Right are Glory's sinews;
Gain of Care and Prudence grows;
Reft of these, the one is rotten,
Short the other, stripped of those.

Let us meekly use the lesson,
In the two disasters read;
Let their warning check and chasten,
Working hand and heart and head.
Till our Empire justice-strengthened,
And our Steamer wisdom-ruled,
Show that wise men by misfortune
And endurance best are schooled.

Take we, too, this consolation;
Strength by shock is deepliest tried—
Stout the Sway, to stand such struggle,
Stout the Ship, such wrench to bide.
So may after generations,
Wiser for our follies, see,
Our Great Empire bless the nations,
Our Great Ship defy the sea.

A PECULIAR MEMORY.

IN proof of the scarcity of birds on the Caithness Moors, "one gentleman" writes to a northern newspaper that "he has seen more cheepers this year than he can remember." To what system of metaphysics shall we turn for an explanation of a phenomenon so extraordinary? How does he know that he has seen *more* than he can remember? If he does not remember that he has seen them, how comes he to know that there were more than he has seen? This gentleman cannot be a descendant of that scald who wrote "Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear." We deeply sympathise with the forgotten cheepers.

Dash without Damage.

WE cannot too strongly condemn ADMIRAL HOPE, baffled, and wounded at the Peiho in an over-daring attempt to serve his country. This officer must be called to account for his unsuccessful audacity. England expects a man to do more than his duty, but cannot forgive him for failing in the attempt to do it. We will enforce responsibility whilst we compel risk; we will insure the safeguard of caution, and enjoy the gain of enterprise: we will have our pudding and eat it too.

THE NEW VIA SACRA.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is trying all he can to turn Italy into a new French *Boulevard des Italiens*. We wonder if the EMPEROR will, eventually, pave his way?

ADVICE TO M.P.S AND STRONGMINDED OLD WOMEN.—Silence is the better part of eloquence.

A SMASH FOR A STAR-TELLER.

THAT arch-humbug, ZADKIEL TAO SZE (whose less imposing synonym, as we shall show, is SMITH), has added to the proofs that fools are not extinct by publishing his *Almanack* for the ensuing year, this being, he is proud to state, his thirtieth yearly issue. Not having learnt the mandate, "not to speak profanely," MR. ZADKIEL TAO SZE begins his preface thus:—

"I may now say, faithfully, that I thank God I have been permitted to pen the contents of this Almanack for so long a period as THIRTY YEARS. After having been so long a time before the public, I may fairly accept the increase of nearly two thousand in the sale last year as a proof that I have not laboured in vain. I continue to receive assurances that in America and India my writings in favour of the grand truth, that the heavenly bodies do influence the human mind, and affect the destiny of mankind, are favourably and extensively perused: hence I was not surprised to hear that, when the Royal Welsh Fusileers marched into Lucknow, and liberated the brave garrison, one of the first objects of interest discovered in a bungalow there was a copy of ZADKIEL'S *Grammar of Astrology*."

For the credit of the army, we could wish this were discredited; and as the statement rests on merely hearsay evidence, we put such faith in MR. ZADKIEL that we shall not believe it true. But, not dreaming for a moment his assertion can be doubted, MR. ZADKIEL founds this question on the questionable fact:—

"Who can say how far the confidence of that noble band of Englishmen had been upheld by the assurance that the owner of that book (doubtless an astrologer) may have held out that the heavens promised them eventual delivery? The idea that this was so is a reward for all my labours, and bids the remembrance of the abuse and vituperation I have undergone, for defending the cause of astral truth, disappear from the mind as the flakes of falling snow melt away when they impinge on the ruffled waters of the ocean."

There is a poetry about this which smacks of the Mosaic, and inclines us to consider whether ZADKIEL be the genius whose immortal verse is chucked into cab-windows at the railways, and by persons of good sense is instantly chucked out again.

The allusion to our soldiers having inspired a warlike tone, MR. ZADKIEL blows this blast of defiance to all sceptics:—

"Where, I may now demand, where, after *thirty years* of uninterrupted advocacy of the truth of the doctrines of astral influences, are the marks of the hostility of the enemies of those truths? Who is the man who has ventured 'to print a book,' having for its object to dispute, to deny, to overthrow the doctrines of astrology? Repeatedly have I challenged the *Savans*, the philosophers of our day, clothed as they are in the panoply of pride, making broad as they do, the phylacteries of their mathematical garments, affecting to treat with contempt the oldest science that exists; repeatedly have I challenged them to answer my propositions, to prove to the world one single instance in which Nature has turned her back upon herself, by producing a child not evidently born under the laws, not governed by the potencies of the stars. Have they accepted the challenge? Again, I ask, *Have they?* And Echo answers, *Nay!*"

If echo answered "*Bray!*" the reply would be more sensible. The man who would accept so asinine a challenge might fitly take the cry of a donkey for his war-note. But having said what echo didn't, MR. ZADKIEL goes on blowing his own trumpet thus:—

"No distinct work to disprove astrology is to be met with in our day. Its adversaries take shelter in the anonymous columns of such onesided vehicles as the *Athenæum*, or those still more lob-sided public instructors, the country newspapers. The editor of the former has gone through some thirty years of life, disputing against, abusing, vilifying, and ridiculing astrology: but he has never ventured to *deny* its facts, never dared to attempt its *disproof*, by appeal to any one well-known nativity, public or private. He is now leaving that work, having fallen like myself into the sere and yellow leaf of age. We hasten *pas à pas* with equal footsteps to the grave; and in the world of spirits we shall both shortly meet, to know for aye which of us has done most service to the cause of truth."

After this terrific onslaught, we really tremble to inquire, Are the *Athenæum's* shutters up? Our contemporary seemed healthy, and showed fair signs of vitality; but it can scarcely have survived so deadly an attack. Thus, having doubled up the papers, as a child might its perambulator, MR. ZADKIEL claps his eye to an imaginary telescope, and makes believe to read the future in the stars. We string together some half-dozen of his choicest pearls of prophecy, adding here and there a word or two of comment on their worth:—

"VOICE OF THE STARS.—FEBRUARY.—LORD PALMERSTON has Jupiter opposing his Moon, which brings him into ill-odour with the mercantile world and the clergy." [*Too bad this of Jupiter, but we'll bet "Cupid" will get out of it.*]

"The evil transit of Saturn, and his being *Stationary* in December, 1859, on the place of the Sun, when LORD JOHN RUSSELL was born," [LORD JOHN *born in '59! Bray-vo, you Ass-trologer!*] "renders it very doubtful if he will play any part in the violent scenes I expect to occur this season. If he have recovered *that* blow he may; but the Sun is about the 68th year fearfully near the planet Mars. *Verbum sap.* If he suffer not personally, he is destined to political defeat and misfortune. [*Aut COUP aut GO OUT, eh? We pity poor* LORD JOHN.]

"MARCH. The Square of the Sun and Saturn on the natal figure of SIR G. GREY, gives him trouble, and defeats his ambitious views." [SIR G. GREY *ambitious! Pooh, pooh!* ZADKIEL, *don't chaff.*]

"APRIL. Saturn stationary in Square to the Sun with SIR G. GREY, baffles his ambition, and brings him personal suffering." [*Ambition, again!* MR. SMITH, *Sir, you're a humbug!*]

"JULY. The benefic Jove now enters Leo, and Venus joins him therein on the 9th." [*Jolly for Jove!*] "But although this would denote some benefits to France and other countries ruled by Leo," [*Do you mean the British Leo,* MR. SMITH?] "the good will be delayed by the conjunction falling exactly in the Moon's south node, the Dragon's Tail of evil note." [*Bad letters from China, eh?*] * * "LORD DERBY meets domestic grief from this evil aspect." [His Lordship's head cook bolts with MR. UGLY MUGG the baker.] "Another sufferer I must name, the noted LORD CARDIGAN, now in his grand climacteric, and having the Sun in 24° of *Libra*, suffers accordingly." [*Nothing wonderful in this. If Libra mean the Scales of popular opinion, his Lordship might expect to "suffer" from the contact.*]

"A cloud is on the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH." [*i.e.* LOUIS NAPOLEON *is caught smoking in* EUGÉNIE'S *boudoir!*]

"The happy position of Jupiter denotes that lawyers and clergymen will do well this year." [*By Jove,* SMITH, *you don't say so!*] * * * "And when Saturn is lord and found in Leo, he portends that ancient men and women shall die." [*Gracious, is it possible! where could you have learnt that!*]

These extracts having shown the wisdom of the work, it may be asked, who are the fools who, in "increasing thousands," purchase it. Under the head "To Correspondents," MR. ZADKIEL kindly throws some starlight on this point; and in doing so he helps us to a bit of information which we think is not less worthy of our note:—

"☞ NATIVITIES AND HORARY QUESTIONS.—On all subjects in connection with these matters, or for *advice* when the mind is really anxious on any subject; or for information as to the best period to offer corn, cattle, and other commodities for sale, &c., apply by *letter* only to SAMUEL SMITH, ESQ."—[of Humbug House, Takeinemwell.]

MR. ZADKIEL'S revelation that his *alias* is "SMITH" seems, of all his revelations, to us the most important, and the only one on which we pin the slightest scrap of faith. A proof that knaves are often fools is, however, to be found in his thus letting out the cat. It is clear the name of "ZADKIEL" sounds more imposingly than "SMITH;" and imposition being the main object of his business, the more imposing title must of course be best for trade. Were the Almanack next year entitled "SMITH'S" instead of "ZADKIEL'S," we opine its circulation would sensibly decrease. "ZADKIEL" sounds mysterious, and with a certain class of people mystery attracts. We will wager the dull dolts for whom the work is manufactured would not find their long ears tickled half so well by "SMITH." The mind bucolic is perhaps the most gullible of intellects, as is proved by how the charlatans called "farmers' friends" have tricked it; and it is, therefore, small surprise to us that MR. ZADKIEL should lay siege to the bucolic mind, and, what to him is more worth seiging, the bucolic breeches' pocket. MR. Z. professes to inform his friends the farmers, as to when they best may sell their corn and cattle; but he omits an observation they might quite as much rely on, that if they follow his advice they will find themselves most probably included in the sale. The "other" saleable "commodities" on which he proffers his advice, we take it, are cooks' "perquisites" and stolen pocket-handkerchiefs, and all such articles, which sometimes it requires some tact to sell. Our chief cause for this conjecture is the estimate we form of MR. ZADKIEL'S morality, from the signs of it he sprinkles through some pages of his work. The most noteworthy of these are pages 80 and 81, which are headed—

"LUNAR INFLUENCES FOR 1860, to be considered when about to commence any very important matter."

Here, what superstitious idiots have learnt to call their "lucky days" are noted, month by month. We subjoin a brace of specimens, which may be accepted as fair samples of the bulk:—

FEBRUARY.	NOVEMBER.
Day.	Day.
2. Ask favours.	1. Deal with public bodies.
3. Deal with old persons.	2. Trade, ask favours.
4. Trade, marry.	3, 8, 17, 22, 23. Ditto.
10. Travel, ask favours.	4. Marry.
16. Ask favours, marry.	5, 9, 14, 18, 19, 29, 30. Ditto.
20. Deal with old men.	11, 15, 25. Deal with surgeons.
24. Marry, go to surgeons.	10, 16, 26. Deal with old men.

Those who think that marriage is a lunatic proceeding have, on ZADKIEL'S authority, a "lunar influence" to show for it. According to his table, about a dozen days per month are lucky ones for marrying, though the sequel, "go to surgeons," may seem somewhat of an antidote. Quite as frequently recurring are the days for "asking favours" and "dealing with old men;" which transactions are, we take it, "very important matters" in the kitchens where the Almanack of ZADKIEL is studied. If we read the former, "Ask for left-off clothes and perquisites," and by the latter understand "Deal with old ragmen," we should put probably the right construction on the words. We therefore charge this MR. ZADKIEL TAO SZE, *alias* SMITH, with encouraging our servants to prig our clothes and kitchen-stuff, and would suggest that he should head his page of *Lunar Influences* with the much more fitting title of *A Calendar for Scamps*. When, by following his advice, our servants find themselves in Newgate, they will have their lucky stars and MR. ZADKIEL SMITH to thank.

FLY-DRESSING IN THE HOLIDAYS.

"I SAY, PUG, JUST GIVE ME TWO OR THREE OF YOUR EYELASHES, TO FINISH OFF THIS BLACK PALMER, THERE 'S A GOOD GIRL."

SIRENS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

MISS MARTINEAU proposes that ladies should be taught to swim. All the young ones ought to be able to swim naturally, like ducks, as they are; and as for the others, if not ducks, what are they, for at any rate they are no chickens? The proposition of MISS MARTINEAU suggests certain additions which, when it is adopted, should be made to *The Girl's Own Book*. Besides proper directions for swimming, floating, diving, treading water, &c., instructions should be supplied for performing various feats of elegance, dexterity, and skill. Aquatic waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles are evolutions which the fair swimmers might be taught to perform, to their own great delight and recreation, as well as to the diversion of all beholders. Elegant bathing-dresses, suitable to an aquatic ball, would render such a performance at any fashionable watering-place abundantly profitable. The dresses, of course, would be of a very light material, unless, by means of gutta-percha tubing, crinoline of ordinary extent could be conveniently floated. Young ladies might also learn to embroider in the water, hem handkerchiefs, do crochet, or execute drawings in water-colours. A piano, supported by a little buoy, would afford peculiar means for musical aquatic exercises; and the performer, accompanying herself in a song, would appear like a regular mermaid, with her tail out of sight. If young ladies generally could swim, and took to swimming, the waves that wash the beach of Albion would swarm every autumn with sea-nymphs, and the British shores would be assuredly crowded with worshippers of those marine divinities.

"Oh, that Sort of Person!"

THERE has been a good deal of sympathy excited among vulgar people in England, by the account of the stealing and restoration of a baby in Paris. This interest was at first shared by our better classes, it being stated that the abstracted infant had been "exquisitely dressed," but this was destroyed when it came out that the baby had been for some time "nursed" by its own mother.

PROBABLE RAILWAY CATASTROPHE.

A MOST alarming accident on the South-Western Railway, attended with the frightful mutilation of upwards of a hundred persons, and resulting in the death of a number of human beings as yet unascertained, among whom, there is too great reason to fear, will be included a right reverend prelate and an illustrious person, may be obviated, if CAPTAIN ROSS, R.E., correctly reports that on that line "the public are exposed to unnecessary risks," and that "the management neglects to make the simple insurance against accidents of this class, which may be effected by an adequate provision of guard and break power." If the board of directors of this once secure, but now perilous railway, will only go to the expense of putting it in a proper condition, they will avert an alarming sacrifice of human life, which more than one of our contemporaries may correctly describe as a holocaust of human victims, since the train may take fire, and burn the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, and PUNCH. If CAPTAIN ROSS is right, the South-Western Railway, whose officials used to boast that it was "slow and safe," is now, in consequence of having ceased to be safe, not half what it used to be.

The Pam of Spades.

LORD PALMERSTON, in turning the first sod of the Railway at Broadlands, the other day, is said to have handled his barrow like a true navvy. Till then nobody knew that we had such a navigator at the helm of the State. PAM is a trump.

FROM OUR YOUNGEST CONTRIBUTOR.—There is this difference between the domestic cat and the military cat—that the one belongs to the feline species, and the other to the unfeeling.

TEST FOR A MENDED TEA-CUP.—The Anglo-French Alliance, which was regarded as broken, is now said to have been united with Chinese Cement. We trust the composition will stand hot water.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 1, 1859.

THE HEAD OF ENGLISH COMPOSERS.

FEW days ago we were startled by reading in the *Musical World*, or somewhere, the following painful announcement:—

"W. M. BALFE. TWO LOCKS OF HAIR. 2s."

We are sorry to hear that the composer of the *Bohemian Girl*, who has furnished the public with so many beautiful airs, should be reduced to such a very low state himself. Has it, then, come to this, that the head of our musical profession has but "Two Locks of Hair" that he can call his own? or are we to understand that he is cutting off all his curls, and selling them to his numerous admirers at the modest rate of a shilling a lock. The price is very slight — too slight; whereas the consumption in bears' grease and macassar, to replace the loss, measured by the enormous demand, must be unusually large. We shall only be too happy to have a lock ourselves, in order to help him through the hirsute struggle, if so small a quantity as a shilling's worth is made. We say only one lock, as it would be awkward to wear two lockets. We only hope that our friend's hair has the same prolific power as his musical genius, for we should be sorry to see one so distinguished as W. M. BALFE appearing before the public in the character of a bald composer,—though the baldness would be but little apparent in his case, from the number of laurels with which his musical brow is profusely decorated. Does he think it would do him any good to consult the *Barber of Seville?*

THE GOVERNMENT BROKER.

WHAT would the Government do without its Broker? There never is a difficulty in the Money Market but he generously comes forward, and spends his £15,000 or £20,000 with no more concern than a school-boy would drop his halfpenny at the nearest apple-stall. This he does, not merely one day, or a couple of days, but he will go on buying for weeks and weeks together. He is the financial physician to the State, and no sooner does Government feel a little tightness in its chest, than the Government Broker is ready to relieve it by immediately applying for an investment, the happy application of which to the part affected enables the patient to exclaim, with as much saltatory glee as the dressing-gowned invalid in GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S pictorial advertisement, "Ha! Ha! Cured in an instant!" He is the best friend the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street ever had, and, supposing that elderly female ever took it into her head to marry, we should not at all wonder at the Government Broker being the object of her affections. His wealth must be something enormous, considering the amount he spends in the course of the twelvemonth; and his frugality must be almost as great as his wealth, for we notice that he never buys for any other purpose than that of paying into the Savings' Banks. He must make money very fast, or else has an enormous "ready-cash" business, that brings him in thousands every week throughout the whole year, inasmuch as it is a stereotyped fact that the Government Broker limits his operations generally to buying, for you rarely catch him selling. This is a proof of the sure principle upon which he always conducts his business, and the consequence is, that the interest which accrues is invariably not less sure than the principal.

The wonder that takes away our breath is, how a man who commands so much wealth, and scatters so much good wherever he scatters his gold, should have remained so long unknown? Is it not curious that the British Association, which amuses itself in solving some of the most abstruse mysteries of science, as connected especially with commerce, should not have raised some inquiry as to the name of this large public benefactor? A little investigation into his character would have well repaid philosophic curiosity. Seemingly, he is one of those pure-minded philanthropists, who do good by stealth, and would blush to find it fame. He must be a large-hearted, open-handed individual, whom we confess we should like extremely to know. It is not often you meet with a man who is so rich, and at the same time, so liberal. But few capitalists in the City are so colossal in their dealings, and yet so modest; we cannot recall to mind another *millionnaire*, who does so much good in his golden way, and nevertheless does it so quietly, as our friend, (if he will only allow us so to call him,) the Government Broker. May he always be buying another £15,000!

FRANKLIN.

THE Polar clouds uplift—
A moment and no more—
And through the snowy drift,
We see them on the shore—

A band of gallant hearts,
Well-ordered, calm, and brave;
Braced for their closing parts—
Their long march to the grave.

Through the snow's dazzling blink,
Into the dark they 've gone.
No pause: the weaker sink,
The strong can but strive on.

Till all the dreary way
Is dotted with their dead:
And the shy foxes play
About each sleeping head.

Unharmed the wild deer run,
To graze along the strand:
Nor dread the loaded gun
Beside each sleeping hand.

The remnant that survive
Onward like drunkards reel;
Scarce wotting if alive,
But for the pangs they feel.

The river of their hope
At length is drawing nigh—
Their snow-blind way they grope,
And reach its banks to die!

Thank God: brave FRANKLIN'S place
Was empty in that band.
He closed his well-run race
Not on the iron strand.

Not under snow-clouds white,
By cutting frost-wind driven,
Did his true spirit fight
Its shuddering way to Heaven.

But warm, aboard his ship,
With comfort at his side,
And hope upon his lip,
The gallant FRANKLIN died.

His heart ne'er ached to see
His much-loved sailors ta'en;
His sailors' pangs were free
From their loved captain's pain.

But though in death apart,
They are together now;
Calm, each enduring heart—
Bright, each devoted brow!

The Game of Piedmont.

WE observe that a new pastime is advertised under this name. According to our idea, the game of Piedmont must resemble that of the umpire who was chosen by two gentlemen playing all-fours, who had considerable doubts with regard to each other's honesty. He was to receive so much a game for seeing fair play, and at the close of the evening proved to be the only winner.

IRISH ALL OVER!

AN Irish Paper, describing the Talking Fish, says, "it is quite a *rara avis*." This Bull, however, comes in most happily, as it presents us with a combination that occurs but rarely, of Fish, Flesh and Fowl.

PEOPLE I DON'T WANT TO MEET.

A Paper printed purely for Private Circulation.

BY ONE WHO DON'T MIND BEING CALLED A CRUSTY OLD CURMUDGEON.

SOMEBODY or other—I don't a bit know who, and I don't one atom want to know—has, I believe, written a book entitled *People I have Met*. I never read the work, and I don't intend to read it. I seldom care to read a book further than the title-page. When one knows what it's about, one can imagine the contents, and supposing that one can't it's seldom any loss to one. Nine authors out of ten write nothing that's worth reading. What they write, one could write better, if one cared to try, oneself. As for reading such a book as *People I have Met*, I should never in my senses dream of dipping into it. What care I to hear of people whom some one else has met? Bah! I'm enough bored by people whom I meet myself. To think of people I can't help meeting is plague enough for me. Why worry myself with thoughts about another man's acquaintances?

No. If the work had been entitled *People I don't want to Meet*, the name of it perhaps might have tempted me to purchase it. There's some pleasure in learning that other men have bores to plague them like oneself. Moreover, when one reads of disagreeable people one can't help being constantly reminded of one's friends, and can take a quiet pleasure in reflecting on their faults, and in noting in the margin "Ah, that's just like that sneak, SNOOKS!" or else adding the curt comment, "Bravo! TOMKINS to the life! How I hope he'll see it!"

I feel sure a work of this kind would command a splendid sale, and win no end of compliments and κύδος for the writer. However, these incentives will not tempt me to produce it. Not being by trade an author, I have a balance at my banker's; and as for popularity, I'd rather be without it. Still there's no harm in my showing how my notion might be worked, and what agreeable reading it would certainly produce. You may say it is not proper to parade one's friends in print, nor manly to make fun of even fools behind their backs. Bah! I turn a deaf ear always to such sentimental snivelling. What's the good of having friends, if one can't use them. It seems to me, their follies are fair literary capital, and authors would be asses if they did not trade on it. Besides, by trying to offend a man, one merely tests his friendship, and he should take it as a compliment that one considers it worth testing.

For my part, as I said, not wanting fame or 'money, I don't intend to bore myself with bringing out a book. Still if you'd like to know a few of the People I don't want to Meet, I'll just jot down a line or two, by way of introduction. I don't so much mind work, when I can worry other people by it; and if my sketches of my friends bore you half as much as their acquaintanceship does me, I shall hold myself repaid for the labour of describing them.

So then, *Place aux dames!* No, no. That be hanged. Man came before woman, and I can't see any cause why he should yield his precedence. *Place aux hommes!* say I. I'll begin with my friend SMITH.

Now SMITH is one of those (to me) objectionable creatures, whom all their friends (but me) persist in nicknaming "Good fellows." SMITH has good health, and good spirits, good temper and good nature, and, what in ladies' eyes is better still, good looks. Every one likes SMITH, and that is one great reason why I myself detest him. "Good fellows" in general are my particular aversion. Because of their good fellowship they get the best of everything, and, although they least deserve it, their friends always make the most of them. If I meet SMITH out at dinner, I observe that he invariably gets helped sooner than I do, and almost as invariably has the pick of the titbits. He gets the lion's share of whatever's best on table, and although (in my opinion) he's an ass in conversation, he somehow or other always plays the lion's part. My most telling jokes fall flat when SMITH is sitting next me; and, however weak and stupid, *his* are always roared at. In fact, I never enjoy my dinner when SMITH is of the party. The mere sight of a "good fellow" always takes away my appetite. It really gives me indigestion to see the quantity of "nice bits" which the carvers *will* put by for him, while I and other guests may whistle for a taste. In the drawing-room, moreover, SMITH is equally a nuisance. It almost makes me sick to see the women pet and cosset him. Pretty widows cluster round him like flies about a sugar-shop; and girls flirt with him as pleasantly as if he were a parson, and repose in him their confidence as though he were a priest. They allow him to take liberties which I would give my ears for, but I should only get them boxed were I to volunteer the gift. In this way, as in others, I find that these "good fellows" somehow always get the better of me, and rob me of whatever I most take to be my due. Wherever I meet SMITH he is a nuisance and annoyance to me, and that is surely a fair reason for my saying, I Don't Want to Meet him.

Then again, there's BROWN. I can't bear meeting BROWN, although I own he's just exactly the antipodes of SMITH. BROWN has bad health and bad spirits, bad temper and bad looks. Who can possibly find pleasure in meeting men like BROWN? His voice is so lugubrious it reminds one of a meeting-house, and the long faces he pulls would do for a broad farce. BROWN is always sickening one by talking of his ailments, and mentioning the medicines which he has been prescribed for them. As some fools take delight in telling you what quantities of wine they have been drinking, so BROWN appears to relish an unhealthy sort of pleasure in counting up the quantities of physic he has swallowed, and boasting he has floored a six-ounce bottle at a sitting, or made "dead men" of half a score or so of draughts per day for weeks. Ugh! To hear BROWN's conversation is like walking through a hospital; and when I add that he's an ugly and ill-tempered looking brute, and that it gives one the blue devils to glance at his blue looks, why, who the d—ce can wonder that I Don't Want to Meet him?

MRS. JONES, although a lady, is (to me) a hardly less objectionable person. MRS. JONES is what is called by most men a "nice creature." Her male friends, as a rule, are over head and ears in love with her, but I can't conceive their reasons for those amatory somersaults. I hear them *say* they think her pretty and piquant; but, as language was invented to conceal one's thoughts, of course I can't conjecture what they *really* think of her. It sounds well enough to speak of her as "pretty" and "piquant," but "common-place" and "pert" would be more truthful epithets. One can't call women "pretty," who have little turned-up noses, such as MRS. BROWN has; and the way in which she *pities* me for being an old bachelor, and laughs at my "odd ways," as she is pleased to call them, fools who stand by may think "piquant," but I myself call "pert." I never meet MRS. BROWN but she seems bent on poking fun at me, and surely that is cause enough why I Don't Want to Meet her.

I need not waste my time in a description of MISS SCRAUNCHER, for, I take it, no one Wants to Meet these more-than-half-male misses; who, if they married, would stick out for Woman's Right to wear the—thingummies, and whose minds seem to grow stronger as their hair gets weak. Nor need I spare much space for MISS SERENA SIMPER; who has no idea of Righting anything—but love-letters—and whose brains are just as weakly as MISS SCRAUNCHER's are robust. There may be childish idiots who like such dolls to prattle to, but I am not an idiot, and I Don't Want to Meet them. Neither do I Want to Meet that MRS. RABBITT WARRENNE, who is, so to speak, quite wrapped up in her babies, and seems, as far as I can judge, to have a new one once-a-week. To hear that woman chatter about whooping-coughs and measles is, as the Yankees say, a "caution" which young bachelors might profit by. I never have but once "enjoyed" the "pleasure" of her company, and then she told me the addresses of sixteen monthly nurses, and gave me the recipes for twelve varieties of pap!

As for my young friends WHYPPER SNAPP and NYNNY HAMMER, their names speak quite enough for them, and I need say no more. Blockheads, young or old, I don't much Want to Meet. Ciphers such as these cut a poor figure in the world, and the society of ciphers is not a thing I sigh for. Nor have I any wish to meet a man like SKUNKE. SKUNKE is not a blockhead He is sharp and shrewd enough. But somehow, SKUNKE is never in good odour with his friends. He is always stirring up the cess-pools of small scandals, which nobody but he would ever care to poke his nose into, and which, but for his said stirring, would soon cease to be smelt out. BLABBERLY again is a fellow I Don't Want to Meet. When BLABBERLY is present, one can never half enjoy oneself. If one feels inclined to cut up any absent friends, or to make a nice ill-natured joke at their expense, BLABBERLY's quick ears are sure to catch up what is said, and his tongue has an unlucky habit of repeating it. Then, too, there's my friend SLYNKE.—But why pursue a subject which gets more and more unsavoury. I have surely said enough to show that I'm surrounded by People I Don't Want to Meet. Their name in fact is Legion, and they haunt me worse than taxgatherers. What though I may mix in what

is termed "the best society," I find it teems with them as badly as Thames water with small reptiles. Even you, O reader, I'll be bound, were I to meet you, I should find out to be one of these same People I Don't Want to Meet.

THE ALDERMAN'S LAMENT.

TEARS! Tears for the City, oh! wail for Guildhall,
Put Gog into weepers, clothe Magog in pall,
Let each Alderman use his gold-chain for a cord,
And the sword-bearer, CATO-like, fall on his sword.

Let the Mansion House cooks on their spits yield their breaths,
And BATHE & BREACH turtle die natural deaths;
Let the venison in GROVES'S, uneaten, grow stale,
And sell off for old brass, man-in-armour, thy mail.

For the great City glories are knocked on the head,—
Its shrieval and swan-hopping dinners are dead:
Folks gird at Lord Mayors, and make mock of their show,
And the *Mary Wood* barge has been sold and brought low.

In their Company's hall, as in brave days of yore,
The Sheriffs at breakfast receive us no more;
No more in th' Exchequer their office entails
The chopping of faggots and counting of nails.

Groan aloud in your graves, each old Alderman's ghost,
In Guildhall, economy now rules the roast;
Where ye feasted, a HEYWOOD or LETHEBY reports
On the planning of sewers, and cleansing of courts.

Ah, me! when I think of the dinners I've seen,
The venison so fat, and the turtle so green,
The rich marrow-puddings, so melting and mild,—
Grey-haired man as I am, I could weep like a child.

Audacious Reform lifts its voice for our fall:
They publish our archives,—our records o'erhaul;
Pry into our revenues,—scan our accounts,—
Our sal'ries examine, and gauge their amounts.

Yield not thus, brother Aldermen, tacit and tame.
As the Senate of Rome met the Gaul, when he came,
To meet the Reformers, in Guildhall sit down,
Majestic and awful, in chain and in gown.

When the foe in that terrible presence shall come,
He will shrink from his enterprise—dazzled and dumb;
Will dread to encounter the Alderman's ban,
And feel the LORD MAYOR something higher than man!

If, false and faint-hearted, no Alderman stirs;
If a craven LORD MAYOR to my project demurs.
At your feet, Gog and Magog, I fling off my gown,
And my Alderman life—like a BRUTUS—lay down!

NE PLUS ULTRA-MONTANIST.

MR. PUNCH'S recommendation to make short work with the Irish priests who refuse to use in aid of the law their absolute power over their flocks, has caused a vast explosion of wrath in the journals devoted to the ultra-montane hierarchy. Of abuse, especially from the tools of the priesthood, *Mr. Punch* has had so much in his time, while working out reforms in Church and State, and generally revising and improving the Constitution, that he can bear it very equably. But really, when it is advanced as a new grievance, that LORD DERBY has caused notice to quit to be served upon the priest of the tenantry who notoriously harbour a murderer, and who, if ordered by that priest, under pain of his Church's thunders, to hand over the scoundrel, would do it in an hour, *Mr. Punch* cannot help thinking that there must be some other connection between Irishmen and Impudence besides their both beginning with an I.

A SAINT IN CRINOLINE.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph ascribes the following act of enlightened devotion to a lady whom we should think incapable of it:—

"EUGÉNIE, the Empress, has presented the dress worn by her on her first appearance at Church after the birth of the Prince Imperial, the embroidery of which cost £20,000, to the statue of the Virgin in Notre Dame de la Sparde."

The writer of the above, perhaps, confounded the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH with the QUEEN OF SPAIN, or the Queen of some native tribe lately converted from fetichism by the labours of Jesuit missionaries.

The idea of EUGÉNIE presenting a dress to the statue above named, is too absurd. There was, indeed, said to be an idol of the same denomination,—

"Who at Loretto dwelt; in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig looked wondrous fine;

But the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH would have, at any rate, better taste than to cause an image of the Madonna to be attired in that ridiculous fashion. Yet to dress such an image in Crinoline would be just as ridiculous; and, doubtless, EUGÉNIE would not even put a statue of Venus into the preposterous drapery in which her milliners have arrayed herself.

If otherwise,—if the EMPRESS has actually presented the Madonna with her own petticoats,—we may expect that the EMPEROR will honour his wife by following her example. He may just as well present some Saint with one of his own uniforms, and dress the holy man's image up in a kepi, a tunic, and a pair of Napoleon boots. In kissing the latter, an Imperial devotee would be enabled, in that case, to kill two birds, as it were, with one stone.

BOOBIES OF BRIGHTON.

AS BRIGHTON is about to fill again, or may be full already, for what *Mr. Punch* knows, it may be agreeable and acceptable to the public, and especially the visitors to that watering-place, to know that medical testimony pronounces the sanatory arrangements of the place to be simply Abominable. A very large number of the smart houses are not fit to be inhabited, because Drainage has not been attended to. Several attempts have been made to obtain the necessary powers for purifying the town; but these efforts have been defeated by "a knot of obstinate and prejudiced persons, who are incapable of understanding anything on the subject except that drainage costs money." These Beasts—no, *Punch* withdraws the word; for beasts do comprehend and value of cleanliness;—these Idiots insist on Brighton's continuing to be poisoned. It is no business of *Mr. Punch's;* but as he has thousands of friends who "use" Brighton, he deems it friendly to advise them to mind their eyes, or rather another portion of their faces. But who are these recalcitrant jackasses who hinder the purification of the place, and of whom the medical men complain? Let *Mr. Punch* have all particulars, and he pledges himself to make the parties throw themselves into the sea after a very few applications of his cudgel.

THE NEW CUT.

WHEN will innovation cease? SIR JOHN BOWRING informs us that the celebrated Happy Dispatch of Japan is no longer the elegant ceremony it used to be, but that Reform has reduced it to a mere execution. The insulted Japanese nobleman does not now enfranchise at once his soul and his internals with the famous "transverse cuts," but his friends assemble and simply cut off his head. This is offensive effeminacy, and as a sound Protectionist-Conservative, *Mr. Punch* augurs no good to the Japanese kingdom from it. Besides, suppose a nobleman has no head—suppose, for instance, that some VISCOUNT WILLIAMS of Japan had been told by a Japanese LORD PALMERSTON to comprehend a subject before speaking upon it—how could the outraged lord vindicate his honour? Nations should keep in the old ruts and the old cuts.

Rhyme for Lady Londonderry's Nursery.

DOLLY was nimble and DOLLY was quick,
And DOLL, for a Swell, was no end of a Brick.
DOLLY could gallop, and DOLLY could trot,
But get a fine Colonelcy, DOLLY could not.

[*So, my dear,* DOLLY *sulked out of the Army, wasn't it a petulant* DOLLY?

THE CONUNDRUM THAT WON THE PRIZE AT THE LAST GRAND BILLINGSGATE FLOWER SHOW.

SUPPOSING you have got a Fish, when is it like a Flower?
When you have got a mignonette (*him in your net*).

Confounded Good-looking Hibernian friend (to Jones). "ADIEU, ME BOY! IS THERE ANYTHING I'LL DO FOR-R-R YE WHILE YE'RE AWAY? WILL I RIDE OUT, OR WALK WITH MISS PLUMLEY FOR-R-R YE, NOW? ONLY SPAKE THE WOR-R-RD!"

GIVING LITERATURE A LIFT.

"WAL, neow, *Punch*, old hoss, guess as heow we air a puttin' the kibosh on you Britishers. Talk of your Pro-gressin' and the Marchin' of your Intellect! Sne-akes and Sugar-candy! Why we wallop you by chalks as long as Mississippi. You 've been braggin' pretty stiff about your spread of education, and chaps like DICKY BRIGHT and COBDEN keep a-risin' up at meetings and a-spoutin' heaps of froth about the good it does their eyes to see the common folks a readin' at their 'Chanics' Institutions, instead o' loafin' about liquor-shops as afore they larnt to spell they did. Wal, I guess it's Uncle Sam as you 've to thank for *that*, although you air so all-fired proud that you 're ashamed to own it. Why neow what's the reason as you finds your chaps a-readin' and your clod-hoppers a-makin' mental progress, as you says they does? Ain't it jest because you 've been and copied us, and have been settin' up cheap papers toe en-lighten and instruct 'em? Yes, Sir-ree, that 's the fact, and COBDEN owns it, tew, and fizzle as you please, you can't noheow squirm out of it.

"But arter all, your penny peaypers aint not haafe the raal grit. They no more come up to ours than a ant does to a alligator. You air so cussed squeamish, your writers haave no chance of scribblin' somethin' spicy. And then you 're allus fussin' that what 's printed should be true, and so the bhoys don't git no room to spread the wings of their invention. 'Cept the prize fights in *Bell's Life* I never see no fancy writing in your jarnals. Neow, that 's jist where we whip you, and slogdollagise cre-ation. Our editors air allus on the squint for somethin' stunnin', and so long as it be fizzing, they don't ask if it be fact. In proof o' this here 'sertion, you jist read the busters they 've been printing 'bout Niagara, and how that French bhoy, BLONDIN, has been throwin'—not the hatchet, but—a rope across the Falls, and a hangin' by his heels, and eatin' omelettes, feet uppards, arter making 'em hisself without a-goin' off the rope,—beatin' up the eggs while he twizzled a back somersault, and smokin' a cigar the while he fried 'em by its ash. Wal, havin' done inventin' sich gymnastitricks as these, bust me if our editors ain't up to other dodges, and a-givin' out that BLONDIN is a literary critter, and a-engagin' him to write for 'em while he 's a-dancin' on the Falls! You jest give a squint at this here paragraph, old hoss, and say if you don't calc'late as the notion 's kinder slick:

"It is reported that MR. BONNER has offered MR. BLONDIN ten thousand dollars to contribute a series of Niagara papers to the *Ledger*, each of them to be written on a tight-rope while the author is crossing the Falls."

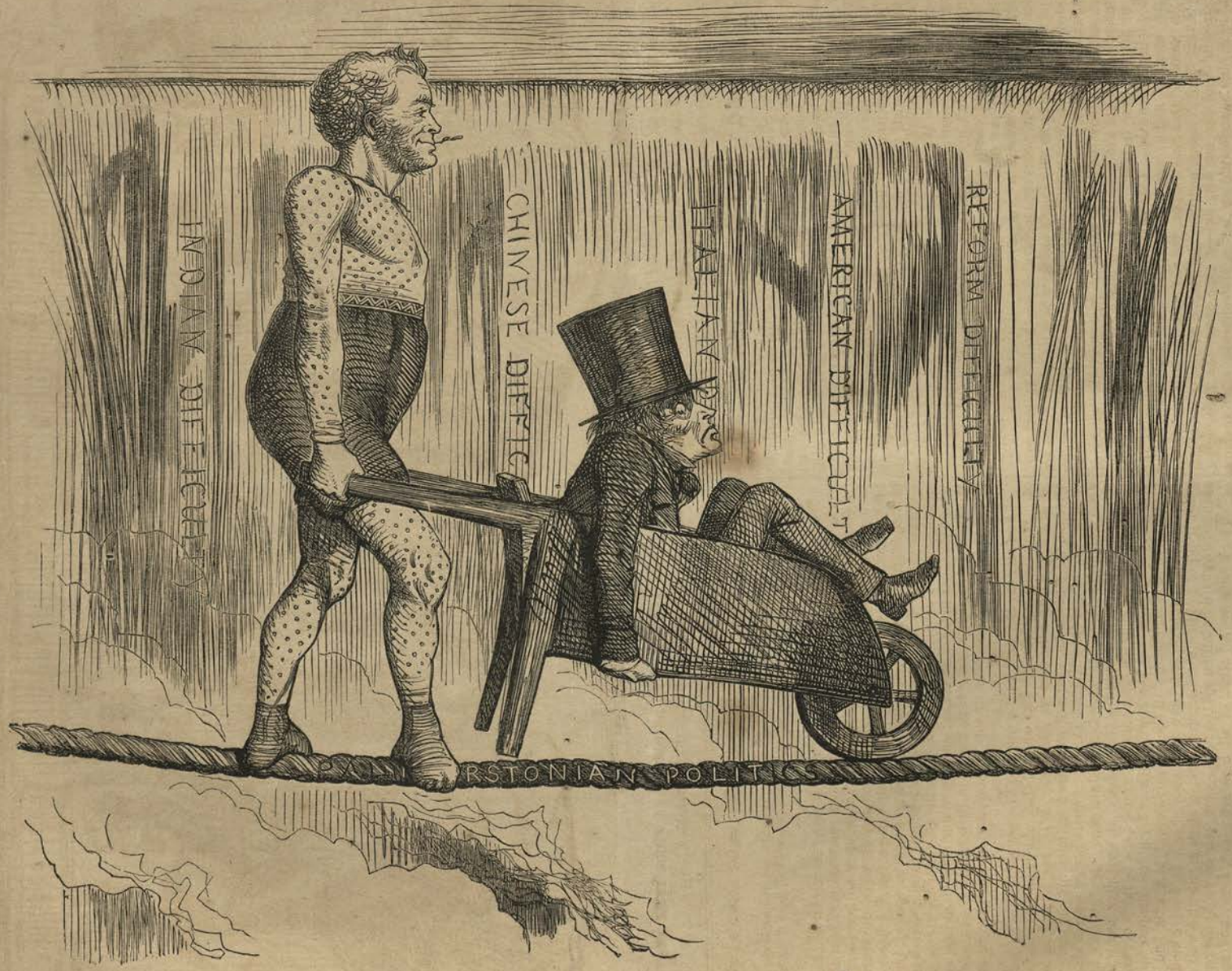
"Thar neow, I rayther guess as that's a smartish stroke o' brain-work. And besides it's being a most fust-chop speculation, it's sartinly encouragin' to what I calls High Art. Liftin' up a author to spin yarns above Niagara is what you may term reg'lar givin' lit'rature a lift! You Britishers may brag about your writers being critters of exalted reputation, and occu-pying of a tall po-sition in society, but I kinder guess we've taken a rise above 'em neow. Apple-squash and airthquakes! I calc'late it's a fa-act. For the matter of high standing, whar's the bhoy in Grub Street as comes up to our bhoy BLONDIN, and, talk of elevated genius, whar's the brains in Britain which air haafe so raised as his? He tops your tip-top authors, and no mistake, Sir-ree! It's lite-raytur' *in excelsis*, bust me if it aint!

"You may say the stuff he'll write won't be not nothin' to be proud of. Wal, perhaps it won't. But what o' that, old 'coon? I calc'late 'twill *sell*, and that 's the pint we looks to. Wal, yes, it just is, and arter all, old rattlesnake, which of your crack authors air you game to back agin him? Would MISTER TENNYSON write better, were *he* stuck upon a tight-rope? or that bhoy LORD MACAULAY, the 'eminent historian?' I'd jist like to see *him* try his hand at scribbling 'mong the skylarks! Guess as heow his Eminence would soon be taken deown a peg, and let BLONDIN bag the rowdy without tryin' toe com-pete with him. High as is his standin' in the lite-rairy world, he'd soon find as BLONDIN'S tight-rope were a cut or two above him. In faact I kinder guess if any of you Britishers aspired to takin' steps in so high a walk of authorship, you 'd be 'nition apt toe cut it and to come deown by the run!

"Wal, I allus am a patron of all high art games, *I* am: and so if any of you critters like to make a tight-rope scribblin' match, I don't mind backing BLONDIN agin 'em for a trifle, and I 'll liquor with as many 'coons as you can find to come and try. Perhaps you 'll print this challenge and send me the peayper; and so believe me, my bhoy,

"Yours faithful and in airnest, neow,

"GOLIAH SAMPSON BANG."



BLONDIN OUTDONE.

BOOT-MENDING.

HERE 's Europe in pother, and bustle and bother,
Kings and Kaisers, at conclave and council and plot;
Each crowned Royal Brother distrusting the other,
And insular England distrusting the lot.
While, cause of the riot, herself calm and quiet,
Italia, at length by past blunders grown wise;
On her Apennines sitting is busily fitting
Her boot with new welts, stouter soles and fresh ties.

Her delicate hands the fair lady commands,
To their task unfamiliar, with earnest endeavour:
Her carving and limning, her fiddling and hymning,
She has done for herself, but her boot-mending, never.
Sometimes Pope, sometimes Kaiser, sometimes King, as adviser,
How her boot should be mended, she used to invite:
That it pinched her severely she felt but too clearly,
But trusted strange cobblers to set it all right.

Till, as might be expected, their botching 's detected,
In such a misfit, that poor Italy swears
She 's so pinched heel and toe that, to stand or to go,
Is equally torture, the boot while she wears.
So though France eager stands to take work off her hands,
And Austria's young Kaiser puts in the same suit;
Says Italy, "No—on a new tack I 'll go:
I know my own pinch, and I 'll mend my own boot."

CULLENARY COLLEGES.

THE Dublin *Freeman* affords the friends of education the gratifying intelligence that:—

"On this day will commence the meeting of the four archbishops and two suffragans from each of the provinces, to consider the condition of the Catholic University, with a view to devise means which will improve its efficiency, and render it fully worthy of its exalted object."

This is the way to shut up the atheistical Colleges in which the mind is dieted on raw food, gorged with plain historical matter of fact, and stuffed with natural science. To denounce those base abodes of unqualified learning was a mistake on the part of the Right Reverend Fathers—who are not infallible in policy and tact. The judicious course would have been to take no notice of those dens—to ignore their existence—to treat them with merited contempt. Then the holy and sagacious prelates might, with dignity the more imposing, have proceeded to do what they are happily doing now—to cut out those despicable institutions. The grand Catholic University of Ireland, by the efforts of the successors of St. Patrick, will soon be reared in towering majesty above the petty seminaries of unseasoned knowledge. Its venerable Professors will emulate the miracle by which that illustrious saint relegated the batrachians to the bogs and confounded all the other reptiles. They will drive away the vermin who occupy the chairs of uncooked philosophy and literature. As when, to employ a new simile, the Sun, rising in unclouded splendour, at once dispels the shades of night, and extinguishes the delusive luminaries which mislead the wanderer, so will the Catholic University of Ireland, diffusing an effulgence of glory, produce an effect upon the schools of unbiassed thought which can be adequately described only in the pastoral of one of those only genuine prelates who alone are incapable of writing fustian.

DR. LIVINGSTONE IN DESTITUTION.

To a letter dated Kongone Harbour, July 30, 1859, the illustrious and adventurous DR. LIVINGSTONE adds a most important postscript. He thus writes:—

"P. S. . . . We have failed to receive our regular newspapers, and not a *Punch* except yours—nothing more is needed to prove us out of the world."

DR. LIVINGSTONE has undergone great privations, but he has never expressed so keen a sense of the severest of them as that which he exhibits in complaining of his want of *Punch*. We do not know which of two emotions we feel the more deeply—sympathy with the distress of the best of doctors, or pride by reason of the cause which chiefly occasioned it. We wish we possessed the power of clairvoyance, and could publish prophetic numbers in anticipation of events, so that stores of *Punch* for long voyages and travels might be laid in by enterprising explorers like DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A CONUNDRUM FOR THE COURT CIRCULAR.

WHY is BARON BRAMWELL'S wit like scandal?
Because a little of it goes a very great way.

ST. JANUARIUS AT IT AGAIN!

THE good Saint Januarius has been at it again. This may seem a vulgar phrase, but we use it with all reverence: at least, with all the reverence we can feel for the good Saint. While he conducts himself in so unsanctified and common-place a fashion, he must expect to have unsanctified and common-place things said of him. We repeat then, that the Saint has been "at it again." A letter from Naples, which has been seized on by sub-editors, and stuck in all the newspapers (anything, however stupid and nonsensical, does to fill their vacant corners now Parliament is up), has edified the British public by narrating how—

"The great event of the day for the clergy and the lower class of the population is the miracle of St. Januarius, which has this year been accomplished with a rapidity without example. The liquefaction of the blood of the Saint took place yesterday morning in two minutes! Repeated salutes of artillery from all the forts in the town announced the happy event; for when the miracle is effected rapidly it is considered a sign of prosperity for the kingdom."

If this be so, we are surprised that more effective measures are not regularly taken to ensure the so-called "miracle" being rapidly performed. Whatever apparatus be employed for the occasion, we think it is but clumsily adapted to the purpose. If a rapid liquefaction be so "happy" an "event," there surely are abundant means at hand to guarantee it. Science surely might prescribe the taking of such steps as would secure to a dead certainty the coveted result; and as the measures now in use, it seems, cannot be relied upon, we should recommend that others should be sought for, and adopted. The liquefaction might, perhaps, be done more rapidly by steam; and if so it would be easy to fit up such machinery as would work the so-called "miracle" at more than railroad pace. Or if a dry heat be the best to effect a rapid melting, we should advise the priests at Naples to buy themselves new bellows, and get up a rousing fire when it is wanted for the process. Or they might try what could be done by applying a hot-iron when the melting should come off, in which case, upon melting days, it might, perhaps, be suitable to heat the holy poker.

We learn further, from the letter which induces these remarks, that—

"The miracle takes place three times a year: the prayer and the fête lasting nine days in May, eight days in September, and one day in December. It also occurs in the ancient town of Puzzoli, where the Saint was beheaded. The stone on which he was executed is preserved in the church of that place, and his blood appears on it at the same moment as the liquefaction takes place at Naples."

Clearly, too, in this case, the helping hand of Science might be called in requisition, to secure the sure recurrence of this saintly "double event." By the aid of electricity, Naples and Puzzoli might be instantly connected, and the simultaneous "appearance" of the blood be guaranteed. In fact, the sanguinary apparition might be got up just as easily as the appearing of the "gory locks" of *Banquo* at the banquet, or of the Corsican ghost-brother with the blood-spot on his shirt. If the faithful wish to raise the reputation of their Saint, we think that Science might materially assist them in so doing. A belief in so-called "miracles" like those of JANUARIUS is clearly incompatible with scientific knowledge; and if due advantage were but taken of this truth, many new and paying "miracles" might be brought into the market. In places where the steam-engine has never been inspected, and where electric telegraphs are utterly undreamt of, their agencies might readily effect a so-thought "miracle," and deceive the eyesights blinded by the darkened superstitions which are the stock-in-trade and groundwork of the Romish Church.

A SERIOUS CLOWN.

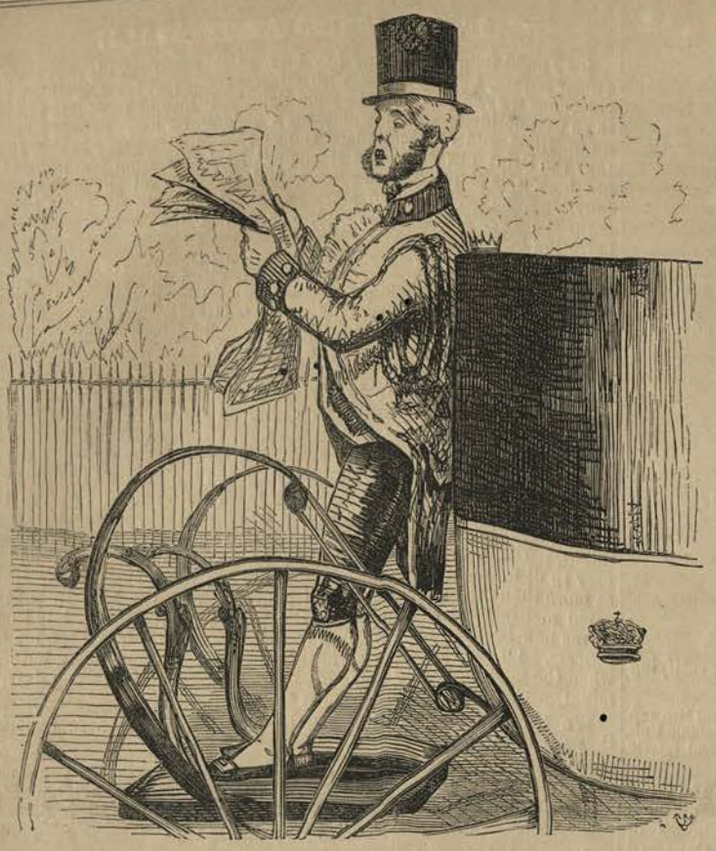
ACCORDING to a Bangor paper—

"The *Derbyshire Advertiser* states that a young man, a member of an evangelical church, advertises in a local paper for board in a pious family, where his Christian example would be considered a compensation."

If the advertisement which the Welsh paper says that the Derbyshire paper says that the local paper contains, is contained in that paper, the evangelical young man who inserted it is a youth who might do better than by acting in private the part of a hypocrite. He might, with more emolument probably, play Clown on the stage, in a pantomime, where the cool impudence which appears to be his peculiar gift, might be displayed to great advantage; provided that, in addition to that talent, he is endowed, as he probably is, with a genius for grimace, and can also swallow strings of sausages and jump through windows.

The Soldier's Call.

IT must be confessed that, in the way of flogging, the British Army outstrips every other army in the world. It is too bad that the British Soldier, who never allows the enemy to see his back, should be called upon to exhibit it to his own countrymen!



MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

"Takin' it easy! Aw yas, why shouldn't I? When there's not a Soul left in Town to look at one?"

THE NELSON MONUMENT.

Recitative.

O'ER NELSON'S tomb, with silent grief oppressed,
BRITANNIA mourns her hero,—much distressed
By that tall column, which, for many years,
Has been unfinished, as it now appears.

Aria.

'Twas in Trafalgar Square
I saw a Frenchman stare;
My heart was fainting then.
He smiled, as he looked round,
At ev'ry thing he found,
And at us Englishmen.
Our NELSON on the pillar top,
Three coils of cable as a prop,
Despite all taste and beauty.
Around the pile the Frenchman ran,
Exclaiming unto ev'ry man—
"You have not done your duty!"

And now the cabmen roar
Where th' frightful fountains pour,
And dirty children play;
By th' National Gall'ry named,
Of which we're much ashamed,
Though much for it we pay.
Ah! dearly has the nation bought
Not that for which our hero fought,
Who fought for home and beauty:
His spirit cries—if cry it can—
To us and ev'ry Englishman,
"You have not done your duty!"

At last it may come round,
When we are underground,
That NELSON'S friends will see.
Pow'r fighting on his side,
That cannot be denied,
What long we've wished should be.
In honour's cause his life was past,
In honour's cause he fell at last,
For England, home, and beauty!
Oh! may our rulers find some plan
To treat less scurvily the man
Who nobly did his duty!

ANECDOTES FROM BALMORAL.

Collected, with the permission of Mr. Macflunkey, from the Scotch Papers.

ANY incident in the Highland life of our Sovereign will be interesting to all her subjects, and we are happy to be able to give one which we have obtained from a favourite domestic in the Royal household. Going out for a drive, the other day, HER MAJESTY, as she graciously ascended the carriage, was observed to look at the mists that were curling around the majestic brow of the opposite mountain, Ben Cuttypipe. The QUEEN pointed them out to PRINCESS BEATRICE, and said, "Is it not like smoke?" We have ourselves frequently inspected the scenery, and can bear testimony to the accuracy of HER MAJESTY'S comparison.—*Peebles Parasite.*

The QUEEN, accompanied by the PRINCE CONSORT, was walking on Saturday in the beautiful road from Glenbrimstone to Clantoddy, when an old Highlander, named JAMES MACTURK, who has just accomplished his hundred and seventy-second year, but is as hale as a man of sixty, met the distinguished couple. He was not aware, from the unpretending appearance of the Royal pair, that he was in presence of such illustrious personages; and his cheerful salutation as he passed had more of cordiality than of reverence. HER MAJESTY smilingly responded "Good morning." When told of his mistake, the old man, nothing daunted, said, "Weel, she's a bonny leddy."—*Fifeshire Fawner.*

Truly gratifying it is to know that the PRINCE OF WALES, who inherits no small part of the wit and humour of his illustrious parents, is also exceedingly well read in the history of Scotland. We are informed that His Royal Highness was amusing himself, on a recent occasion, by an amicable engagement with the foils, in the hall at Balmoral, his honoured antagonist being the youthful LORD MACDUFF. In the course of the graceful exercise the PRINCE, perhaps thinking his foe somewhat slack to lunge, exclaimed, with an excellent imitation of a distinguished tragedian, "Lay on, MACDUFF!" It is equally to the honour of a Prince who has been most carefully brought up, that he abstained from completing the somewhat irreverent lines of the great Scottish dramatist.—*Listener of the Lothians.*

HER MAJESTY, it is well known, is very fearless about weather when she is in the Highlands, and sometimes is pleased, good-naturedly, to rally her attendants upon their fear of catching cold. Overtaken by a shower, one day last week, in the neighbourhood of Loch Jabber, the Royal party paused for a few moments, and LADY HERMIONE NORMANTON, the lady-in-waiting, suggested that they should take refuge in the nearest cottage. Her MAJESTY assented, and the shelter was gained, when, turning with a smile to the fair and distinguished hydrophobian, the QUEEN said, "Now, LADY HERMIONE, I hope that you are happier."—*Elgin Eavesdropper.*

Our revered Sovereign, as is well known, sets an admirable example of attendance to religious duties. Being in her pew on Sunday week, in the little church of Banchorister, the Sovereign paid marked attention to the worthy minister, the REVEREND ANDREW FAIRSERVICE, as he gave out the text. The QUEEN was then seen to lay her Royal hand upon a book, and the intense curiosity of the whole congregation was excited to discover what their Monarch was about to do. They all rose, and either stood on the seats or leaned over the gallery to observe the QUEEN'S movements. What was their delight to behold their QUEEN open the Sacred Volume, turn with apparent ease to the text, show it for a moment to PRINCESS ALICE, and lay the book down again to listen, attentively, to the excellent minister.—*Clackmannan Chatterer.*

QUEEN VICTORIA takes a wifely interest in the field-sports of her illustrious husband, and rarely fails to come down-stairs on His Royal Highness's return from deer-stalking, and look at the spoils of the chace. An unusually fine stag fell a victim to the Prince's great skill last Wednesday, and on its being submitted to HER MAJESTY for examination, the QUEEN regarded it with mingled admiration and compassion, and remarked to the PRINCE OF WALES, "Really, Papa ought to be in the Rifles."—*Glasgow Gobemouche.*

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says our great Scottish bard, ALLAN RAMSAY, but we are delighted to be able to state that in the case of our beloved Sovereign, old ALLAN'S *dictum* does not hold good. We have reason to speak positively to the fact that the QUEEN has repeatedly said that she has been graciously pleased to enjoy

exceedingly good nights during her sojourn at Balmoral. That this arises in part from our Queen's mind being calm in the conviction of being beloved by the nation, we do not, as loyal subjects, doubt; but for the honour of auld Scotland we must claim for the mountain air of Caledonia some of the credit of procuring for her monarch "rosy dreams and slumbers light."—*Inverary Idiot.*

It has, we believe, been remarked that after a certain period of enjoyment of a delightful scene, human nature becomes less keen in its enjoyment, and satiety ensues. The observation is founded on a good general knowledge of mankind. But that there are exceptions to the rule we are able to testify, and one of them is in the case of the illustrious offspring of our beloved Sovereign. On their coming out upon the lawn at Balmoral, on the morning after their arrival, the Princess Louisa exclaimed, that she believed the scenery grew more and more beautiful every year, to which remark her brothers and sisters assented. Need we add that the indulgent smiles of their royal parents showed that even if the scene had not improved (and it would be difficult to improve it), they were not displeased at the enthusiasm of their amiable children.—*Dundee Dunderhead.*

N.B. *Mr. Punch*, his Sovereign's most devoted admirer and champion, solemnly declares that he will publish a great many more of these things (with their exact pedigrees), if the Scottish pennygrubs do not abstain from persecuting that Royal lady and her family with the twaddling effusions of unmitigated flunkeydom. *Nemo se impune lacessit.*

SPORTS IN THE NORTH.

Game case was lately tried at the Gateshead County Police Court, when Mr. Ramsey, who was on the Bench, terrified everyone by letting off in the open court the following opinion, which we have picked up, with all the marks of the magisterial lead about it, in the *Northern Counties' Advertiser*:—

"Mr. Ramsey said the deputation gave him *the right to shoot himself*, or to give liberty to shoot to anybody else."

We do not know whether the report is a correct one, nor are we told whether Mr. Ramsey availed himself of the right that he said the deputation gave him. If he did, it is to be hoped that Mr. Ramsey is a very bad shot, and did not succeed in making game of himself, or of anyone else. If a Magistrate has "the right to shoot himself," then our Great Unpaid should be taught "the Rifle, and how to use it;" or else, failing to hit the object they aim at, they might wound the beadle, or wing the clerk, or kill half-a-dozen lawyers, which would be a loss that society at large would grievously deplore, and could but ill replace. If Mr. Ramsey has any fire-arms, they should be taken away from him, for fear that he might, in some moment of over-zeal, be measuring out his own charge, and passing sentence, ready primed and loaded, upon himself. We have often heard of the sword of Justice; but a musket is a new weapon to be placed in the hands of that blind old lady. It ought to be removed from her, or she will be doing serious injury with it one of these days, unless the presenters take good care beforehand to withdraw their charge. We have not yet heard whether this new sport, which at all events has the one merit of accelerating promotion at the bar, is to be introduced next term into Westminster Hall. Bramwell, however, will be safe; for we all know that, as a judge, he is not worth his powder and shot.

A Sensible Fellow.—The poor tailor, who tried to cure his wife's temper, has given it up as a bad job. He found the experiment was not "worth the salt."

A Terrific Descent.—The Great *Fall* of Niagara—Being turned into a rope-walk for M. Blondin.

"BY THE MARGIN OF FAIR ZURICH'S WATERS."

(*A New Song to the old Tune.*)

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters,
The Commissioners' time sped away—
They found most agreeable quarters,
Colloredo, and 'cute Bourqueney.
But no business transacted could be,
For Desambrois—that cool Piedmontee—
To whate'er France and Austria might say,
Still put in a most resolute "Nay,"
In a "quite 'tother" way.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters,
At the close of a long wasted day,
(As we learn from our special reporters)
Colloredo bespake Bourqueney:
"This is humbug, you clearly must see,
It 's plain we shall never agree:
Don't you think we had better divide:"
Can you tell how the Frenchman replied?
I leave you to guess—
Of course he said "Yes."

PETER AND PAUL.

"What power on earth, save Rome," frantically demands a Roman Catholic journal, "can confer the glorious title of Saint?"

Most Roman Catholic journals are miserably ill-informed, which is of no particular consequence to them, inasmuch as their admirers are usually a little deeper in the misery of ignorance. But it is unfortunate for ill-informed persons to risk observations in the presence of *Mr. Punch.*

He replies to the above demand,

The British Parliament.

And taking up the very first book at hand—it happens to be Captain Don's inestimable Handbook to One's Betters, *Mr. Punch* cites proof. (Page 488.)

"St. Paul (2nd Baronet), Sir Horace St. Paul. Born at, &c. &c. The first Baronet, Sir Horace David Cholwell St. Paul was a Colonel in the Army. *His Grandfather assumed the Prefix of Saint by Act of Parliament in* 1768."

Now then, gentlemen of Over the Mountains. You see that a Parliament can make quite as good a Saint as a Pope. And we doubt not that in the entries of that angelic registrar, whom the Reverend Laurence Sterne states to be in the habit of crying over his ledger, the title conferred by the Parliament of 1768 is written out just as large as any one which has ever been conferred by a Pope, from Alexander the Sixth to Pius of Perugia.

You should remember, that though you write for ignorant idiots, your writings may get into the hands of *Mr. Punch*, and then you come to grief. *Orate pro vobis!*

LINES ON THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.

'Longshoremen, back to foul Thames shore,
And seek your filthy jetsam there,
A sturgeon it may be—no more
Expect to find a rich Lord Mayor!
Potwalloppers, your empty pots,
Go wallop in your proper sphere,
You ne'er again will sell, you sots,
Your voices for a pot of beer.

In vain your votes you thought to barter;
Vain were your threats to hiss and groan:
The chosen Alderman is Carter;
And he shall fill the civic throne.
But ah!—one more Lord Mayor's elected,
Soon will this Mayoralty be past.
Oh, may the next, with rogues corrected,
Abound still more than did the last!

Not to be Found in Boswell.

"Is it wrong, Doctor, to believe in Ghosts?" "No, Sir; no more wrong than believing in you. It may be foolish; but there being no substance or foundation for the belief, the folly, Sir, is quite immaterial."—*Mr. Punch's Unpublished Anecdotes of Doctor Johnson.*

A Query for the Calculating Machine.—May the person who makes one pound two a-day be said to double his capital?

A WET DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Baggs. *"Thish rain'll do a deal o' good, Charley."*

Blobbs. *"O, Shirtinly—make water so very plentiful."*

POACHING UNDER EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE following pretty little illustration of rural felicity is extracted from a country paper:—

"CONDITION OF DORSETSHIRE LABOURERS.—At the Wimbourne Petty Sessions, last week, a case occurred which painfully illustrates the condition of the Dorsetshire peasantry. GEORGE FRAMPTON, a labourer, was charged with being in possession of a hare, a fortnight old, which he had caught while he was at work in a harvest field. A nominal fine of 1*s.*, but a real mulct of 12*s.* costs, were inflicted upon him; but, inasmuch as it was stated that he had a wife and five children, and that his wages were only 8*s.* a week, a fortnight was allowed him in which to pay the money."

The Magistrates have no option in cases of this kind but to convict; for a nominal offence they must inflict a nominal fine, and cannot help the costs which attend it. However, they might as well have sent this unhappy swain, FRAMPTON, to prison at once as have allowed him a fortnight in which to pay 13*s.* Given, 8*s.* a week, a wife and five children, how shall a Dorsetshire swain contrive to save 13*s.* out of the money in two weeks? Twice eight is 16; take 13 from 16 and there remain 3. There are 3*s.* left for the swain to live upon and maintain his wife and children. A county meeting should be called in Dorsetshire to take into consideration this problem appointed for swain FRAMPTON to solve. Somebody might, perhaps, move, so to speak, the previous question—namely, how any British swain could contrive to exist and keep a family of six upon 8*s.* a week at all? No wonder that a swain, with a limited imagination, and a dreadfully low moral sense, should think that a little poaching might furnish a practical solution of this difficulty—especially poaching of such mitigated enormity as the offence of picking up a hare that came in the way of his sickle. The probable hunger of such a swain might almost be allowed to reduce his offence to gameslaughter.

Wimbourne is in Dorsetshire. From Dorsetshire to Warwickshire is some way; but if the person who was mean enough or cruel enough to play the informer against FRAMPTON is an inhabitant of Wimbourne or the adjoining district, his neighbours might surely, amongst them, manage to send such a disagreeable brute as far as Coventry.

Catholic Theatrical Intelligence.

THE SULTAN has given notice to the "Christians" of Jerusalem that unless they can behave with decency, and not fight like ruffians, when their priests perform the trick of the miraculous fire-escape in the church of the Sepulchre, the juggle shall not be performed at all. We believe that as the condition proposed by the SULTAN is an impossible one, arrangements are being made by the POPE for transferring the machinery of the fire to Naples, and for combining it with the present contrivance for boiling the blood of St. Januarius. The latter attraction will therefore be announced next year, with new machinery, dresses, and decorations.—*The Tablet.*

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—Hollow Way!—*The Bark of a Cynic.*

JONATHAN'S RIDE TO PEKIN.

TUNE—*"Yankee Doodle."*

OUR nation always goes ahead,
By methods noways sneakin',
Hear how our minister got led
In triumph into Pekin:
I calcilate that he warn't barred
By planks athwart a river;
Too 'cute a coon was MR. WARD,
Whose story I'll deliver.

Firstways he steamed to Ning-Hou-Fou,
Along with his Legation,
And there our vessel was brought to
A posture of fixation.
The Chinamen a box packed in
Our diplomatic corpus,
Conducted by a Mandarin,
A blowin' like a porpus.

This box was made without a lid,
But hadn't got no winder,
That breathin, it might not forbid,
But observation hinder.
With necessaries it was stored,
Though sight it held a check on,
Had food and liquor both aboard,
And backy too, I reckon.

Upon a raft 'twas sot to go,
Considerable pretty,
All up the Ki-Tcheou-Yun-ho,
To Chayny's fust-chop city,
And right slick through the Great Canal,
Our minister to render
Unto the Chinese capital,
In dignity and splendour.

At Pekin Gate upon a truck,
Drawn by a team of oxen,
Our citizens was proudly stuck,
Still shut their grand state box in.
Thus into Pekin town did drive,
(Such honour seldom waits men!)
Our nation's representative,
And all our other statesmen.

The truck was wheeled into the Court-
Yard of a certain mansion,
Whose walls cut all excursion short
By space of narrer 'spansion.
Our envoys there was kep select,
To whittle at their leisure,
Some time a hearin' to expect,
And wait the Emperor's pleasure.

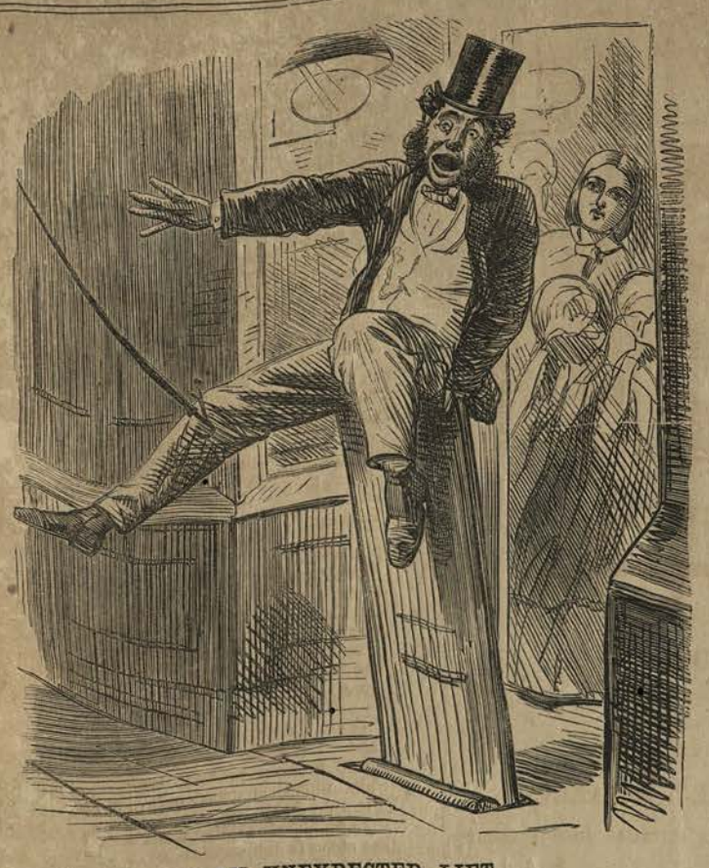
Their mission ended, from their cage
Politely liberated,
They were, in that same equipage
They came in, re-located,
And brought, with care particular,
To where they first intruded,
Like blacks inside a nigger-car,
As snug, and more secluded.

I reckon that 's the way to treat
Our great and glorious nation,
And offer humble pie to eat
To them as flogs creation!
But we must swaller down our pride,
When dollars we are seekin',
And be content, old hoss, to ride
In a hoss-box up to Pekin.

Very Proper Precaution.

MR. PUNCH is informed that an action is about to be brought by MR. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, M.P., against one of the Railway Companies for declining to convey him, except in a tin box, marked "Dangerous." The Company's defence is its bye-law, providing against liability to the carriage of Inflammable Matter.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 8, 1859.



AN UNEXPECTED LIFT.

THE VATICAN'S THREATENED THUNDER.

PIUS NINTH, POPE, to all Our disaffected
Subjects, who, having Our command rejected,
Perverted by heretical opinions,
Want to unite yourselves with the Sardinians,
Bad luck, and apostolic malediction,
Woe, tribulation, trouble, and affliction!

Since you, Our heart paternal sorely grieving,
Our temporal right divine by disbelieving,
(Thus the soul's immortality denying,)
Deserve Our sentence of perpetual frying,—
We hurl against you excommunication,
And in these terms pronounce your condemnation.

Foul fall you in your eating and your drinking,
Your yawning, and your nodding, and your winking,
Your talking, and your laughing, and your weeping,
Alike in both your waking and your sleeping,
In your incoming and in your outgoing,
And in your sneezing and your noses blowing!

Ill tide you in your standing and your sitting,
Your snuffing, and your smoking, and your spitting,
In your digestion and your circulation,
And in your breathing and your perspiration,
And all your bodily and mental functions,
And organs—which act under Our injunctions!

Plague on you, in your meeting and debating,
In your discussing and deliberating,
In all your votes, and every resolution,
And in your liberal King and constitution;
May fire and sword torment you and annoy you,
Pestilence, famine, seize you and destroy you!

VICTOR EMMANUEL We to perdition
Consign, for entertaining your petition,
And everybody else in his alliance,
Who dares to bid Our Holiness defiance.
Anathema! Out of the Church We throw ye,
By bell and book, and like that candle—blow ye!

CANT OF TWO KINDS.

THE author of the subjoined advertisement, extracted from the *Lamp*, seems to hold somewhat more than the doctrine that mendicancy is meritorious:—

THE UNFINISHED CHURCH.—£500 are yet wanted, for repayment of which, Heaven is the security. Still, my dear brethren, is the Congregation of Kentish Town your suppliant; still am I compelled to appeal thus to your charity for the love of Him why gave you all. It is for the glory of His name! Pray, then, listen. Pray give! be the amount ever so trifling; for it is the small sums that make the large amount, and welcome, indeed, and blessed are the offerings of the poor! Proud may you feel when, with the blessing of God, our Church is finished, that not only you, but your children's children may reverence it as the monument of your charity. Joyfully shall I announce to you the day on which a Grand High Mass will be solemnly celebrated for you, its benefactors, for whom the Holy Sacrifice is now constantly offered up every Monday.—Your true Brother in Christ.

2, Fortess Place, Kentish Town, London, N.W. ROBERT SWIFT.

"The work in which the REV. ROBERT SWIFT is engaged has our cordial approval and sympathy. "N. CARDINAL WISEMAN."

To solicit alms on account of a chapel, certainly, is not a species of begging which a divine need be ashamed of; but the reverend author of the above composition goes rather out of his way to imitate the style and language of a common mendicant, begging off his own hook. "Gentleman, ar yer got ar a copper to relieve a poor man? do bestow a trifle, Sir, Gentleman,—do, Sir,—please, Sir,"—is the species of importunity which is suggested by the appeal of the REV. MR. SWIFT to the charity of his co-religionists. Apparently, he considers that, not only is the practice of begging worthy of imitation, but also the language which is usually adopted by the followers of that profession. We are glad, however, to see that he is not too bigoted to borrow one little piece of persuasive rhetoric from the charity sermon of his renowned Protestant namesake. "If you like the security, down with your dust," said the VERY REVEREND JONATHAN SWIFT; and he said no more. He thought that was enough. He did not go on to say that he was "compelled to appeal" to his "dear brethren," and to address them after the pattern of "Do, Sir; pray, Sir." But one would hardly be surprised to see the REVEREND ROBERT exhibiting himself in the street, at Kentish Town, attired in his surplice, as an ecclesiastical equivalent to the mechanic out of employ, who, wearing a respectable white apron, goes about singing "*We've got no work to do*," and bawling, "My Chr-r-r-r-istian friends, I am sorry to appear before you in this disgraceful situation." The unemployed mechanic sometimes sings a methodistical hymn; and perhaps MR. SWIFT, imitating his graceful example, with a due difference, would oblige the public with a Gregorian chant.

Still, begging for one's Church is one thing, but begging for one's self is another; and here is an advertisement from the opposite theological quarter, which beats the foregoing one hollow in respect of cant, because the cant of this other announcement is obviously insincere. Read it:—

"NOTICE.

"*The Editor is acquainted with several servants of Christ who, for want of means, are unable to distribute* "THE EVANGELIST" *to the extent they desire. If, therefore, any of our Christian readers feel that for Christ's name sake they would like to further this object, the Editor would feel great pleasure in receiving Donations for the purpose.*

"☞ All orders should be addressed to the Publishers, MR. ——, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.; or to MESSRS. ——, Tichbourne Court, High Holborn, London."

This is, of course, a mere dodge to promote the circulation of a religious periodical. It is remarkable for its sordid commercial irreverence, in which quality it excels "Sanctity of the Grave combined with Economy of Charge." Therefore, it is more ridiculous than the maudlin, but enthusiastic appeal in the *Lamp*, and, of the two, the more highly calculated to bring religion into contempt.

Consolation.

Mother-in-law. I'll be bound that ROBERT—I've lost all patience with him—never dined with you on Michaelmas-day, my dear?

Daughter. No, Mamma, but he sent me home a goose.

Mother-in-law. Psha! Done in a fit of absence, my dear!

FAIR WARNING.

SAYS a Dublin paper, "The Irish Exodus" (as it is ridiculously, not to say irreverently, called) "occupies the attention of our authorities." The Irish Leviticus is likely to occupy the attention of *our* authorities, if there is not a speedy change in the "Acts and Duties of the Priesthood."

BIG BEN.—AN ODE.

1.

A VOICE ran through the town,
Sad as the airy tongue which spread
The news through Hellas, "mighty Pan is Dead!"
A voice ran through the town,
And men went up and down,
Whisp'ring the awful fact,
"Big Ben is cracked!"

2.

Heavy the tidings fell.
Could it be true? The Bell,
Whose ponderous iron tongue
Gong-like, the hours had rung,
Till Westminster put cotton in her ears!
The Bell, whose solemn, slow, ding-dong,
Disgusted Common-Law-Court praters,
And Parliamentary debaters,
Proclaiming "Time is short and talk is long!"
The Bell, in strife conceived, in struggle cast,
O'erlooked by DENISON, looked down upon by BARRY—
The Bell of many blue-books—hung at last,
After so many perils, to miscarry!

3.

Commissioners of Works came, went, and came,
'Ere out of MEARS's mould his frame,
Majestic he upreared:
And when at length his voice was heard,
Doctors of Music listened to his E;
Great Tweedle-dum with greater Tweedle-dee,
In solemn conclave on the question sat,
Was it E sharp—E natural—E flat?
But what his E was, little cared the crowd,
They only knew that E was loud,
And were content with *that*.

4.

So Big Ben had a sound to fit his size;
But how to lift him nearer to the skies,
To the gilt cock-loft crowning BARRY's tower?
Where fix the tackle—how apply the power?
All questions to give pause. For Lo,—
Like that great architect, his house who planned,
But left no place wherein the stairs could stand,—
Illustrious BARRY, ever so,
His clock-tower's plan prepares,
Leaving no room for clock and bells to get up-stairs.

5.

Then DENT and DENISON their wrath's full vials poured,
On BARRY, and on QUARM, BARRY's factotum:
And letters through the *Times* were fiercely showered,
(Most wearisome to all but those who wrote 'em,)
While, like the bier of MAHOMET, up-hung
'Twixt Earth and Heaven, Big Ben was slung;
Till, at the last, by wond'rous engineering,
And checks, and counter-checks, and side-way steering,
Up in the tower he swung;
And at the monster in his gilded chamber
(Like the proverbial fly in amber),
Bold climbers gazed, with scarce believing stare,
And "wondered how the devil he got there."

6.

At length—at length—our clock-tower had a voice!
In Gothic clock-face eke it could rejoice—
So Gothic in blue lettering indeed,
Save antiquaries, none the time o'day might read—
But clocks need hands to show the time,
As well as bells the hours to chime,
And works to move their wheels.
The face and bell, and works are there,
But where the hands? And echo answered "where?"—
Then the *Times* columns showed,
How the old feud still glowed,
And DENISON and BARRY, truceless foes,
On the clock-hands astride, were fiercely handying blows!

7.

Meanwhile the vacant clock-face, without fingers,
In spite of Time and Tide in idlesse lingers,
Until the public voice, in fierce assault,
Rose asking "Whose the fault?"
"Not mine—not mine," quoth DENT,
"My clock was made, and went."
"Not mine," quoth BARRY, with mellifluous benison
Upon smooth-speaking DENISON.
"Not mine," quoth DENISON, as to old Harry
He recommended BARRY.

8.

That battle duly fought—at last,
The hour and minute-hands are cast:
Upon the Gothic face,
At length they take their place—
At length the clock is going,
And DENISON and DENT, and BARRY all are crowing!
And now the Quarter Bells are hung,
And, humble seconds to Big Ben, give tongue,
And joyous Westminster at length may say,
"We have a Clock that tells the time of day:
Though many years have in the work been lost,
And twenty thousand pounds it cost,
We have our clock—and tisn't *we* that pay."

9.

With BARRY, DENISON, & Co., sore grieved,
London, from charge and counter-charge relieved,
At last, beheld the lingering work achieved,
Yet scarce its possibility believed.
But there before us, palpable to sight,
Upon the Campanile's gilded height—
In Gothic gravity and pride of place,
Shone the gold-checkered and blue-lettered face—
Nothing that to a clock pertains there lacked,
Nor hands that marked the minutes and the hours—
Nor quarter-bells that spoke, with humbler powers,—
While vibrant, with a voice that shook the towers,

Big Ben boomed out, at length—a mighty fact!
For weeks we heard the sound,
Tolling the hours, for miles and miles around
But scarce our tympanums familiar had grown
With that portentous tone—
When lo! strange silence, falling
On ears unwonted, tells the news appalling—
Big Ben is cracked!

Where the crack came, and how—
Whether in rim or bow—
If in his frame congenitally hid—
Whether the hammer fell,
Not wisely but too well,

Hitting him harder than folks thought it did—
Nobody seems to know—or no one likes to tell.
Was't that they braced him up too tight?
Was't that his metal was too slight?
Alas, we know not—we but know the fact,
Big Ben is cracked!

The biggest Bell—that tasked the biggest skills,
Begot the biggest strifes, and biggest bills,
The biggest charges and recriminations—
Biggest assaults on biggest reputations—
Yes—*pace* Barry, Denison & Co.—
The biggest job, crowned by the biggest mull
That even the account-books of John Bull,
So rich in big jobs and big mulls, can show!

BOMBA REDIVIVUS.

Surely the world has not forgotten Bomba, of pious, or, at least, of superstitious memory? If so, here is something to put the world in mind of him. We quote it from the letter of a Naples correspondent, which appeared in a contemporary a few days since:—

"To-day (the 20th) in accordance with the traditions of the monarchy, the Court proceeded to the Cathedral in great pomp. The King, the Queen, the young Princes, the King's brothers, the Count and Countess of Aguila, and the Count and Countess of Trapani, went to venerate the relics of St. Januarius, and received the benediction of his Eminence Cardinal Riario, Archbishop of Naples."

What the relics are, the account omits to state. The saint's hair-shirt, very possibly, and a handful of the ashes which he used to wear on fast days; and his last washing-bill perhaps, and one of his eye-teeth, and some cuttings of his corns, and a snip off his big toe-nail, and a lock of his back hair, clipped on the day of his beheading. Such precious things as these would be quite as well worth keeping as many saintly relics we have seen preserved in Italy, and which the faithful are on show-days permitted (on the payment of a trifle) to behold. Whether they be things for a Christian king to "venerate," and for a Christian Court the while he does so to dance attendance at his heels, is a question which we leave to other writers to dilate upon. Enough for us, in all due reverence, to chronicle the fact; and to remark, that in our thinking the benediction of the Cardinal was a fit close to the ceremony. Very surely were we asked to "venerate" such relics, we should be apt to make response that we'd be blessed if we would; and the presence of the Cardinal to perform this benediction seems to show that such response is expected by the guardians of the relics of the saint.

After all, we almost wonder that the King does not abandon this "tradition of the monarchy," for it seems to bring him no great popularity or profit. We learn from the same letter, that—

"The Royal cortège passed through the whole city. The people present were, however, not very numerous; a fact attributed to excess of zeal on the part of the police, in unnecessarily occupying the streets with agents and gendarmes."

This would really seem to intimate, that the people don't care much for the "traditions of the monarchy," in which respect, perhaps, they show more wisdom than the King. Why the police should cram the streets with agents and gendarmes, because his Majesty is going to "venerate" a saint, is a riddle which it somewhat perplexes us to guess. The most probable solution is, that the King is like his father, and not being over-popular, likes to go out under arms.

Well, a king can do no wrong—at least the proverb says so; but were his Majesty to ask us our opinion on the subject, we should tell him to show less sham "veneration" for the saints, and to show a little more true veneration for his people. We should advise him to consult their interests rather than his priests', and to set his face against the superstitious practices which the "traditions of the monarchy" have kept hitherto in countenance. The more he trusts his people, the more credit he will get. If he gives them greater liberty, he will probably enjoy greater liberty himself, and will not have to cram his streets with agents and gendarmerie, to protect his sacred person from danger of Lynch law. In short, the less he acts like Bomba the more he will be liked: and if he would take steps to earn an honourable name, the fewer steps he takes in the paternal shoes the better.

"Saving Clause."—Those of the Cat-o'-nine-Tails, we fancy, could well be saved in the British Army.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW AT LYNN.

The *Lynn Advertiser* contains an account of a remarkable administration of what seems to have been meant for justice, on the part of country Magistrates, in conjunction with an exciseman. The case is thus stated:—

"WORDSLEY. Petty Sessions.—Monday.

"(Before W. Trow and J. Holcroft, Esqrs.)

"Caution to Beerhouse Keepers.—Important Informations under the Excise Act.—The infringement of the Excise Laws relating to Beerhouse keepers was attended with heavy penalties in two cases heard before the Bench this morning. Mr. Josiah Redford, Supervisor of Excise, laid an information against Mary Plant, a Beerhouse keeper, living at Rowley, for having in her possession a third of a pint of brandy, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided. The information was laid under the 3rd and 4th Vict., c. 61, sec. 10, which renders any Beerhouse keeper having in his possession 'sweets,' which include British wines, brandy, and other spirituous liquors, liable to a penalty not exceeding £50."

Mr. Josiah Redford, it will be presumed, not being a common informer, laid this information in the painful but conscientious discharge of his duty as a British exciseman. Yet—

"Mr. Redford stated that there was no suspicion in this case of any intention on the part of defendant to sell spirits without a licence; it was only a violation of the law in keeping any quantity of 'sweets' in the entered premises, liable to be inspected by the Excise officers. He asked the Bench if they thought it a case in which they thought proper to make a recommendation for a reduction of the penalty which they thought proper to inflict, to give him an intimation in order that he may forward it to the Inland Revenue Board."

Then what occasion was there for Mr. Redford to inform against Mary Plant? Are excisemen bound to bring people to punishment for a merely technical violation of the law which they do not even suspect those people of intending? And if they are, have Magistrates no power to dismiss merely nominal charges? From Mrs. Plant's case, it appears that excisemen must inform on frivolous pretences, and that Magistrates must inflict monstrous fines. For—

"The defendant acknowledged having the brandy in the house, but pleaded ignorance of the law in this respect. The Bench informed her of the amount of penalty to which she had rendered herself liable, and, under the circumstances, taking into consideration that the house had been properly conducted hitherto, inflicted the penalty of £12 10*s.*, at the same time making a recommendation for a further reduction of the penalty."

So that the Magistrates could not, apparently, reduce the fine below £12 10*s.* An offence against the Excise Laws, accordingly, is worse than homicide. Wilful malice is the essence of murder; killing by mere misadventure is not even manslaughter. In the case of an unwitting transgression of the Excise Laws, the judge can only pass sentence, and forward the recommendation to the proper quarter. Before the same bench—

"A similar information was laid against a Beerhouse keeper named Joseph Wall, living at Summerhill, Kingswinford. The defendant was represented by his wife, who pleaded guilty. The prohibited article in this case was about half-a-pint of elderberry wine, which Mrs. Wall said she made solely for the use of her own family. She said she had kept a beerhouse for 26 years, and was not aware she was doing wrong. The Bench, upon the recommendation of the Excise officer, inflicted a similar fine of £12 10*s.*, also with an intimation that the Excise authorities should be communicated with in order to reduce the penalty."

Another report gives the quantity of elderberry wine as four bottles; but what then? If it had been a half-a-pint, an ounce, a drachm,—nay, a minim,—would not the exciseman have been obliged to inform, and the Magistrates to convict and punish, all the same? By the way, their Worships seem to have taken the law from Mr. Redford, as implicitly as they would if he had been their clerk.

All this kind of thing may be perfectly constitutional; but is there any worse injustice, or maladministration of justice, in the Papal States?

ONE MINUTE'S ADVICE TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

The inaugural addresses have just been delivered at the metropolitan medical schools. The one at the Middlesex Hospital, by Mr. Mitchell Henry, though modestly called an Introductory Lecture, might, from its truth and eloquence, have been more correctly termed a Finished Discourse. He enlarged forcibly on the beauties and advantages of "earnestness of purpose;" and so earnest and impressive did the learned gentleman seem to be in laying down the moral law, that we really should accuse him of practising, like an honourable physician, everything that he preached. If medical students do occasionally go wrong, it is not, at all events, from the want of good counsel. May they follow it, in preference to those paths that sometimes lead them to the police-court, and they will find that in no other profession does the old truth hold so firmly as in the medical, that "practice makes perfect."

Don't you See it?

According to his *Moniteur*, the Emperor has decided that he never means again to go to war "for an idea." If this be really his intention, he must give up thoughts of battling about the Papal See, or else punsters will protest that he is fighting for an-otion.

AT A DINNER GIVEN BY MY LORD BROADACRES TO SOME OF HIS TENANTS, CURAÇOA IS HANDED IN A LIQUEUR-GLASS TO OLD TURNIPTOPS, WHO, SWALLOWING IT WITH MUCH RELISH, SAYS—"OI ZAY, YOUNG MAN! OI 'LL TAK ZUM O' THAT IN A MOOG!"

POOR STOWELL THE INFORMER.

THE following brief Police Report will be read with pain:—

"GUILDHALL.—The further hearing of the charge of conspiracy to defraud against THOMAS STOWELL, the notorious common informer, having been appointed to take place at an early hour yesterday morning, the case was called on as soon as SIR W. CARDEN took his seat on the bench, but defendant did not appear. According to the usual custom, the Court waited an hour for him; and at the expiration of that time the Magistrate ordered him to be called upon his recognisances, he having been admitted to bail late on Saturday. Upon it being ascertained he was not in attendance, his own recognisances, and those of his two sureties, were ordered to be estreated, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension."

A common informer is such a benefactor to Society that every right thinking mind must sympathise with him when he comes to grief. We should consider the severity of the struggle that he must undergo in wrestling down those sensibilities which are pained in discharging the ungrateful task of bringing inadvertent or unintentional offenders against a mere statute, to punishment. The popular obloquy, also, which is attached to his calling, and which he shares with the despised and abhorred but beneficent Jack Ketch, necessitate on his part an amount of moral courage which commands our approbation. And when he gets into trouble, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud, from a mere excess of that impulse which constitutes his ruling love, we are sensible of the same regret as that which we feel when Jack Ketch comes to be hanged.

THE ONLY ONE STREET IN THE WORLD FOR CRINOLINES.—The Broadway, in New York.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

"The following is the text of the allocution of the POPE, delivered at the Consistory of the 26th ult." :—

IN June, my dear Brethren, with heart full of grief,
We cursed, you remember, each infidel thief
Who was trying to grab at Ravenna, Bologna,
And other domains of which we are the owner.
We told the assassins they 'd made a great mull, for
Their Present was sin, and their Future was sulphur.

This kindly remonstrance we hoped would succeed,
For they knew that we loved them most dearly, indeed,
And 'twas only in love, if we shortened their lives,
And sent Switzers to finish their babies and wives;
But they mocked at our gentleness, sweetness, and patience,
And now the base demons have prigged the Legations.

They turn out our spies, and they empty our gaols,
(And of tortures therein tell indelicate tales,)
Our mendicant monks they revile and abuse,
And brutally bid them to wash and wear shoes;
And the Odour of Sanctity, martyrdom's wealth,
They say is a case for their vile Board of Health.

They publish most blasphemous books, too; in one
They dare to assert the earth goes round the sun;
And as for our miracles, think how they hate 'em
When they say Januarius's blood is pomatum,
Consign Weeping Pictures to brokers or cupboard,
And swear that no statue of saint ever blubbered.

The wretches, the monsters! But, Brethren, we find
Much comfort in bearing this fact in our mind,—
The parties who 've kicked us from out each Legation
Are only the folks who have had education:
The low, and the dull, and the poor, and the mean,
Are as fond of their POPE as they ever have been.

And now, my dear Brethren, if cursing would do,
We 'd blaze at the beggars till all things were blue;
But the ears of the wicked, to verbal attacks
Are judicially bunged up with infidel wax,
And the grim GARIBALDI would prove contumacious,
Though rose up to curse him the blest ATHANASIUS.

However, one final appeal to the world,
One curse on the flag by our subjects unfurled.
We declare the Legations our own, and *non detur*
To mortal to alter the will of Saint Peter;
And we hereby denounce to the world, and all time,
Each Romagnese act as a horrible crime.

Let the infidels, heretics, traitors, and knaves
Have no peace in their lives and no rest in their graves:
The dungeon and scaffold, the steel or the rope
Shall teach them to wrong their affectionate POPE;
Fire, famine, and slaughter consume them away,
Till Beelzebub collars the last. Let us pray.

LAW FOR THE LAWYERS.

THE revelations made before the Gloucester and Wakefield Commissioners, touching Election practices in both those places, will probably impel that eminent Christian, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, to consider how far he can, by a short Act of Parliament, release the inhabitants from electoral responsibility. But *Mr. Punch* is anxious to point out to Gloucester and Wakefield, that they never in their topical lives had such a chance, as now, of doing a good thing for themselves. Look at the squad of Attorneys, whose guilt, as direct or indirect bribers, is either avowed by themselves or is beyond a doubt. The anti-bribery law is explicit and strong. Surely it can be put in force, and a very large removal of the Attorney nuisance can be made in the two places. This would be a sanatory step, and, if vigorously taken, might save the necessity of disfranchisement.

A Railway Bore.

TRAVELLERS not only see wonderful things, but often say stupid things. For instance, we heard a First-Class Passenger inquire the other day, and as the train was going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, it was impossible to escape him, "Whether another *Route* in Railway language meant a *Branch* line?" It is needless to state that we got out at the very next station.

A HINT TO LOUIS NAPOLEON..

"THE POPE HAS THREATENED TO EXCOMMUNICATE THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON."—*French Paper.*

PAUL-PRYISM AT THE POST-OFFICE.

THE question, Who'd be an *employé* in the Post-Office at Liverpool? will probably suggest itself to the reflective reader, on perusal of the dozen interrogatories following, which the Postmaster of Liverpool, "acting on his own authority alone," has (the *Daily News* informs us) lately "judged it expedient" to put to his "subordinates," but also fellow-servants:—

"P. O., Liverpool, Aug. 24.

"For MR. ——, who I request will carefully answer the following questions, for the information of the Postmaster-General:—

"1. Where do you reside?

"2. What rent do you pay? what taxes?

"3. Do you pay the rent quarterly, monthly, or weekly?

"4. Have you any income beside that received in your official capacity, here, or do you carry on or share profits in any kind of business. If so, state particulars?

"5. What family have you? If you have any children state their ages, and whether any of them is in employment; and if so, the wages received, and by whom employed?

"6. Did your expenditure for the year ended 31st July last exceed your income? If so, what amount?

"7. State as nearly as you can the principal items of expenditure, and what caused the excess?

"8. State the amount of your debts, and to whom they are owing?

"9. From whom have you borrowed money during the last two years? When did you borrow it, and has any portion of it been repaid? Have you undertaken to repay debts by weekly instalments or otherwise?

"10. Have you lent money to any person in this office? If so, state his name, the amount, and when the transaction occurred; also, whether such money or any portion of it, has been repaid?

"11. Are you a bondsman for any person (whether connected with this office or not) who has borrowed money from a loan society? If so, state his name, address, the sum you are surety for, and when the loan was contracted; also the name of the Society from which the loan was obtained?

"12. State the circumstances fully which led to your present pecuniary embarrassment?"

Inquisitive as these inquiries may appear, to our mind they are not half Paul-Prying enough. The object being, of course, to ascertain the social character and habits of the clerk, we should recommend the putting of such questions as the following, which the Postmaster of Liverpool, or any other place, when he fancies it "expedient," is at liberty to use:—

"What expensive tastes have you? Are you fond of periwinkles? Do you indulge in tea and shrimps, or sport *mauve* ties on Sundays? Have you ever bought cigars at higher price than three a penny? If so, state how long you contrive to make them last.

"Do you wear bluchers or highlows? Do you buy them second-hand? and how much do you give for them? Corduroys are cheap: have you ever tried them? When late in going to office, do you ever hire a cab? If so, how much shoe-leather do you conceive it saves you?

"What was your wife's character and name before you married her? State how old she called herself; and, as near as you can guess, state what her age now really is. Can she cook a mutton chop, or boil a cabbage, without spoiling it? How much do you allow her yearly for her pin-money? What colour are her eyes? If she has red hair, state what dye she uses.

"How do you spend your Sundays? Do you ever go to Church? For how long a time can you listen to a sermon without being sent to sleep by it?

"What drink do you affect? Do you like beer neat, or prefer a go of gin in it? How many half pints do you consume per diem, and how many nights a-week do you retire without a 'nightcap?'

"Have you got a latch-key? And if you stay out after twelve, does your wife always sit up for you?

"Do you keep a servant? and if so, how can you afford it? And would it not be wiser if you made the beds yourself, and your wife did all the housework?

"Are your children bandy-legged? Do any of them squint? Have they all good appetites? When they are all at home, how long, on the average, does a leg of mutton last you? When your wife has a new baby, does she ever make you get up in the night and rock the cradle? State what are your *Night Thoughts* upon such occasions, and whether the loss of sleep does not next day make you drowsy, and unfit you for your duties.

"What are your favourite pleasures? Have you ever seen the Derby, a man hung, or a prize-fight? State which you prefer, and give your reasons for your preference.

"Do you know a serious family? Does your wife keep a missionary box? Did you ever read a tract? State how many you would back yourself to get through in a fortnight, supposing you'd a pipe and a glass of grog to help you.

"How do you spend your evenings? Are you fond of skittles? Can you sing a comic song, play a rubber, or the flute? What is the largest sum you have ever lost at loo? and have you ever in your life played it without losing?

"What books do you read? And do you 'keep a book?' If so, mention how you stand for the next Newmarket Meeting. Do you buy *Punch* every week, or content yourself with borrowing it? Have you read *Fistiana?* Do you know the writer? Have you ever hob-nobbed with the man who does the 'fancy' business for *Bell's Life?* If you chanced to meet TOM SAYERS, would you not consider it an honour to shake hands with him?

"Have you ever, when in London, spent an evening at Cremorne? and if so, state how much it cost you, and did you leave before the fireworks?

"So far as you have heard, is your family respectable? Have any of your relatives been ever tried for shop-lifting, or for committing highway robbery, burglary, or murder? Have you ever felt your fingers itch to rob a till, or pick a pocket; and do you think that forgery at all runs in your family?

"Were you ever drunk? If so, state how many times, as far as you can count them; and give an estimate of what you drank on each occasion.

"Did you ever steal a knocker, or bonnet a policeman, or clamber up a lamp-post, or pass the night at Bow Street?

"How long do your hats last? Do you keep a cat? And has your mother sold her mangle?"

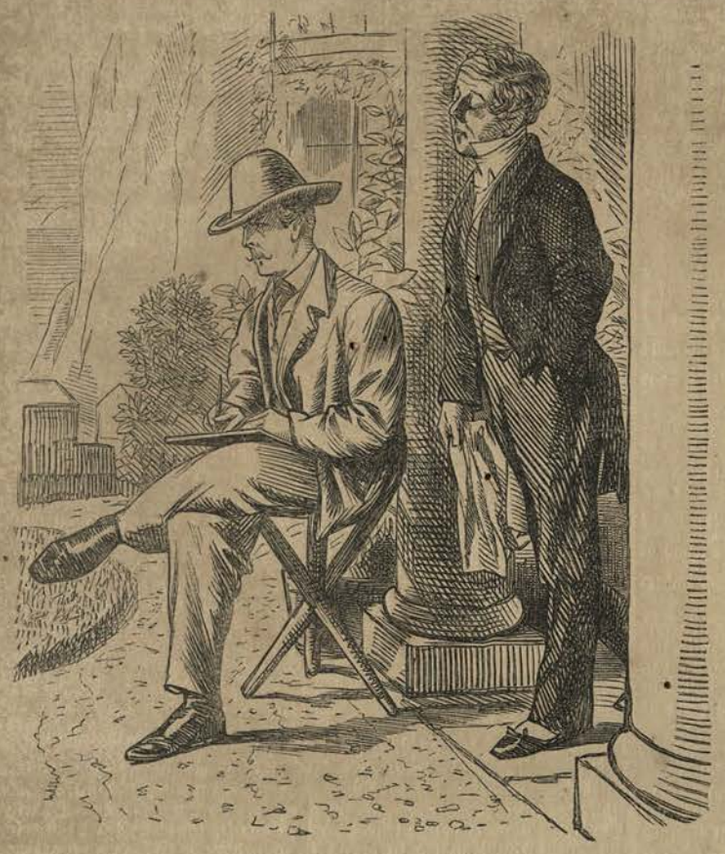
A RUB FOR A RAILWAY.

WHEN Parliament is up one sees strange things in the papers. Here for instance, is a specimen, which we copy from the *Times* of about a fortnight since:—

"A RAILWAY TRAIN STOPPED BY MUSHROOMS.—'I was travelling last week,' writes a Correspondent of the *Durham Advertiser*, 'by a railway on the English side of the borders of South Wales, when we happened to pass a field strown with a most luxuriant growth of mushrooms. I had hardly remarked the circumstance to my companion when we felt the train suddenly stop, and looking out to the front we saw, to our astonishment, the driver jump off the engine, vault the fence, and proceed to fill his hat with the treasure. In a moment the guard was over the fence following his example, which, as may be supposed, was infectious, for in less than half a minute every door was thrown open and the field covered with the passengers, every one of whom brought back a pretty good hatfull. Not till this desirable result was attained did we proceed on our journey, some of us wondering whether we had been dreaming, and whether, instead of the Welsh borderland, we were not travelling by some newly constructed forest line in the far west of America. We begged the guard, who did not seem quite comfortable about the joke, to have the place entered for the future in his line of route as 'The Mushroom Station.'"

It certainly sounds strange to hear of the stoppage of a railway train by mushrooms; but, had the incident occurred upon the Eastern Counties Railway, we assuredly should not have felt so much surprised at it. The trains upon that line travel so like snails, that the least thing in the world would suffice to check their progress. Were an Eastern Counties engine-driver to pull up an express, that he might go and catch a butterfly, or to stop a special train that he might get a pint of beer, or try and find a sixpence that he happened to have dropped, we should view it as an every day and ordinary occurrence. Punctuality and speed are so very little studied on the Eastern Counties Railway, that we question if the guard would condescend to make a note of so trivial a matter as the delay of half an hour or so in the arrival of a train. Indeed, supposing that a stoker chose to go and gather blackberries, or to fly a kite, or play a game of marbles with the driver, we doubt if the Directors, were the matter brought before them, would take the pains to haul him over his own coals.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON IN THE CITY.—Last week, in the Bankruptcy Court, a Bankrupt "left the Court without the smallest stain upon his character." The phenomenon, we are told, is to be exhibited at a shilling a-head.



IGNORANCE *WAS* BLISS.

Waiter. "*Yes, Sir. We had a Gentleman here, only last week, as took a sketch of that very 'ill, Sir.*"

Artist (abstractedly). "*Oh, indeed! Was he an Artist?*"

Waiter (indignantly). "*Oh, no! Sir,—a perfect Gentleman.*"

"HALE! FELLOW!"

WHAT an incarnation of grace and graciousness is our friend ARCHDEACON HALE! Some of the inmates of the Charterhouse (perhaps COLONEL NEWCOME among them) have ventured to think that their quiet life, and opportunities of calmly studying events may not be disqualifications for their exercising the duty of a voter at elections. In other words, they have sought to be placed on the register. They are opposed—and by whom? By MR. BROWN for the Conservative Association, or by MR. SMITH for the Liberal Registration, or any other persons interested in the game of politics? No. The man who comes down to get the names stricken off is—ARCHDEACON HALE, the Master of the Charterhouse—the man whose guests these gentlemen are. And moreover, he succeeds in demolishing their claims. Bless HALE, and may his pluralities never be less!

EXTREMELY OBJECTIONABLE.

MR. PUNCH cannot accord unqualified approbation to the conduct of a gaol-chaplain's pet, who, on taking steps to re-establish himself in the world, left the following impertinent liberty with DR. WATTS in the drawer of the tradesman from whom (in his absence) the pet obtained the means of again starting in life.

"Why should I deprive my neighbour,
Of his goods against his will?"
'Cos to work, myself, is *a* bore,
So I borrows from your till.

The Fees of Hippocrates.

IN delivering the introductory lecture at St. George's Hospital last Saturday, MR. HENRY C. JOHNSON said the student of medical history would find "that with HIPPOCRATES originated the practice of taking notes." But what doctor was it who originated the practice of taking guineas?

TO BE ADDED TO THE SERIES.

WE are informed that "France is the only nation that wages war for an idea." This idea is the newest, the most daring, most startling, and, at the same time, the most original of all the "*Idées Napoléoniennes.*" Of itself, this one idea is worth the whole series put together.

A WIFE ON CONSCIENCE AND BRIBERY.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As my husband was reading his paper *at breakfast* this morning, he burst out laughing, and I asked what at? So then he read:—

"Wakefield Election Commission, &c. &c. She told him the Yellows were a 'scabby' lot; that the Blues had been at her house, and had counted out £36 in gold for her husband to vote for CHARLESWORTH; her husband said he should violate his conscience if he did so, for he had promised to vote for LEATHAM; and then MRS. BEAUMONT said to her husband, 'Put the gold in one of your pockets, and your conscience in the other, and see which is best.'"

"I said, 'I am sure I don't see what there is to laugh at in that.' 'No!' he said, 'don't you think MRS. BEAUMONT'S view of conscience very absurd?' That 's how men always talk. As if conscience had anything to do with voting at elections and all that sort of thing. Conscience is not stealing or cheating such as watering milk and putting alum into bread, not giving 250 for 300 yards of cotton, not selling an *inferior* dress pretending it to be the *same* as the one in the *window*—that is what conscience is, and not anything in politics, because they are all fiddle, and so I told WILLIAM, which he only laughed all the more. 'Oh, WILLIAM!' I said, 'you stupid,' for he made me so angry; 'and I'll tell you what conscience is, besides. Conscience is, when men go and dine at their Club, staying out *late*, and keeping their poor wives *sitting up*, and going to the theatre *by themselves!* and having oysters for *supper*, and *home* sometimes not till three or *four* in the *morning*.' And I think I had him there, though he tried to laugh it off; but I said, 'No, WILLIAM, don't tell me, conscience begins *at home*, by our own fireside, and so far from being contrary to voting according to your interest, a truly conscientious man would take his wife's advice, and be glad of the opportunity to make a little money to go towards *housekeeping* and the expenses of a family, which his first consideration ought to be his duty as a father and a *husband*. Do pray employ your powerful pen to force that upon your male readers, as many as have got wives, and make them *practise* conscience, instead of which those good-for-nothing politics very often only tend to distract their attention from their business and those whom they are bound to comfort and cherish, and I remain,

"Your constant reader whenever I get a chance,
"MARTHA TABBY."

"P.S. What with the dreadful Income-Tax and all the other horrid taxes that Parliament imposes upon us, I say it is only fair and reasonable that Members should pay us something in return.—M. T."

"What's Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander."

THE East Lancashire Railway Company have been fined at Preston, because one of their Engines has been caught smoking.

Mr. Punch, who likes his cigar while travelling, and hates to be told "Smoking strictly prohibited, Sir," can only say, "Sarve 'em right."

TRUE HARMONY.

MAZZINI has tendered his blessing and adhesion to VICTOR EMMANUEL. But VERDI (one of the Parmese deputies) says, that in the Italian opera at present performing, there is no place for the *Benediction of the Daggers*.

CRAZY BEN.

As soon as the fact transpired that Big Ben was cracked, everybody said that he ought to be sent to an asylum.

A DINNER TRAIT.—MR. GLADSTONE always eats with a three-pronged fork. Frequently is he puzzled from not knowing which prong to begin with first. Many a beautiful chop has he lost in this way!

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF VERY EARLY MASTERS.

Considerable excitement has prevailed of late in juvenile artistic circles, in consequence of a proposal to get up an Exhibition of the works of very young, or early, British Masters. The proposition, we hear, emanated from the Masters Smith, whose name is too well known to need a word of introduction, and whose nursery has long been quite a nursery of art. Directly they conceived the felicitous idea, the Masters Smith held daily meetings with themselves for the purpose of determining how they might work it out: and in order to secure the best advices on the subject, they took into their confidence their friends the Masters Brown, whose practical suggestions proved of infinite assistance in bringing the conception to a tangible result. At the hint of Masters Brown, the Masters Smith obtained parental leave to use their nursery as the room where the projected Exhibition should be held; the leave or lease, being however only granted on condition that all visitors on entrance were to mind and wipe their shoes.

Having settled these preliminaries, the Masters Smith and Brown formed themselves forthwith into a Hanging Committee, and issued notices at once to all the nurseries adjacent, that the works for exhibition might be instantly sent in. It being thought desirable, as space was somewhat limited, to confine the show to specimens of one especial branch of art, much anxious cogitation was expended in determining which the one should be that the Committee should select. The Masters Smith inclined to vote for the Very Early Outline, or Slate Pencil School of drawing; while the Browns, being Masters somewhat more advanced, proposed that Water Colour artists only should exhibit, they having themselves recently received a box of paints, which they doubtless thought would place them far a-head of all competitors. The matter being formally referred to Master Green, that young arbitrator settled the question in dispute by deciding that the Smiths and Browns should meet on neutral ground; and that the Exhibition should include none but works of the Black Figure, or Sticking Plaister School, in which he (Master Green) had principally studied. After much debating, this decision was agreed to; a result owing mainly to Master Green's mamma, who promised a supply of open tarts to the Committee, if they would consent to carry out the suggestion of her pet.

As is commonly the case in all our Fine Art Exhibitions, the works which were sent in were more than there was room for, and the hanging became literally a matter of suspense. The usual rule, however, was adopted by the hangers; and inasmuch as pleasing everybody was quite out of the question, they determined to please nobody—except, of course, themselves. Their own works being placed in the very best positions, the remaining space was filled up with whatever came most handy, and chanced to be a fit.

Last Monday being the day fixed for the private view, we enjoyed the usual privilege of gratuitous admission. This favour being of course a gag to hostile criticism, we feel at liberty to make but few adverse remarks. To begin at the beginning, of the works we chiefly noticed, we may mention No. 1, which we heard an Early Master at our elbow call a Wunner. This interesting picture is entitled simply *Ma*, and is the work of Master White, aged four years and three weeks. Not having the felicity of knowing Mrs. White, of course we cannot state whether the likeness be correct; and we should certainly in gallantry incline to the conviction, that Mrs. White is surely not so black as she is painted. But although perhaps fair justice is not done to her complexion, our readers will perceive from our engraving of the picture there is a breadth of design about the bottom of the figure, which seems taken from the Crinoline, if not exactly from the life.

In Master Jones's *Sister Annie* (No. 22) the Crinoline is handled with even greater freedom, and its outlines are depicted in all their naked truth. There is a charming boldness in this treatment of the nude, which stamps the work at once as a very early masterpiece. An artist of maturer years than Master Jones would have probably not ventured on so delicate a subject. Master Jones however being, as the Catalogue informs us, aged only five, no doubt enjoys the privilege of using as a studio his elder sister's dressing-room, and his tender years prevent him from seeing cause to shrink from revealing what he sees there.

The next work we may mention is entitled *My Big Brother*, and represents a swell of clearly the first water, judging from the way in which his pegtops are puffed out. The observer will observe the careful treatment of the whiskers, which plainly have the h-air of being studied from the life. There is a something in their handling which appears to us to show that they have recently been twiddled; and judging from the look of their protuberant exuberance, we should say the greatest pains had been taken with their growth.

Very few landscapes have been sent to be exhibited; but in animal as well as architectural depiction, the very early masters have come out in great force. There is, however, this defect among the latter of these artists, that their houses, nearly all of them, lean one way or another; in fact, we can't remember one which looked perfectly upright. There is, moreover, sad monotony in the drawings, being all the same in their design, every house having a window on each side of the door, and all the chimneys being stuck just in the middle of the roof. With the animal painters, too there is a like sameness of subject. Fully nineteen out of twenty of them have painted nothing else but horses, nearly all of which are taken in precisely the same attitude, the legs being all of them extended to the utmost, and a fly-away appearance being given to the tails. There is a woodenness, moreover, and a stiffness in the drawings which inclines us to believe that the young masters in this school are content to use their rocking-horses in the lieu of living models, and do not as a rule pursue their studies from the life.

Reverting to the figure pictures, we select for special mention No. 84. This work of art is called in the Catalogue, *John Thomas*, and may be viewed as a fine specimen of the domestic school. The attitude is clearly formed from the best models, and shows a power of observation which, we think, reflects great credit on the artist. From the adjunct of the supper tray, we are led to think the artist is of somewhat ripened years, and has had entrance in the holidays to some country "evening party," where stale sandwiches and negus are still handed as "refreshments" between the polkas and quadrilles.

No. 99 is a still more ambitious picture, and is noticeable as being the only work exhibited in which there is more than one figure represented, and anything like composition is in any way aspired to. The incident depicted is one with which most children are probably familiar, and which the youthful artist no doubt studied from the life. Any one who has frequented any of our Parks, must have seen perambulators stopped by the military, and their wretched little inmates left to swelter in the sun, while the nursemaid and the soldier interchange their loving vows.

We have only now to add, that this Fine Art Exhibition will be opened in a day or two, we believe, indeed, as soon as the admission fee is fixed. Much anxious discussion has been held upon this point, it being of course desired that, for the interests of Art, the Exhibition should be popular, and it being of course also wished that it should pay. As far as we can learn, the Committee seemed inclined to fix a penny as the price of a single entrance ticket, and we believe a week's admission will be guaranteed for sixpence. These prices, it is reckoned, will defray all the expenses of string, gum, paste, and tin tacks, and other costs incurred in the hanging of the pictures; while the surplus (if any) will be spent by the Committee in the purchase of tops, marbles, brandy-balls, and lollipops, and similar incentives to the progress of High Art.

A Venial Offence.

Among the offences specified against a certain audacious Vicar, in whose case the Bishop of Oxford is about to issue a commission of inquiry, is the "suffering the reading-desk to be desecrated by a number of bricks being placed there." We should rather have thought the offending Vicar's congregation would have been thankful to have a "brick" in the pulpit, considering how sadly familiar one is with "sticks" in the same position. Besides, how can the Bishop of Oxford object to bricks in the pulpit, considering that, whenever he preaches himself, there is a whole pillar of the Church there?

Fashionable Announcement.—Mr. Merriman has arrived in Town from a provincial tour, in a pair of Knickerbockers.

NOT A BAD JUDGE.

Alimentive Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY, WOULDN'T I LIKE TO BOARD IN THAT 'OUSE, JUST!"

WANTED—AN UNCOMMON PRAYER-BOOK.

LANGUAGE that was good enough for such ecclesiastics as JEREMY TAYLOR, HALL, STILLINGFLEET, TILLOTSON, SOUTH, BARROW, PORTEUS, and BLOMFIELD, is not, it seems, good enough for 460 parsons of the present day. They memorialise the QUEEN to have the old English words taken out of the Prayer-Book, and doubtless would substitute the elegancies of penny-a-lining in lieu of what is "obsolete." A writer in the *Illustrated News* remarks that the next attack will be upon our other old books, and that we may have "to tremble for *the* Book, for our SHAKSPEARE, and our BACON." We confess to reserving our terrors for the last-mentioned case. As for the Prayer-Book, there was an old cold Wind-Bag called GOETHE, who protested against the plain language of the Decalogue, as coarse; and who, for instance, wished the command which specially condemns POPE PIUS, changed into "Thou really oughtest not to raise thine hand in anger against any fellow-being." The old cold man's maunderings found no acceptation. We do not expect that any of the 460 delicate parsons will have the inquiry in the matrimonial service, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man" transferred into, "May I inquire from whose charge this amiable [young] lady is to be transferred to that of her interesting *fiancé?*" But about our BACON. That is serious. The tithe pig question has been more or less satisfactorily adjusted. But "obsolete" means rusty, and if under pretence that our BACON is rusty, any parson is to rush in and confiscate it—our Blood Boils, as the correspondents of the penny papers write when a prig is sent to prison. The parsons must let our BACON alone—or—we have done many a rash act, and they may behold a Rasher. ARCHBISHOP LAUD! DOCTOR DODD! Ha! Are we understood? We are glad of it.

"None of that Air."

A PROMISING Trinity College Dublin man was under examination in Greek the other day, and being asked to give an example of the First Aorist, promptly responded, "Well, I suppose MR. GREEN may be called that," adding, for the general information of the Examiners, "I see his big balloon go up from Cremorne Gardens."

A *RUSH*-LIGHT.—A Meteor.

HOW SCHAMYL WAS CAUGHT.

THE translations which the newspapers have given of the Russian commander's despatch, in which he describes the taking of SCHAMYL, are all incorrect. It is extremely unfair that the invariable veracity of the Russians should be thus perverted. We have taken pains to re-translate the account, which, as given below, tallies, as will be seen, with the general impression in St. Petersburg as to the mode in which the valiant Circassian was captured:—

"*To His Imperial Majesty the* EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

"SIRE,—I am happy to inform your Majesty that the arch-rebel SCHAMYL is in my power; but I must add that he has been dearly bought, by the sacrifice of many of the images, if not of Providence, of your Majesty, which is the same thing.

"On discovering that he was in a certain fortress, which I had thought would be his refuge, I instantly made an advance; and, in fact, I advanced twenty thousand rubles to the commanders of the outposts. By one of those visitations of Providence which always overtake your Majesty's enemies, these officers were, that very night, miraculously stricken with deafness and blindness, so that we passed their positions undiscovered.

"I then determined to surprise the sentinels, and your Majesty can hardly imagine their surprise when a volley of silver rubles was fired with unerring aim into their pockets. Under that effective fire they rapidly succumbed, and left the ground free to your Majesty's victorious troops.

"The more delicate operation of forcing the gates without alarming the garrison had then to be attempted, and it was difficult; but what are difficulties in the way of soldiers who are doing your Majesty's work? The resources of military science enabled me to achieve this object; and by the employment of keys made of the best silver, the gates swung open without noise, and the day was our own.

"Having ascertained the house in which the brave but misguided Circassian chieftain was hidden, I instantly directed a charge; and your Majesty will find that charge, to the amount of 200,000 rubles, duly entered in the accounts of the army. Everything went down before us, including the bars of the door of SCHAMYL's house, and in a few moments the redoubted chief was your Majesty's prisoner.

"Thus was gained a great victory by your Majesty's arms, as they appear upon the reverse of your Majesty's coins.

"Where all behaved so well, it were almost invidious to point out any one for distinction, but I must venture to recommend to your Majesty's august notice the gallant COLONEL DIDDLEDOFF, whose adroit management, in passing off upon some of the sentinels nearly all the bad money which your Majesty's Jews had supplied for payment of the peasantry, effected a considerable saving in the cost of the expedition.

"Humbly laying this account at the feet of your Imperial Majesty,

"I am, &c., &c.,

"*Ghounib.*" "BARIATINSKI (Prince)."

Baron Bramwell's Last Decision.

A MAN may be a very bad judge of his own actions, and yet a very good judge of the actions of others, especially actions-at-law. If called upon for an example of this illustrious truth, perhaps I might feel inclined to quote myself. I may say, and do say it fearlessly, that without precedent, I am the very best judge of the kind.

PAULLO PEJORA CANAMUS.

PEOPLE ask why SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL is to be released, while numbers of the persons he ruined are condemned to hard labour for the rest of their lives. Is it because Paul's Chain runs out of Godliman Street?

ANOTHER JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—A young lady, being asked what was her notion of the Anglo-Franco alliance, replied, "English heads and French bonnets."

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INVIDA ÆTAS.

"Hullo! Old Feller, this climate doesn't seem to suit you; you had better go to Madeira, it don't rain there, and you'll suit the climate."

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

POPE PERUGIA. KING BOMBALINO.

"The POPE is about to have an interview with the KING OF NAPLES."—*Journal des Débats.*

The Pope. Evil times indeed, your Majesty, evil times. Even this Tokay, priceless and matchless as it is, seems scarcely so good as in other days.

The King. My lamented father had the honour—as I learn by a memorandum in his *Hours*—of sending some few bottles to meet your Holiness on a certain return to Rome in April, 1850. Was it then that the flavour was so agreeable to your Holiness?

The Pope. Ah! The wine was welcome—more so, perhaps, than a few French friends who did me the kindness to taste it. But this is a world of misery, sorrow, and wretchedness, and was intended to be so, as is affectingly observed by that Irish Archbishop whose barbarous name ever escapes me. To your health, my son, and may you tread in the footsteps of that beatified saint, your father.

The King. That I may be worthy to do so—*haud passibus æquis!*

The Pope (*smiles*). So! We know other Latin than our prayers? Nay, do not look ashamed, my son; it is not of heathen writers that I would have you beware. Mantuan literature is harmless enough, would that I could say as much of that of Paris.

The King. My confessor does not object to French novels, your Holiness, and they go exceedingly well with a cigar.

The Pope. I have every confidence in that good man's discretion and piety; and fiction, which is but parable, is a recognised form even of religious instruction. It was against journals and political writings that I meant to caution you.

The King. I never permit myself to be bored, your Holiness, if I can help it.

The Pope. Right, my son. For an anointed sovereign owes it to Providence to keep his brain in perfect order, and ready for emergencies—a fatigued or irritated mind is therefore a sin. And now, what pleasant news have you to tell me of your power and will to aid the Church against the brigands of liberty?

The King. I have given the subject, your Holiness, as was my duty, the most profound and earnest consideration.

The Pope. Not, I am sure, dear son, forgetting to ask counsel where Kings are especially privileged to ask it?

The King. Of course I consulted my confessor, your Holiness.

The Pope. And the result was, that you were inspired with wisdom, my dear son, and led to see the one course that is open to a true Catholic and good son of the Church.

The King. Can your Holiness doubt it? I humbly hope that the plan which we have devised will be found calculated in the most eminent degree to secure the interests of the Church, and the safety of her Head.

The Pope. My good son. I would that I had a Golden Rose in my carpet-bag for you, but it shall be yours—meantime here (*taking out an ivory box*) is one of the corns of the blessed Saint Adiposa, on account.

The King. Cor meum lætat. (*Crosses himself, and puts the corn into his gold fusee-box*).

The Pope. And now, and now, tell me. What is our scheme? Bless you!

The King. Beatus sum. Your Holiness is doubtless acquainted with the statistics of the Two Sicilies?

The Pope. Of course I know everything, but tell me, nevertheless.

The King. When our army is on a peace footing—

The Pope. Which, *mi fili*, it never ought to be. Is this a world of peace? *Non pacem, sed ensem.* I am sure that your Majesty's confessor has not forgotten those words.

The King. I will make a point of asking him. Meantime, your Holiness, I was about to say that when our army is on a peace footing, it numbers about 56,000 thousand men. When on a war footing, it has considerably over 100,000 men.

The Pope. Bless them! Raise them, and send them at GARIBALDI.

The King. Might I be permitted to unfold our scheme, your Holiness—

The Pope. Perge, perge. But we old men are impatient, and I long to know the earliest day when your gallant troops will be launched against that bloody and devouring boar who is rooting up the vines of Ecclesia, and trampling her precious grapes under his hoofs of Satan.

The King. My first duty is to the Church, your Holiness.

The Pope. Right, my noble son, right; and therefore arise and slay her enemies. (*Rubs his hands.*) The Romagna shall be even as Perugia, yea, and ten times more. I chastised Perugia with whips, but you, my Rehoboam, shall chastise the whole Romagna with scorpions.

The King (*aside*). What's a Rehoboam, and what does the excited old party mean by his scorpions? What a beestly idea! (*To his Guest.*) Your Holiness, I have now to submit to you that the dominions to which I have been left heir by that adorable saint, my father, comprise twenty-four thousand five hundred and sixty-three square Italian miles.

The Pope. I hope your brave soldiers will kill exactly that number of rebels. It will be a good standard to aim at. If they go a little beyond it, we will ensure their forgiveness at the hands of the saints.

The King. This is without computing the island territory, which, added, will make thirty-two thousand, five hundred and thirty square miles.

The Pope. A much better number, my dear son, a much better number to keep in the minds of your noble generals. Kill that number, my dear son, and the day you send me the certificate of their deaths, I will send you the left eyelid of Saint Onisephorus. I swear it. Kill 'em all, my son.

The King. Now, it has occurred to me, your Holiness, and to my confessor, and to the Commander-in-Chief of my army, and to all who have a voice in the matter, that, our first duty being to the Church—

The Pope. Yes, yes, you said that. Use not vain repetitions—get on, my son.

The King. It is above all things necessary to keep a safe and secure refuge for the Head of the Church, against the time when, his French guards being removed, his own children hasten to expel him from his own home. Therefore, your Holiness, and considering that 100,000 men are not a soul too many to take care of the Sicilies, our scheme is, in order to fulfil our duty, which—

The Pope. You are impertinent, my son.

The King. Heaven forbid! Our scheme is to keep our soldiers for the defence of our own dominions, should they be attacked. Then, should men of Belial assail your Holiness, there is a refuge——

The Pope (*rising, and in a rage*). You are an eternal humbug, my son, and a fool, and an ass, and a heretic, and a beast. Give me back my corn—give me back my corn! Satan has got hold of you, give me back my corn, I say! My carriage! Instantly! *You* the son of KING FERDINAND, whom the wicked called BOMBA—you! *Vade retro.* An idiot, a clown, an unredeemable blockhead! Golden Rose—a thistle would be more in your way, my son. And you've made the holy corn smell of your cursed tobacco! By the Eleven Thousand Virgins, I have nine minds to——*nunquam mens.* My carriage! *Gurr*—you swine! [*Exit.*

King. Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?—what's the opera to-night?

THE READER IS REQUESTED NOT TO LAUGH.

WHEN is a man out of date?—When he's a *weak back!!!—Baron Bramwell.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PATERNAL ADVICE.—"The world, my Son, is but a large copy-book, and I need not point out to you with what very little wisdom it is ruled."

MONCKTON MILNES ON THE MAINE LAW.

HERE is a secular cant, as well as a religious cant. For example, lecturing philanthropists are constantly ascribing the crime of the country chiefly to drink. At the Social Science Congress at Bradford, the other day, MR. MONCKTON MILNES, in refutation of this particular cant, honestly said,—

"It appears to me, however, to be asserted without sufficient foundation, that the crime of any country is mainly dependent on the consumption of intoxicating drinks, and that the higher morality of mankind mainly depends on abstinence from this gratification."

What moral nations the Mahomedans ought to be,—teetotallers of twelve centuries standing! What an innocent race ought thin potations to have rendered our mild Hindoos! A set of would-be censors of British manners and customs are still plotting and contriving the introduction of the Maine Law, so as to prevent a man without a cellar from getting a glass of ale. On this project of those pedantic busy-bodies, again hear MONCKTON MILNES:—

"I feel, however, that whatever we do in this matter, we must do it fairly between all these classes. You must not leave me and my LORD BROUGHAM our claret and our sherry, and, in the words of the old song—

"Rob the poor man of his beer."

"You must not allow to us all the comforts and socialities of life, and deprive the artisan of the locality which is his club and his *soirée*, and that before you have built him a decent house to go to, or taught his wife to dress his supper. Beware of the patronising benevolence which would debar the working classes from all gaiety of heart and manners except such as your refinement of taste may appreciate, and rather endeavour to raise their standard of pleasure than to restrict their present enjoyments."

Yes, you iniquitous Pumps, if you are to have a just Maine Law, you must pass an Act to prohibit the importation of Port, Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Cognac, Schiedam, and every other description of wine and spirit. Perhaps you will maintain that the infamous bribery and corruption which have just been brought home to so many respectable gentlemen, were owing to the "fermented beverages" which they are used to indulge in. But what if there is a votary of temperance among the corruptionists? Why, then you will ignore him, as you do the Turks and the Brahmins. If common thieves became thieves from addicting themselves to beer, of course uncommon thieves, such as criminal bankers and embezzling trustees, began to deviate from the path of rectitude in consequence of taking their glass of sherry. Peradventure you will assert that they did.

A Maine Law is a law for schoolboys. Its advocates are a set of would-be self-constituted pedagogues to the grown population. They want to shut the public-houses against the public, as though the public wore pinafores. Perhaps these disciplinarians would, if they could, make the public wear pinafores. Perhaps they desire to persuade the naughty people to allow themselves to be occasionally hoisted, and receive wholesome correction from the hands of their amateur preceptors with a switch. People, indeed, who are capable of allowing themselves to be subject to childish restraints may well be expected to submit to the chastisement of children. Anyhow, they deserve to be whipped. Liberty for ever! even the liberty to get drunk. Where there is no freedom there is no virtue; where men are disabled from drinking there is no sobriety. Keep brandy out of the reach of infants; lock it up in lunatic asylums. But desist, O ye Pumps, from urging Society to allow you to put it in a strait-waistcoat, and a high chair and a slobbering bib. If you cannot be quiet, go the whole Pump, and clamour for a law which will not only close the pot-house, but prevent you from fuddling yourselves in your own apartments.

A Volume of Sentences.

IT seems that Big Ben is to be cut into four pieces, so as to let him down easy. We should be more gentle in the blows we inflict on this fallen favourite, though we suppose it is in human nature to strike one who has been so immeasurably above us all. We think sufficient punishment has already been passed upon poor Ben, for not only has he been beaten, hung, and drawn, but now he is to be quartered; and we actually had the cruelty to make him ring his own death-knell as well. In fact, its life may be compared to a set of the *Newgate Calendar*, for it has been nothing but a series of trials that comprised volume upon volume of "sentences;" every one of which has been carried into execution.

THE CABMAN'S PROGRESS.

"Much remains for us to do, but the advance of education is certainly very marked. Classes once illiterate now show a love of literature, the taste for which indeed has even reached our Cabmen, who in demeanour and civility are not the men they were."—*Social Science Speech, October*, 1859.

AIR—"*She wore a Wreath of Roses.*"

HE wore a cape of oilskin
The night when first we met,
And rather husky seemed his voice
With recent heavy wet;
His cab was of the shabbiest,
His horse mere skin and bone,
For cruelty to animals
No sentence then was known;
I saw he was a bruiser,
And timidly did bow,
To an estimate of distance
No court would sanction now.

A flashly painted Hansom
When next we met he drove,
And all his chums regarded him
As quite a nobby cove:
I never knew him condescend
To take his legal fare,
Save once, when hired to Highgate,
For "he wanted change of air:"
And though he drove as brisk a trade
As any cab in town,
I never heard him own that he
Had change for half-a-crown.

And once again I see that man,
No bully now is there,
He treats a lady civilly,
And takes Sixpence for his fare:
His cab no more is windowless,
No longer "screw"-propelled,
As in the good old time when he
The reins of power held.
I see him as my fancy paints,
And some may live to see:
For 'tis the age of progress
E'en with cabmanity!

TYPES OF LONGEVITY AND DISEASE.

THE great difference between the French and English Press is *avertissemens* and advertisements. By *avertissemens* the one dies,—by advertisements the other lives. You may call it a question of life and death. The only warning that an English newspaper needs is the fact of its circulation becoming less and less every week; it then knows that it is gradually sinking. The French government adopts, with regard to the Press, the system vulgarly attributed to apoplexy—it generally gives three warnings, and then the life of the poor patient is suspended. The organs of the English Press are full of health and vitality, whereas the life of the French Press hangs upon a mere thread, that can be cut short by the scissors of the Censor at a moment's notice.

Square and Compass.

IT is perfectly right and proper for labourers to combine in order to obtain a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; but any masons who will suffer themselves to be bullied by other workmen out of working on their own terms for whomsoever they please, are at any rate no Freemasons.

BALM FOR BLUE-STOCKINGS.—Beauty is a great thing, but Learning is better. In the estimation of the ancients, even the Muses counted for three times as much as the Graces.

THE REAL SCHOOL OF THE VIRTUES.

Who says the Golden Age of Earth is o'er,
That "sweet Simplicity" afar has flown:
That open-handed Largesse rules no more,
But yields to Grasp and Greed her empty throne;
That men are hard, suspicious of each other,
Son against father set, brother mistrusting brother?

Go, cynic preacher of such creeds of life—
At Gloucester or at Wakefield look and learn;
There see men grizzled in the world's hard strife,
Freer to spend than they've been keen to earn:
See there a Christian Carden, meek and mild,
"In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Admire that confidence in brother man,
Which scorns receipts and asks for no accounts:
The child-like trust, that items scorns to scan,
And, placid, swallows the most gross amounts;
The heart, that to the pocket guides the hand,
The liberal soul, that treat to any length will stand!

Lamb-like simplicity that stands to bleed,
Beneath the lancets of the legal herd:
Faith that hopes all things—e'en to succeed;
Faith that trusts all things—e'en an agent's word;
Conscience, of sin, until detection, shriven:
Pure soul—which bleeds to learn that bribes are really given.

QUACKS AND THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

The following advertisement offers a good opening to four good voluble quacks:—

London Homœopathic Hospital Medical School.
Great Ormond Street, W.C.

The BOARD of MANAGEMENT HEREBY GIVE NOTICE, that an ELECTION to the following LECTURESHIPS will take place in OCTOBER:—

1. Therapeutics and Materia Medica.
2. The Theory and Practice of Medicine.
3. Surgery as Modified by Homœopathy.
4. Midwifery and Diseases of Children, in Connection with Homœopathy.

Candidates for these Lectureships are requested to send their Applications and Testimonials to the Board of Management, under cover to the Hon. Secretary of the Hospital, before the 15th of October.

N.B. All duly qualified practitioners are eligible for these appointments.

Terms, hours, and further particulars will be advertised before the Session begins.

By order of the Board,
Sept. 8, 1859. RALPH BUCHAN, Hon. Sec.

"Fools" have been truly said to be "the game that knaves pursue;" but the sportsmen have usually to go and hunt the game up. In the case of the London Homœpathic Hospital Medical School, however, the game forms itself into a preserve, and invites the sportsman. The subscribers to that institution will of course employ, as their medical attendants, those practitioners whom they will have chosen to lecture on the various homœopathic humbugs assuming the name of medical sciences. The proposed lectures present some points on which a loquacious impostor might enlarge, to the great edification of his crazed and credulous audience. For instance, he might expatiate on the infinite divisibility of the materia medica and the atomic theory and practice of medicine. "Surgery, as modified by homœopathy," would be a very interesting theme; particularly if the lecturer could make out the amputation of a limb to be practicable with an infinitesimal knife. The treatment of some diseases of children, such as headache and belly-ache, by infinitesimal doses of something like pastry and unripe fruit, would also form a very suitable subject for ingenious and delusive eloquence. Much speaking would be required, and some will think, might naturally be expected, from homœopathic lecturers; otherwise the "hours" which were to be advertised should be seconds: and in further conformity with the minute medical philosophy, the "terms" also remaining for announcement might be farthings, if the lectures were likely to be worth so much money.

Puseyism.—The game is not worth its scandal.

GROSS ILLTREATMENT OF A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Mr. Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, may be a very great *lawyer*, but he is not the first great lawyer who has written himself down a bear, and a short-sighted bear into the bargain. *Mr. Punch* hopes his readers will agree with him, that Sir W. P. Wood deserved that title, when he ventured in his paper on Charitable Trusts, read before the Social Science Association at Bradford, to give, as an example of what he calls "absurd and preposterous bequests," the case of a testator "who divided his estate into two portions, one to be given to the fifteen prettiest young women in the parish, who were most constant in their attendance at church; and the other to the spinsters of fifty years of age, possessing the same qualifications."

Absurd and preposterous, indeed! *Mr. Punch* would be glad to know how many testators make half as good a use of their money. Does Sir W. P. Wood think it no benefit to society to encourage the growth of pretty girls, and their attendance at church? If so, *Mr. Punch* begs to differ from him *toto cœlo*, and devoutly to put up his prayer for just such a testator in every parish in England. And don't let us be told that leaving a nice little round sum to be distributed every year to the fifteen prettiest girls in a place wouldn't encourage the breed. Don't we see the agricultural societies, and the poultrycultural societies, and the horticultural societies, and the societies for the culture of rabbits, and canary-birds, and a thousand other things, going just the same way to work to develope the growth of gigantic turnips, fat pigs, and sheep and cattle, lop-ears of preternatural ugliness, mottled mules, bright golds, gigantic gooseberries, Brobdignagian grapes, and so forth? And can't we all speak from experience to the fact, that the prizes and the medals these associations offer *do* develope the thing to be rewarded, whether it be flavour or monstrosity in fruit and vegetables, ugliness in rabbits, song and colour in canary-birds, or pinguitude in beasts of the field?

Let us then consider Sir W. P. Wood's "absurd and preposterous testator," as simply the founder of a "Pulchritudicultural Association," in his native parish; or, if you want the English change for such a very large piece of Latin coinage (almost as bad as the name of the Sociological Association itself), take it as "an association for the cultivation of pretty girls;" an association, too, which, instead of a paltry medal, or a twopenny-halfpenny £5 prize, holds out the fifteenth share in a comfortable rent-roll—a reward as superior to the usual trumpery tokens of honour, as a pretty girl is above a prize pig or a gigantic cabbage.

Note, too (as Mr. Ruskin would say), that this admirable benefactor of his species seeks to cultivate the growth not only of prettiness, but of godliness with it,—to say nothing of his supplemental bequest for the fifteen fifty-year-old spinsters, who have best preserved their good looks and church-going habits. Really, the more one thinks of it, the more one is inclined to consider the man must have been one of our greatest and profoundest social reformers,—one who deserves to be considered, in respect to women, what Fisher Hobbs is to pigs, or Mr. Huxtable to turnips.

Observe, he has gone in for encouraging spinsters at once in respect for their own good looks and regard for religious observances. He has thus hit the very blot of the elderly female character,—its tendency to separate good looks from good works and ways,—as though devotion were only compatible with dowdiness, and piety inseparable from a poke bonnet and a sharp face under it.

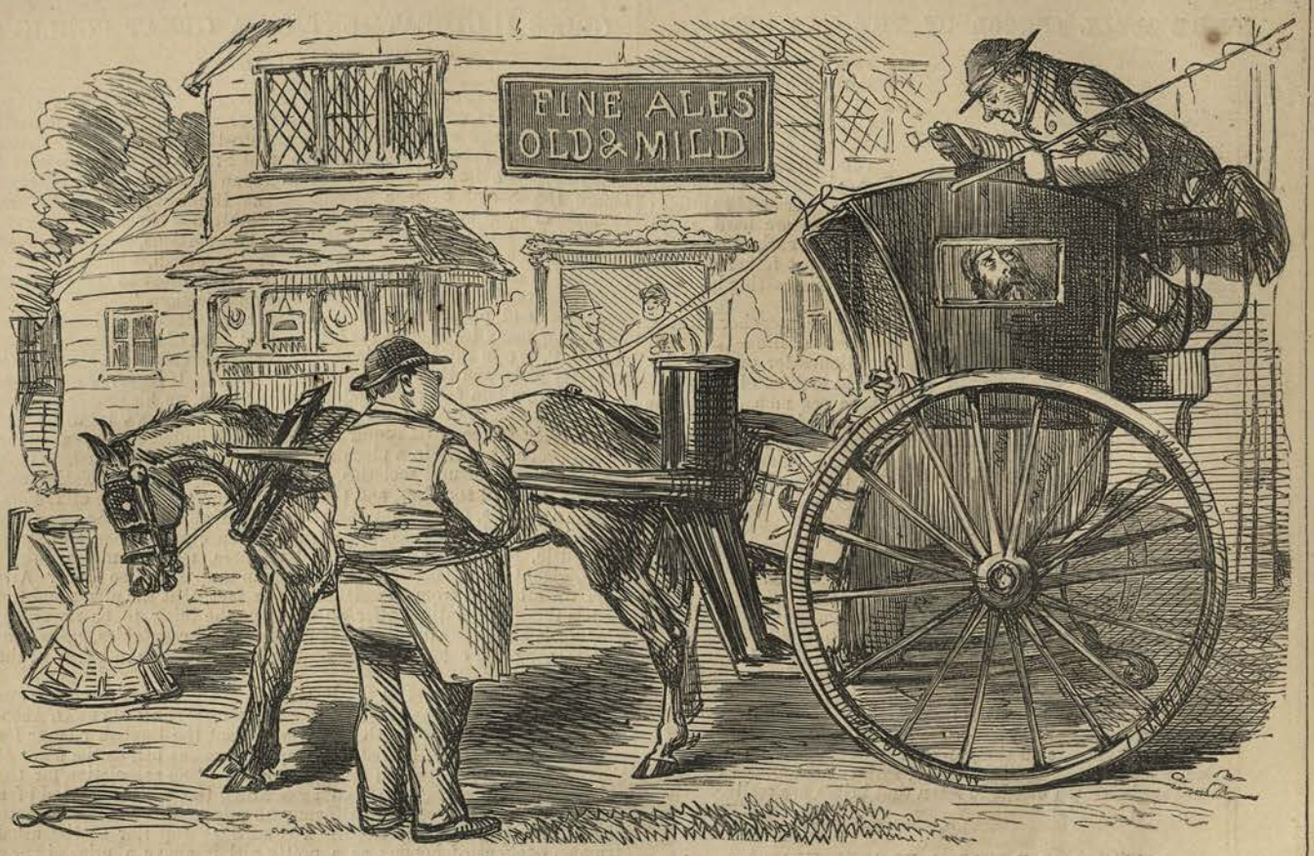
An absurd and preposterous bequest!! Positively, the more we revolve the matter, the more we feel inclined to say to everybody who has a fortune to leave (and is not disposed to leave it to *Mr. Punch*), "Go thou, and do likewise." *Mr. Punch* is not at all sure that he may not leave his own colossal estate to found just such an association in every parish in England. What an idea to hug on one's death-bed,—that one had laid the seed of generations of pious and pretty girls, and pious and pretty old women,—for grey hairs well worn have their own charm; that one had helped the dowries of the one, and lightened the loneliness of the others; that one had brought the flush of pleasure into so many sweet young faces, and heightened the glow of so many lovely and loving eyes; not forgetting the sadder, but not less sweet thought of the faded beauty of spinsterhood reverently rewarded, in its alliance with faith and love, and good-will and charity.

An "absurd and preposterous bequest," indeed!!! Sir William Page Wood, *Mr. Punch* blushes for you!

WORSE AND WORSE.

If you saw a pretty girl entering a convent, and you wished to prevent it, what would your wish be?—A-nun-a-veiling.

The Latest Description of Bow Street "Runners."—The pieces produced at Covent Garden Opera by the Pyne and Harrison Management.



A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cabby (*after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House*). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY AS WE WAS TO PULL UP ANYWHERES, DID YOU, SIR?"

THE PIERIAN SPRINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE Trustees of the British Museum are erecting drinking-fountains in the hybrid-looking portico in front of the building. This is in itself by no means a bad move; but it would be still better if they were to allow the stream of their benevolence to flow a little more freely inside the house. The underpaid officials there, like scantily watered plants, present a remarkably dry appearance, and even a moderate shower in the shape of an addition to their present low salaries, would no doubt considerably refresh them.

MR. GLADSTONE, SIR G. C. LEWIS, and several of the Trustees are classical scholars, and although we cannot expect them to "come down" like Jupiter did to Danaë in a "torrent of gold," yet they might recollect the Virgilian maxim, "*Nunquam prudentibus imber obfuit;*" which being freely translated may mean, "prudent men do not ever object to a shower"—in the shape of an addition to their salaries. Now, the gentlemen employed at the Museum are, we presume, "prudent men," and they certainly deserve such a shower in the shape of salaries as may enable them to maintain a decent and respectable, if not a luxurious, position in life. PINDAR, indeed, says, ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, and no doubt water is a very excellent thing in its way; but even water does not wash out the duty of remunerating gentlemen of ability and high education in proportion to the time and talent which they expend in the public service, even although, as MR. GLADSTONE argued in the House of Commons, "their duties are in some degree congenial to their tastes." Does the right honourable gentleman think his salary as Chancellor of the Exchequer too high? or does he dislike his position so much as to receive a handsome *douceur* for occupying it?

An Aid to Rogers' Recollection.

CHARLES JAMES FOX was coming out of the Thatched House Tavern rather late one night, when his foot slipped, and he fell flat down. "Ah," hiccupped out the illustrious CHARLES JAMES, as he went rolling down the steps, "*Facilis descensus Taverni.*"

A LONG LIFE, AND ANYTHING BUT A MERRY ONE.

AT a banquet given by the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY to her tenants at Carnlough, the farmer who proposed his good "landlady's" health, coupled it with the wish, "May she live a thousand years." This wish may have been kindly meant, but we are afraid it is almost incapable of realisation; especially when we recollect, that no woman was ever yet known to live, at the very outside, beyond the age of thirty-nine. We believe there was only one exception ever known, but then she was an annuitant. Nor do we think that many ladies would care about accepting the gift, supposing the offer was made to them. What lady would have the courage to look at herself in the glass, when she was five hundred years old? and what chance would there be of her procuring a husband when she was advancing towards her 900th birthday? She would always be condemned to marry a husband infinitely younger than herself; and we all know that such matches never turn out well. Moreover, it would never be possible for her to conceal her age, and to woman what charm has life if she cannot resort to that little amiable deceit, which after all, to speak charitably, is resorted to more to cheat herself than others. "To live a thousand years" would, instead of a blessing, turn out a bitter curse, which the fair possessor of the gift would infallibly regret more and more every day of her tedious existence. Fancy what an unapproachable old bore the best woman in the world would be, when she was touching her 999th year; nor can we fancy she would look very pretty at that age! The picture is too hideous to contemplate—so let us throw a veil over it. No, the good Marchioness deserves a better reward than the above, and that is, to live, in the grateful memories of those she has made happy and comfortable on her estates, for several long bright years to come.

THE INDIAN CHESS-BOARD.—This long match is over. BLACK loses—WHITE wins. It will be a long time before BLACK, after the magnificent check it has just received from WHITE, will feel inclined to renew the game.

THE OLD REAL REFORMER.

"THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE SLAVE-TRADE UNTIL I MADE IT *FELONY*, AND SO IT WILL BE WITH ELECTION BRIBERY."—*Lord Brougham at Bradford.*

Brunel, DIED SEPTEMBER, 1859.

Stephenson, DIED OCTOBER, 1859.

A NATION'S Pioneers—they rest. To mock
Renown like theirs with sculptured tomb were shame:
Where the bridged chasm, or where the piercèd rock
Attests mind's victory, read each hero-name.

Yet in an epitaph their names shall live,
That Silence, there, may pay one noble due:
THEY DIED UNTITLED. Of what Courts can give,
No jot, O knaves and fools, they grudged to you.

NEW LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.

IT delights us to announce, that the amateur dramatic writer, MR. SLOWECOCHE, intends shortly to commence a series of readings from some of his rejected five-act tragic works. MR. SLOWECOCHE, as his friends are pretty well aware, has been for some time in the habit of indulging private audiences with recitals from his writings, and has always been in readiness to read for any charity, whenever any of his friends have had the charity to listen to him. By so doing, he has sacrificed some portion of his time, and has caused still greater sacrifices of the patience of his hearers: and as the limit of endurance has in either case been reached, MR. SLOWECOCHE feels that either he must henceforth altogether give up reading, or seek in public the attention which in private is denied him.

Believing in his power to read as well as write, MR. SLOWECOCHE has decided, and his friends think very wisely, to pursue the latter course. The first reading will come off about the middle of next week, and will consist of the first act of *The Plebeian's Grandmother*, a tragedy composed on the Elizabethan model, and which for its exceeding blankness, both of verse and plot, has secured for its author a very high position in his own opinion. The remaining four acts will subsequently be read, an entire unbroken evening being occupied by each; and on his next appearance MR. SLOWECOCHE will diversify his (so called) "Entertainment," by reading some choice specimens of his less ambitious style. These will comprise works of the Victorian school. That is, pieces written for production at the "Vic," but which, owing he believes to the foul machinations of a literary clique, have never been allowed as yet to see the footlights. The catalogue of these rejected unread dramas is very far too long for us to publish *in extenso*. But to show what a rich treat the admirers of MR. SLOWECOCHE have before them, we may mention that the list of pieces chosen for his readings, will comprise no less than twenty of the heaviest of his "heavies." Among them will be read his intensely thrilling drama, called *The Haunted Cemetery; or the Ghoul and the Ghost*, which will probably be followed by a piece of painful interest, entitled very suitably, *The Revenge of the Revolter; or the Warwhoop in the Wilderness*. We are delighted, too, at seeing among the chosen pieces that horribly exciting, and uncommonly blue-fiery one, which was expressly penned for MR. N. T. HICKS, but was (for reasons before stated) never acted by that gentleman. The startling name of this great drama is, *Ferdinand the Fleacatcher; or the Doom of the Demon Bug*.

French and English Estimates.

OURSELVES are by the French surpassed;
The stronger nation they have grown:
They have an army far more vast,
No smaller navy than our own.
Why are we so ill-armed, whilst they
Maintain such forces, land and sea?
What heavy taxes they must pay,
Or, oh, what swindled muffs are we!

The Representation of Labour.

IT has been suggested, that the bad political economy evinced in the Builders' Strike may not exactly tend to promote the political enfranchisement of the working man. But surely the men who have struck work are not to be called working men.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.—Both CHISHOLM ANSTEY and the Talking Fish are at Brighton at the same time!

PRÉCIS

OF THE CORRESPONDENCE THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE, AND THAT IS TO TAKE PLACE, WITH REFERENCE TO THE CRACKING OF BIG BEN.

1. LETTER from MR. E. B. DENISON to the *Times*, stating that MR. MEARS made the bell with a flaw fraudulently concealed.
2. Letter from MR. MEARS, stating that this is a libel.
3. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that both MR. MEARS and the bell are cracked, and that SIR C. BARRY spoiled the bell by hanging it badly.
4. Letter from SIR C. BARRY, stating that he had nothing to do with hanging the bell.
5. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that he saw SIR C. BARRY hanging the bell, and that he (BARRY) told him (DENISON) that the bell deserved to be hanged.
6. Letter from SIR C. BARRY, stating that he never saw the bell, and never heard the bell, and that he never saw or spoke to MR. DENISON in his life, and does not wish to; also contradicting in general terms all the statements made, or likely to be made, by MR. DENISON in the present correspondence.
7. Letter from a correspondent, asking who *was* responsible for the bell, and the hanging of it.
8. Three replies to Letter, No. 7, viz.:—
   a. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that MEARS "did it all."
   b. Letter from MR. MEARS, stating that MR. E. B. DENISON was "entirely responsible."
   c. Letter from SIR C. BARRY, stating that both DENISON and MEARS were "jointly responsible."
9. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that SIR C. BARRY "spoiled everything," and that he (DENISON) is "not a —— fool."
10. Letter from MR. MEARS, controverting the latter statement of MR. DENISON.
11. Letter from MR. JABEZ JAMES, stating that the hammer was not muffled, and that if it had been, the bell would not have cracked.
12. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that the hammer *was* muffled, and that if it had not been, the bell would not have cracked.
13. Letter from the hands of the clock, stating that the face is too big.
14. Letter from the face of the clock, stating that the hands are too heavy.

SONNET TO THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

YOUR kingdom is of this world, then, sire POPE,
Since you and all your priests such wrath express,
'Gainst them who seek to ease your Holiness
Of temporal cares—and will succeed, we hope;
For then the Italian mind will win free scope,
And liberty of pulpit and of press,
That truth with falsehood may have leave to cope.
Then law and order Italy will bless!
That desperate clutch of earthly majesty
Doth scanty logic on your part evince.
See you what diadem your brow adorns?
If of this world the papal kingdom be,
The Vicar are you not of this world's Prince?
So then, if you are wise—draw in your horns.

INDIA UNDER THE INCOME-TAX.

INDIA is about to realise the advantage of sharing with England equality under government. In our Eastern empire is about to be introduced a measure for "taxing trades and professions." The blessing of schedule D—under protest from the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce—is to be conferred on our Indian fellow-subjects. This is a very promising financial experiment. The celebrated truthfulness of the Indian character will insure the minutest accuracy in all the Income-tax returns which will be made by the scrupulous natives. But the correctness of these statements will have to be taken for granted. No tax could be more popular with our Oriental brethren than one which will allow them to tax themselves. A generous confidence in their probity will be repaid; but there must be no hesitation in taking the payment, then all will be well, but not otherwise. Beware of assessing them at a higher rate than their own; otherwise the effect which Schedule D will have on the industrious masses of India will be too likely to resemble that which the greased cartridges produced on the Sepoys.

PEDIGREE OF MANY A NOBLE LORD ON THE TURF.—Out of Pocket, by Betting.

LOVE-MAKING AT LOWESTOFF.

"A PENNY for your thoughts, my MARIAN!" exclaimed the gallant SMITH, as the lovers lolled together on the pier at Lowestoff.

It was indeed a place and time inducive of reflection. For the place, we have not leisure to enumerate its beauties, and must refer the curious reader to the description in the Guide-books. For the time, as BYRON might have written:—

It was the hour when lovers' vows
Breathe soft in every word they utter:
It was the hour which man allows
For tea and shrimps and bread and butter.

With the exception of the herring-boats slowly gliding from the harbour, there was nothing moving seaward to distract deep meditation; and but for the fashionable throng upon the pier, the lovers might have sat in undisturbed solitude. Nor was there heard a sound which was not very strongly an incentive to reflection. The waves were surging drowsily alongside of the pier, and plashing with a sleepifying gurgle on the woodwork; the while, to counteract their soporific influence, the resonant and raucous strains of a brass-band, stationed for some subtle reason close against the reading-room, kept actively awake the meditative faculties, and reminded London listeners of Cornopean-haunted Pimlico, or Trombone-bemaddened Bayswater.

At such a time and place, what wonder MARIAN should wear a meditative air, or that her HENRY, who had nothing in the world to do but gaze at her, should exclaim, as we have stated, "A penny for your thoughts."

"Me tinking, Sar," replied the meditative maiden, assuming for the nonce the Christy Minstrel dialect, "Me tinking why de ocean like one ob de ole Romans?"

"Why, MARIAN, my pet, what a rummy thing to think about. It—it—sounds like a conundrum," gasped the frightened SMITH.

Replied to him the maiden, "Yes, Sar, you correct; him *is* a conundricum. But you needn't look so flustricate. Him perfectly original. I make him up myself. Shall I ask you him again, Sar?" SMITH groaned aloud, but nodded. "Well, den, why 's de Garman Ocean like one ob de ole Romans? You gib him up, ob course. So I tell you—*'Cause him Cæ—Sar!* What you tink ob dat?"

"Tink ob it!" exclaimed the infuriated SMITH: "don't talk to me of 'tinking,' Miss. I'm an author, not a tinker."

"Well, then, dearest," softly murmured the bewitching girl, resting her head lovingly upon her HENRY'S manly bosom, and resuming a more Christian and less Christy form of utterance, "Can your *Authorship* inform me when the wave which is now passing us may be said to have entered the medical profession?"

Regardless of his gallantry, SMITH tried to stop his ears: but, like the "*lissome Vivien*," the fair one "clung and clasped his hand," and whispered to him sweetly, "Fond one, don't be frightened. When next you hear the question, make response—*'Tis when the wave's a-surging on the shore!*"

THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.—The ABBÉ L'EPÉE.

HUNTING THE BLACK BADGER.

MR. PUNCH'S affection for the Undertaker is proverbial. The love and respect he entertains for the cringing, but greedy fellow, who in the hour of sorrow avails himself of our indisposition to contest details, and secures a strong order for his extortionate mummeries, exceeds in degree, but is closely akin to *Mr. Punch's* regard for the greasy, spirit-drinking, whispering hirelings who assemble in unclean knots at the bidding of the Supreme Ghoul, and help him to get up the abomination called a Genteel Funeral. Hence, when a wise man, or woman (like the late excellent QUEEN ADELAIDE), leaves testamentary direction that an Undertaker shall, in a certain instance, be choked off from all plunder that can be saved from his dirty hands, *Mr. Punch* usually expresses his respectful approbation. And when any other incident occurs, calculated to cast contempt upon the vulgar and stupid display got up by the Carrion-Crow of Society, *Mr. Punch* is also well pleased.

What a future age will think of our toleration of such things, it is hard to say. When cremation shall have superseded interment; when no more

"The long funerals blacken all the way;"

when "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," shall cease to be a falsehood in the mouth of the priest,—and when *Mors Janua Vitæ* shall be a living thought in the minds of the living, instead of a hack motto for a hatchment; why, a good many other desirable things will have occurred, if DR. CUMMING'S prognostication of the end of all things—"positively the last time of the end of all things: N.B. Copy the address"—should not precede such reforms. Meantime, the more contempt cast upon the Undertaker and his craft, the better.

Only in this sense—for *Mr. Punch* sees a good deal of an objectionable character in certain proceedings he is about to mention—does he peruse with any feeling of satisfaction a long paragraph from a Derbyshire paper just received. The Undertaker's craft has been called into exercise, it seems, in what is called honour, not of man, but of the friend of man. At a place, whose name is that of the scoundrel attorney in *Guy Mannering*, lives a person named SCHOLES, recently the possessor of a favourite hound, whose name was that given by old COBBETT to the late SIR FRANCIS BURDETT. The animal's hunting propensities were extraordinary; but every dog has its last day, and "Old Glory's" demise took place the other night. Her owner was about to deposit her remains under an old pear-tree in his garden, but this very sensible proceeding was prevented by "some of the old hunters of Glossop," who, unless their conduct was prompted by the laudable desire to insult and degrade the Undertaker, may also be described as some of the old idiots of Glossop, persons who never need be afraid of knocking out their brains in the hunting-field. They insisted upon Old Glory's being interred with funeral rites.

Let Derbyshire tell its own tale:—

"Information of the coming event was at once dispatched to different parts of the country, and on Saturday last, about forty hounds from Chapel-en-le-Frith, Hayfield, Millbrow, Mellor, Staleywood, and other places, assembled to accompany their canine sister to her last resting-place. 'Glory' *was put into a coffin, which was covered with red cloth, over which black braid was crossed*, her head surrounded by a hare's skin, and bedecked with flowers. Several of her own pups were in attendance, having red ribbons round their necks, whilst the others had black ribbon; and every dog was lead in a red leash. *Funeral cards*, bearing the following inscription, were given to each of the invited mourners:—Sacred to the memory of Glory Scholes," [*Mr. Punch* would have withheld MR. SCHOLES'S name, but for its being annexed to that of the lamented deceased] "who died, September 26th, 1859, in the thirteenth year of her age, and was interred, October 1st, at Cowndge, near Glossop. She was the mother of one hundred and seventy pups!

Farewell dear friends, a long farewell:
I've crossed these hills when I could almost fly,
I've been at the death of many a hare,
Though now I'm dead and lying here."

The poetry is not much better than that of the sporting magazines and newspapers, but it may not have occurred to the old hunters of Glossop to look into *Odyssey* seventeen, for a Homeric epitaph on their extinct friend. We will presume that they used the word "sacred" in the classical sense, or, more likely, in no sense at all, like an Undertaker. But let the rites proceed:—

"As the time of the funeral drew near, High Street was crowded with *several thousand* spectators. The funeral car was drawn by a black horse, and in it were seated MR CHARLES WYATT, the driver; MR. JOHN NOBLE, master of the ceremonies; and MR. GEORGE SCHOLES, owner of the dead hound. The funeral procession started about five o'clock in the afternoon, the master of the ceremonies blowing a funeral dirge on his horn over the corpse, on which the canine mourners set up a sympathetic howl. Several hundred persons followed the procession to Cownedge, a distance of over four miles, where a vast crowd was waiting to see the last of poor "Glory." The horn was blown whilst the interment took place, after which MR. NOBLE sung "*Squire Frith*," and the multitude joined in the chorus. A requiem,

composed for the occasion by Mr. Brunderett, was also sung; and to conclude the ceremony, three long and hearty cheers were given. The cortège then returned to the Botanical Tavern, where a supper was provided, consisting of six enormous pies. The invited guests *paid the usual funeral gift*, and spent a merry evening."

What "the usual funeral gift" is, we do not know. The *munera*, or *dona*, of the ancient Roman rites were, if we have not forgotten all Dr. Swishtail's teachings, things that the deceased used to like. The bereaved Scholes is the landlord of the tavern in question, but we can hardly suppose that the guests pelted him with flesh of dead horses, or with greaves; but rather that he made a good thing of his loss in the shape of the reckonings for his pies and other refreshments. This, however, is his business, not ours.

But, reserving all other comment upon the whole business, *Mr. Punch* would ask, who that witnessed this Genteel Canine Funeral will ever be able to think gravely of the Undertaker and his mummeries and his weepers, and his black bandages, and the rest of the rubbish with which he robs the living in the name of the dead? Undertaking will surely be a bad trade in Derbyshire, henceforth.

When the Roman mourners returned from their simple and sensible rites, Dr. Swishtail used to tell us that by way of purification they were made to step over a fire. In humble imitation of the Romans, *Mr. Punch* has called the old idiots of Glossop over the coals, but he has, goodnaturedly, not made them very hot, partly for a reason which it might not be complimentary to state, and partly because the Glossop proceedings may be regarded as a quizz upon the British Ghoul or Undertaker.

PUNCH ON PUNCH.

Yesterday, at an Association for the Advancement of Social Science, *Mr. Punch* delivered a lecture on Punch. *Mr. Punch* said: In lecturing on punch, a few of you will perhaps expect that I shall blow my own trumpet. Nothing of the kind. I am not going to talk about myself, but of the liquor which is my namesake. It is made with rum, brandy, lemon, hot water, and sugar. I am speaking, and only intend speaking, of punch proper; hot mixed punch: and shall postpone the consideration of other punches. The things I have named are the essential constituents of punch. A little beer is sometimes added—advantageously. Instead of mere hot water, tea is occasionally used; and then your tea not only cheers, but also, if you take enough of it—or, as Lord Brougham would say, too much of it—inebriates.

Put twice as much rum as brandy into the jug in which, and not in a bowl, your punch should be made. The fault of most punch is that brandy predominates in it. On the contrary rum should predominate. Rum, without any brandy at all, makes excellent punch. Mere brandy punch is nasty stuff. Put in as much sugar as the water will dissolve. If you brew, say, a quart of punch, let it contain the juice and the rind of one lemon. The juice, I say; not the pulp. The rind also; not all the peel; none of the white pith: only the yellow outside pared off thin, so as to lay open the aromatic oil-cells. With regard to the proportion of water you employ, let your own discretion be your tutor. Some like strong punch; others weak,—ladies generally prefer weak. I prefer weak to smoke with.

Don't put these things into your jug in the order in which I have named them. Make your lemonade first. Mix your hot water, sugar, and lemon. Let the water be boiling hot—fresh from the kettle on the fire. If brought up from the kitchen, test it with a thermometer. "It have a-boiled, Sir," is a maidservant's or charwoman's idea of an affirmative answer to a question intended to ascertain if the temperature of the water she has come with is 212°.

Put in first your lemon-juice and lemon-rind, pour thereon your hot water, put a wrapper consisting of a folded napkin over the mouth of your jug, and lay a thick octavo or some other equivalent body, over the mouth of that vessel, and let it stand for five minutes. Then add the liquors. If it stands on the hob all the better, and better still if it stands in the oven. In either of the two latter cases you not only may, but will do well to, add the spirits before covering up the jug; because the heat they will be exposed to will more than make up for their cooling effect on the hot water, which, when themselves heated, they will aid in extracting the aroma of the lemon.

To bake or stew punch without covering it in, is the act of an unenlightened savage, ignorant of the first principles of distillation, which are familiar even to the Irish native.

Drink your punch from a wine-glass, pouring it thereinto from your jug. It spoils the pleasure of drinking punch to ladle it out of a bowl into a tumbler. In so doing you inevitably make a slop, which is offensive to every orderly mind. Punch was meant to stick to the ribs and not to the fingers.

Horrid Attempt.

We have received a letter from a wretch, who, after pointing out the fact that one of the horses that ran the other day at the Newmarket Second of October Meeting was named *Gallus*, suggests the probability that the animal in question was ridden with a halter!

A FATAL FACILITY.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, in the magnificent address he delivered at the opening of the Annual Meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, tells us that "everything has a tendency to run into abuse." If examples were needed of this truth, we would point to the religious newspapers, for you cannot look into a number of the *Tablet*, or the *Univers*, or the *Churchman*, or the *Record*, without instantly discovering that "its tendency is to run into abuse." Take abuse away from these papers, and you would have nothing but the "imprint" left; and that is precisely the end, taking a leaf out of their own book of charity, that we should like to see most of them arrive at.

A ROMAN MARTYROLOGIST.

Our Roman Catholic contemporary, the *Tablet*, contains the following illustration of the position of the Pope in relation to Victor Emmanuel and Louis Napoleon:—

"The state of Italy must be satisfactory now to every liberal mind, for the condition of the Holy See is a sad one. The Sovereign Pontiff is on the cross, and the whole world is looking on, scoffing and jeering. The King of Sardinia represents the impenitent thief, and nothwithstanding the perils of his own position, he finds time to insult the innocent one, though he does not curse Pontius Pilate who has brought him to his evil case. The Emperor of the French looks calmly at his work, and is satisfied."

"Comparisons are odious," says the old proverb. Does the *Tablet* want to get that ancient maxim enlarged, by giving occasion for the new saying, that "Comparisons are impious?" "Pontius Pilate," and the "Impenitent Thief," will probably be inclined by the above similitudes to consider that "Comparisons are impudent." It is lucky for the *Tablet* that it does not publish profane articles under the government of "Pontius Pilate,"—though that is not a procuratorship, but an empire. Brother Veuillot and the *Univers* have had a warning for sedition, calumny, and falsehood. We suppose that the *Tablet* would represent MM. Veuillot and Taconet as stretched upon the rack; those Catholic confessors thus undergoing a persecution in its degree corresponding to the crucifixion of the Pope.

A Benison for Denison.

Mr. Denison, in the letter in which he endeavours to account for the stoppage of the Westminster Bell, dates it from "Ben Rhydding." To make the truth complete, the locality should have been described as Big Ben Rhydding, for there can be no doubt that it is at Mr. Denison's door that the "Rhydding" of Big Ben lies.

MOST OFFENSIVE.

Railway Porter. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WAS THIS YOUR'N?"

POISON FOR BREAKFAST.

THE enormous gooseberries and gigantic strawberries of journalism are now over, and in come the monster turnips and prodigious mushrooms. To notices of these last-named productions are often adjoined tales of horror, calculated to terrify their consumers, under the head of "Caution to Mushroom-eaters." These warnings would be much more effectual if they contained some explanation of the nature of the danger to which mushroom-eaters expose themselves. We read of death from eating "horse-mushrooms." The horse-mushroom has a bad name, and not a very good character; it is said to disagree with those who eat it, and to occasion colic, and symptoms of that sort; but we find it represented in the newspapers as producing the effects of a virulent poison, such, almost, as those of deadly nightshade or monkshood. Many people, however, eat it with perfect impunity. It is largely used in making ketchup. Botanists call it *Agaricus exquisitus*, as if it were peculiarly choice. The horse-mushroom, by some accounts, is generally preferred to the common mushroom in France. The French, indeed, eat horse, but that would be no reason why they should eat horse-mushroom, if it were poisonous. Therefore, if anybody wishes to commit suicide, he will experience a disappointment should he take horse-mushroom by way of substitute for prussic acid.

"Caution to Mushroom-eaters" should be taken to be addressed to all eaters of mushrooms, and, observe, of common mushrooms, and not of toadstools. There is no poisonous toadstool so like a common mushroom as to be liable to be mistaken for it by anybody but a maid-of-all-work destitute of perceptive organs. Let Mushroom-eaters beware of stale mushrooms. Mushrooms are very like meat, particularly in being subject to putrefaction, and, when putrid, in being noxious. They are often exposed for sale in a state which, if they were meat, would subject them to seizure and confiscation, and their vendors to fine. If anybody wishes to kill himself, let him eat those mushrooms; but hydrocyanic acid is preferable.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—The messenger who brought the news of the noble SCHAMYL'S capture to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, was LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GRABBE!

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!—SO MUCH FOR QUACKING 'EM!

A GOOD Story has been told of an Eastern executioner, who was so expert in the handling of his scimetar that he could cut a culprit's head off without the victim's knowing it. As a proof of his dexterity, it is said that some unfortunates, on whom he had been operating, could not be persuaded that their necks were really severed until, at his suggestion, they tried to shake their heads, when, much to their discomfiture, their heads all toppled off.

It certainly sounds startling to hear of persons living after they have been beheaded; and although when we were young we heard it stated of KING CHARLES that he "was seen to walk and talk half an hour after his head was cut off," still we hardly think the statement establishes the fact. Yet that persons do exist who have had their heads off, has been stated, not indeed on medical authority, but on such authority as is conceded to a quack. Merely altering a name, which we have no desire to puff, we quote this narrative *verbatim* from the *Morning Chronicle*:—

"GULLAWAY'S PILLS.—REMEDY FOR DISORDERS IN THE HEAD.—MR. NEWTON' druggist, Hull, states, in a letter to PROFESSOR GULLAWAY, that MR. JOHN WARE' residing in Stubbs' Buildings, West Street, Hull, had been afflicted with giddiness in the head, off and on, for the last twenty years. Though he tried many supposed remedies during that long period, he found little or no relief from them. At last he was induced to try GULLAWAY'S Pills, from hearing so many encomiums passed on their virtues; and the consequence is, that he is now perfectly cured, and enjoys better health than ever he did before."

Marvellous as are the stories—in more than one sense stories—which have been told of the effects of these wonder-working pills, we think that this surprising statement beats them by long chalks. At the same time, however, we must own that, to our thinking, there is more marvel in the malady than in the working of the cure. That a man should have existed with his head "off and on" for a period extending so long as twenty years, seems to our mind more astounding than that he should now be having "better health" at its conclusion than, as we are told, he has ever had before. What manner of health a man could possibly enjoy throughout the twenty years that his head was "off and on," it surpasses our imaginative power to conjecture; and we look upon the statement that the patient has been cured as an assertion which is far less difficult to swallow. Indeed, the story is like that of the much-advertised bad leg of "more than thirty-five years' standing," which the same "Professor" professes to have cured. In this case, as in the other, the quack has weakened his narration by coming it too strong.

That quack treatment should cure anything is incredible enough, but the statement of the cure is not a tenth part so surprising as the assertion that the leg had for so long a time been kept standing. The best of legs would not bear standing longer than a day; and that a bad one should have stood for five-and-thirty years is a statement so preposterous that we doubt if even those who patronise the quack's pills could have swallowed it.

Whether the gentleman who has been living with his head off and on be one of those "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," we leave to more inquiring minds than ours to determine. In the *Travels* of one *Gulliver*, the natives of Laputa are said to wear their heads disconnected from their bodies, and to use them as their footballs without impairing their vitality. Readers give what credit to this narrative they please; but for ourselves, we must confess, we place quite as strong a faith in the tales of *Mr. Gulliver*, as we do in the assertions of the story-telling quack, whom, as we don't wish to be personal, we choose to nickname MR. GULLAWAY.

The Austrian Curb.

THE races, which for years were prohibited under the Austrian rule, have been resumed in Lombardy. We do not wonder at this prohibition. The Austrians, if they had had the power, would like to have suppressed the whole Italian race.

A NOTE AND QUERY.

"Paris, Wednesday, Oct. 12.—LORD COWLEY and COUNT KENELEFF dined with WALEWSKI."—*Times.*

WHEN will KENELEFF and WALEWSKI dine with COWLEY? ? ?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 22, 1859.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Railway Guard (as it is getting dark). "WOULD YOU LIKE A LIGHT IN THIS CARRIAGE, SIR?"

Swell (showing a Regalia in full blaze). "NO, THANKS; I HAVE ONE!"

[*Exit Guard overpowered.*

PICTORIAL WALLS AND WINDOWS.

ROMAN prows, armorial bearings, ripe fruit, humming-birds, allegorical figures, antique masks, ideal animals ending in scrolls, and civic insignia, constitute the frescoes which decorate the ceiling, now visible, of the Royal Exchange. Saving the civic devices, the place of these paintings would be more suitably occupied by scenes of traffic and commerce, with nothing more allegorical amongst them than a figure of Business in modern costume, with a pen behind his ear. It is a pity that frescoes are not always calculated to serve by way of illustrations of the building which they adorn, so as to signify its use and purpose. St. Somebody said that pictures were the books of idiots, that is, of idiots so to speak because of their ignorance; and this is the ground on which the Roman Catholic priests defend their general use of images; whereby their flocks ought to feel flattered. Now there are many idiots of this kind running about loose, different as to creed in every respect except one, but all united in the predatory persuasion. They form the chief part of the attendants at Police Offices, and Courts of Assize and Sessions; where the fate of their companions trembles in the balance.

The interiors of our various halls of justice might be richly frescoed to the advantageous instruction of this troublesome class of persons. The windows also might be stained with similar designs. Representations of the various punishments which the law inflicts upon convicts might adorn the walls to the great edification of the majority of their beholders. What the crank is, what the treadmill, would then be ocularly exhibited to the thieves and pickpockets, and thus they would learn to talk and think less lightly than they do of being nabbed, and lagged, and put in the jug, and having six months.

The interior of the hulks might be depicted on the walls and ceiling, and a vivid idea might be presented of penal servitude and private whipping, as well as of the serious nature of capital punishment. Crime would thus be prevented; and expense doubly saved; for in the first place prisons would cost less, and in the next there would be no absolute occasion for that education of the poor which runs away with some money at present, and requires the expenditure of very much more, which is only prevented by public parsimony, and the zeal of the clergy of various denominations, who insist upon sectarian education, or none at all.

ADVICE TO PASTORAL-WRITING SHEPHERDS.—Attend more to your flocks, and busy yourself less with your pens.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

THE strong-minded gentlemen who have been sneering at the mawkish sentimentalists for writing hollow twaddle in appeal to the sympathies of the despicable people about the fellow who was flogged the other day at Woolwich, on a back alleged to have been studded with boils, will be greatly disgusted with the following statement in the *Post*, under the head of "Naval and Military Intelligence:"—

"THE LASH.—The punishment of flogging has been entirely suspended at Woolwich since the publicity given to the case of the unfortunate recruit, WILLIAM DAVIS, who is at present suffering from the effects of the 50 lashes he received about two months since, although sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital. A complete investigation has been made relative to this case, from which it appears that the conduct of the medical officer is open to censure, for allowing the punishment to be inflicted upon a man who was unable to bear it."

It must be very provoking to the strong-minded gentlemen to find their sneers thus refuted—for even a sneer can be refuted by fact. It is vexatious to discover that we have been expressing scorn and contempt for those whom we hate on the assumption that they have made a mistake, whereas the mistake has been made by ourselves. We naturally feel extremely annoyed to find our sarcasms annihilated, all but their motives, and these left standing conspicuously out as pride, insolence, and malice.

The story about the soldier who was scourged on his bare boils, unfortunately, was not made up, or even exaggerated. In continuation of the above extract, our manly friends are told that—

"It is only just to state, that the Commandant has taken measures to make some amends for the cruelty inflicted upon DAVIS. Previously to leaving the hospital, he was visited by a medical board of officers, accompanied by GENERAL DACRES, who, in consideration of the punishment already undergone, was pleased to remit the sentence of 84 days' imprisonment awarded by court-martial, and also the usual branding of the letter D on the prisoner's back."

This last remission the masculine vindicators of corporal punishment should not allow to vex them too much. To brand a crop of boils is like writing on sand; therefore COLONEL DACRES need not be concluded, in remitting that part of the prisoner's sentence, to have acted from a weak and maudlin feeling of love and mercy. From the conclusion of the paragraph in question it will be seen that the branding of Deserter DAVIS would have been a service of difficulty:—

"He was liberated and provided with a new uniform, but the man's back is still covered with at least forty inflamed boils and wounds—the result of his flogging, and he is therefore to be relieved from carrying his pack or knapsack until entirely recovered. The medical board certified that the man was unfit to receive corporal punishment."

Thus the mawkish sentimentalists unhappily appear to have had some foundation for what their magnanimous despisers will still, of course, call their insincere and shallow cant. These men of stern sense, and men of the world, know that those hypocrites and milksops wrote on a basis of merely accidental truth. The sentimentalists will be out another time, and then there will be an opportunity of laughing their virtuous indignation to scorn. Virtuous cruelty, and virtuous self-esteem and contempt of others, will then have their chance. Still, there is some danger that the fine masculine malevolence, which, under the pretence of wholesome severity, lusts for the infliction of torture, and gloats upon whipping, whether in the case of soldiers or schoolboys, will ultimately lose its gratification as regards soldiers. Denunciations of the cat may be false, affected, snobbish, and unspeakably contemptible; but whilst the cat flourishes, they are calculated to deter men from enlisting in the army. Therefore it is to be feared that the cat will be abolished.

Toll for the Bell! the Bell that is No More!

TALKING of Big Ben, said SMITH to JONES,—"For all that MR. DENISON has written, I don't believe that MESSRS. MEARS have lost caste by their casting." "Not a bit," said JONES. "DENISON, you know, was one of the examiners, and if there was a MEARS sham, the judges should have 'smoked' it!"

AN UNATTACHED COUPLE.

IT has always seemed to us that in the way of advertising births and deaths and marriages, people enter very often into quite needless particulars. In the matter indeed of marriages, the details which are given are, like fashionable petticoats, most ludicrously ample, and leave no room at all for pleasant speculation. Not only are the names of the officiating clergyman, and of his reverend assistants, stated with all fulness, and all their titles and endowments mentioned with great accuracy, and at no small length, but we are often favoured also with a *précis* of the pedigrees of the happy couple, and if either of them happen to possess a titled relative, we may be sure that his or her name will figure in the list.

With regard to births and deaths, there is not such scope for detail; still the public often gets by them an insight into matters which the public, we are sure, has not the slightest wish to pry into. Family cats are continually being let out of their bags, and private skeletons exhibited which had better have been kept hidden. As an instance, we quote this from the *Times* of Tuesday week, where the curious may find the names stated at full length:—

"On the 16th inst., at Ll—— the wife of LIEUT.-COL. L—— (unattached), of a daughter."

Although we have no knowledge whatever of the L——'s, this painful revelation of their conjugal unhappiness, quite took away our usual relish for our breakfast; and as constant morning readers of the *Times*, we must protest against its publishing what may destroy our appetite. We have quite enough private sorrows of our own without being afflicted by those of other people. It is very sad to hear that the L——'s are "unattached," but we cannot see the good of thus publicly parading this announcement of the fact.

Topographical.

ITALY is recommended by some of her friends to take England for her model. We recommend nothing of the kind. The worst thing Italy can do just now is to let her most beautiful provinces become a Dukery.

[We insert this rather dummy joke, in order to show that our Contributor is a gentleman, and goes out of town, and knows about aristocratic haunts. Else——. ED.]

CONVICTION ON LEAVING AN ELECTION COMMITTEE-ROOM.—"By ST. COPPOCK! some of our law-makers are the greatest law-breakers."

THE GRAFFITI OF LONDON.

A MOST interesting article—in fact, *Mr. Punch* may as well say (for there is no false modesty about him, nor any real modesty neither) that he wrote it himself—appears in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the *Graffiti* of Pompeii. The word (which has already thrown the Wiscount into despair, and made MR. HADFIELD wish, as he is remarking, that hauthors would honly write Hinglish), means the Scribblings on the walls and other scribbling places. Now, as *Mr. Punch* has recently declared, and will declare again, at the earliest opportunity, the habit of scribbling on walls and the like is a vulgar and snobbish one, but with his usual calm superiority to cavil, he begs to say that what was done in Pompeii a great many years ago, and what is being done in England now, are two matters, and if they were not, who cares? He is exceedingly glad that in Pompeian days everybody scribbled about, because, in the first place, the inscriptions throw great light on ancient customs, and secondly because those writings afforded him a reason for composing an interesting and beautiful article, and receiving the cheque and thanks of MESSRS. LONGMAN & Co. Therefore, let there be no impertinent remarks.

It occurred to *Mr. Punch*, while writing that fine paper, that when that eternal New Zealander of LORD MACAULAY'S gets off the broken arch of London Bridge, pockets his sketches, and comes pottering about the ruined streets of the abandoned metropolis, SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO, or whatever the gentleman's name may be, will discover in extinct London much the same sort of mural annotations as *Mr. Punch*, DR. WORDSWORTH, and their Italian friends found in Pompeii. It next occurred to *Mr. Punch*, that SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO, when he gets upon the electric wire and shoots back to his hotel in Solander Island, will ponder over the London *Graffiti* much as *Mr. Punch* has done over those of the buried city. And thirdly, it occurred to *Mr. Punch*, that in the *Polygamic Review*, CCXXIV., may appear the following article, which *Mr. Punch* hereby publishes a trifle in advance, and thereby sells his Australian posterity.

The Graffiti of London. From Demonological Photograms taken by SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO. *With Remarks by him.* Bradbury and Evans. Australasia. Rhinosceros Quarto. 3859.

Extremely interesting, in fact we may say howling news from the Old Island. The indefatigable traveller and antiquary, SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO, presents us with a budget of treasures from the walls, doors, windows, and other portions of ancient London. To the historian these relics are invaluable, while to the general reader they are indispensable. Not to detain our friends from the feast SIR CANNIBAL has set before them, we hasten to offer the following particulars of his last discoveries.

On a wall near an old church, supposed to be St. Bride's, and so called from its being the place of fashionable marriages, in the days, as DRYDEN says,

"When one to one was cursedly confined,"

SIR CANNIBAL found inscribed BR··GS S N A·S (*Briggs is an Ass*). Now who was BRIGGS? and who the bold Satirist who thus unhesitatingly summed up his character in an epithet. We find no mention of BRIGGS in any History of England, and are half inclined to risk the idea that the name was given generically to the class of pseudo-sportsmen and athletes depicted in the celebrated LEECH Cartoons, now in the Presidential Museum at Wellington. In the same neighbourhood SIR C. TATTOO perceived written the well-known NO P·PE·Y (*No Paupery*), which shows that even in those barbarous times people were beginning to see the absurdity of being poor while anybody else had aught to be deprived of. The inscription NO P·PERY occurs in numerous parts of Old London, especially near the churches founded by ST. PUSEY, which is a proof that the alms given away by these imitators of Catholicism had failed to satisfy the laudable ambition of the working classes for independence.

On a door near the New Gate of London, which was also the place of execution,—for, by a fine conception, our ancestors thrust the polluting scene of death *extra mœnia*, or as far from the heart of the City as possible,—SIR C. TATTOO found a rude representation of the instrument of execution, the Gallows, and of a figure pendent therefrom. Beneath was written MANNING. This was the work of an illiterate person, and obviously was meant for *Man Hung*, such being the brief heading which the newspapers of the day gave to an account of one of the events common and ludicrous in those times, but which happily are now of rare occurrence, and which plunge our Republic of Islands into mourning when such an example has been necessary. A little further, and on a piece of pavement, was clearly to be read I AM STAR·ING; but what this means, or what the speaker was staring at, we have at present no conception. It might, however, have been the facetious answer to the celebrated British caution "Mind Your Eye." SIR C. TATTOO suggests that a letter has been dropped, and that the word should be *Starting*. But what could such an inscription mean upon a pavement? The riddle must, we fear, remain unsolved, *in sæculo sæculorum*.

In what was called the Temple, from the number of Hebrews (worshippers in the old Temple of Jerusalem) resident there, and on the ground at the entrance of a passage is written M·N D T·E PAIN·. Of this SIR C. TATTOO hardly knows what to make. May we venture a guess? Is it *Mind the Pain*, and has a preceding word dropped, which was *Never?* If so, we think we see a solution. The Temple, as has been said, was famous for its Jews, who, again, were the most celebrated dentists of old times, and who, all schoolboys will remember, were sent for to draw the teeth of KING JOHN, about 1666. Well, was this inscription, like the Roman *Salve*, the address to visitors to a Temple dentist? SIR C. TATTOO thinks that the last word was

Paint, and that it was an order from some superior to a workman to mend the paint. This is a happy conjecture, but we give it *valeat quantum*.

At another point, and near what is said to have been the residence of the London Mayors before their extirpation, is found a rich distich—

I ·M TH· K·N· ·F· ·HE ·ASTL·
·ND YOUR A D··TY R·SCA·

This there is great difficulty in reading, and a difference of opinion has arisen as to the filling up of the destroyed letters. The best scholars, SIR C. TATTOO says, are inclined to this reading:—

"I am the Knife [which] the Astley
Hand[ed] your [ ]. A Dirty Rascal."

There is evidently some City legend or sarcasm conveyed in this couplet. The place where it was found was the banquet-hall of the Mayors, and probably some ASTLEY, a negligent servant, is charged with having presented to his master "your [Mayor?]" to cut his venzon a knife wet with the flesh of turtle fish, the favourite luxury of those demi-savages. But there is scope for a score of treatises on the subject. The last word of the first line has been interpreted "Castle," and though we do not think this correct, it may have alluded to the Elephant and Castle, the famous white-bait house which stood near the Bank, and was frequented by its managers.

A pretty couplet, about which there is little mistake, records, on a window-sill, that "*My love Sal is a p . . . . . gal*," the defaced word being no doubt "portly," the English girls, or gals, being celebrated and admired for their fat. In another place is DO·· OUR M·THER NOW · RE · U·, perhaps the affectionate yearning of children, "*Do, our mother, now return to us*," or "*Does our mother now remember us?*" Farther on, SIR C. TATTOO found the place where peripatetic astronomers exhibited their telescopes for hire; as on a wall, which would have been an excellent resting-place for the instrument, is "*Take a Sight.*" Even in those days, before Moon-railroads were known, the view of the celestial bodies interested our foolish forefathers.

Finally, for we must bring our remarks to a close, SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO perceived upon the entablature of the west pediment of the clerestory of the Abbey ruins the letters PUN··OR EVE· Now, what is "*Pun, or Eve?*" Is this one of those dark mysteries from which it is in vain to seek to tear the veil? Is it a mystic shadowing out of some old religion? Does it show the doubts which at that period saturated the minds of all? Is *Pun*, or PAN, the heathen principle of universal nature; and does *Eve*, typical of womanhood, point at a more gracious faith, between which, perhaps, some young and ardent monk in a cell of those old Westminster Abbey ruins knew not how to choose? The inquiry is deeply interesting, æsthetically, asthmatically, and exegetically. The foolish and shallow conjecture that the words were *Punch for Ever*, we mention but to dismiss with contempt. Our forefathers, foolish as they were, had grand and mythic imaginings, nor will we dance a dance of BAG O'NAILS over their graves. Let us rather humbly address ourselves to discover their meaning. *Laborare est orare.*

SIR CANNIBAL'S book is the most splendid, the most useful, the most intellectual, the most graphic, the most fascinating, that has appeared for several hours, and we cordially recommend it to our readers of all colours.

GLASS-HOUSE MUTUAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

THERE is this great convenience which people enjoy who dwell in glass houses: whatever may be their position, they always stand in a favourable light; and however conspicuous may be their failings, they are invariably overlooked. Till lately, however, there were no means of insuring these elegant edifices against demolition, partial or entire, and many upright occupiers were consequently bowed down by anxiety for their frames. It is hard to be denied the cheerful recreation of flinging pebbles at a friend's contiguous sky-light; strong bonds are necessary to restrain an eloquent householder. To secure these fragile structures, a Company was started not long since, and from their Report, just published, they seem to have had a profitable run. The document contains some curious glass cases, where tenants have been relieved from apprehended damage to their vitreous abodes. We have only room for those of universal interest.

MISS PRISCILLA V—— was engaged to a *soi-disant* Irish Captain of Dragoons unattached, but who, on the appointed bridal morn, was arrested by his tailor. The dreadful circumstance becoming known to MISS EUPHEMIA G——, it was expected that perfectly legal proceedings would have been taken by that energetic lady to send a small missile through the polished front wall of her opposite neighbour. Luckily, MISS V—— held a Policy in the Glass House Company, by whom she was assured that she need be under no apprehension, as MISS G—— had recently accepted the offer of a stout, bejewelled, bewigged, and bewiskered gentleman, who represented himself to be a German Baron, but who had turned out to be a Chiropodist.

PERCH, a young and sanguine Stock-broker, having married a middle-aged lady, with great expectations from her uncle, who held a lucrative appointment as Receiver of an income riding over extensive landed property in the north of England, discovered when too late that her Uncle was a Toll-Gate Keeper on the Great North Road. Under ordinary circumstances, his cousin GUDGEON would have been delighted by a rapid volley of small shot, to unsettle PERCH'S transparent tiles. PERCH, however, had obtained an assurance from the Company that GUDGEON had been captured by an adventurous widow, whose late husband was *not* SERJEANT PLUM of the South-Eastern Circuit, but SERJEANT-MAJOR HUMM of the 101st, with a life pension of one shilling and three halfpence per diem. No damage was accordingly done on either side.

MRS. DEPUTY J—— having signally failed in her endeavonrs to obtain vouchers for the High Polish Ball, was anticipating a hail-storm from the democratic prejudices of MRS. DEPUTY K——, when the Company on payment of a small premium, gave her an assurance that her fears were groundless, MRS. DEPUTY K—— having been confined to her couch for three days after a Mansion House dinner, in consequence of her inability to obtain a condescending smile from the Persian ambassador. The threatened storm was according confined to a thimble-full of homœopathic balls.

The MISSES OLIVIA and FLORENCE E—— having undergone great mental agony through the behaviour of two impracticable donkeys on Durdham Downs, were about to extort from TOM, their wicked little brother, a solemn undertaking not to divulge it to the MISSES SARAH and MARTHA W——, when they were assured by the Glass House Company that those young ladies were under heavy recognisances to keep the peace from having been pursued and mortally frightened by a flock of irascible geese on Peckham Rye. OLIVIA and FLORENCE consequently escaped without the fracture of a single pane.

MASTER O—— having met with a severe blow and great discouragement in his attempt to scale the wall of DR. BIRCH'S orchard, would certainly have had his brittle habitation battered by the triumphant badinage of MASTER Q——, had not the latter been restrained from hostilities by the Company assuring MASTER O—— that his enemy had himself sustained a similar humiliation not long ago, and had spoilt a new jacket worth one guinea, in his futile efforts to secure a golden pippin, value one farthing.

A NEW FAILING.

ONE would have thought that SIR ROBERT CARDEN would never have been accused of "an excess of good-nature." However, SIR ROBERT CARDEN confesses he was imposed upon at Gloucester, and attributes the imposition to his excess of good-nature. Unquestionably the good-nature must have been nearly as capacious as his pocket; for after having been imposed upon at one election, he goes down and allows himself to be imposed upon at a second,—a regular case of Double Gloucester, and very strong Gloucester, too! No wonder that both his pocket and his good-nature were played upon to the tune they were. Was it all owing to good-nature, or did SIR ROBERT know the market he was going to, and, knowing what he had to buy, take sufficient means with him for the purchase?

However, if SIR ROBERT CARDEN has any good-nature in his composition, it will now be put severely to the test, as often as it is his good-natured fate to listen to the remarks, or to read the comments, that will be universally made upon those disgraceful revelations made before the Gloucester Election Commissioners. He is greatly to be pitied. The martyr of his own goodness, his good-nature deserved a better return than the base one he received at Gloucester. The electors had no right to take in one so open-hearted and credulous to the enormous extent they did. If any one was bribed, we should say it was SIR, ROBERT himself. His simple, trusting nature, that parted with money to any one who asked for it, was decidedly bribed by being deceived by everybody. And yet look at the same man at the Mansion House, and see how terribly severe he is upon any little girl who has been caught begging for a penny! The girl may be sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, but then, believe us, it is only SIR ROBERT'S "excess of good-nature."

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?—WHY, THE FACT IS, THE STUPID AND GREEDY BOY HAS MISTAKEN FOR JAM, AND SWALLOWED, A RATHER FINE SPECIMEN OF THE ACTINEA EQUINA, OR PURPLE SEA ANEMONE, WHICH AUNT FOOZLE HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COAST!

A CLASSICAL DUET.

CARMINIS PERSONÆ.

HORACE . . *Policeman.*
LYDIA . . . *Cook.*

HORACE.

WHILE no more welcome legs than mine,
On thy warm hearth might snugly twine;
Thy perquisites while I possessed,
Of all the Force none lived more blest.

LYDIA.

While thou didst court no other cook,
At Number Eight cast no sly look;
For none but thee cared I a button,
To none so freely gave cold mutton.

HORACE.

Me now the cook at Number Eight,
Meets nightly at the area-gate;
And brings me proofs of love so sweet,
I'd die ere I would change my beat!

LYDIA.

B 52 now fires my love,
And flares all other flames above:
Two roastings daily I would face
Ere from my hearth him I'd displace!

HORACE.

What if thy former love returns,
(*Aside.*) And for thy savings how he yearns!
If Number Eight for me no more
Need leave ajar the kitchen-door?

LYDIA.

Though *he* has whiskers black as night,
And yours are stubbly, scant, and light,
Yet, Number Eight if thou'lt give up,
With thee I'll tea—with thee I'll sup!

A FEMALE BRIAREUS WANTED.

THERE are two employments, the one reserved for masculine, the other kept exclusively for feminine aspirants, in which were a Briareus one of the employed, he would soon find his hundred hands full of the duties that devolved on them. Not only are the persons filling these positions required to devote their brains and bodies to the service, but they find they have to be, as far as humanly is possible, ubiquity personified and coupled with omniscience. Of these two occupations, the first is that of Special Correspondent to a newspaper, more especially when travelling from camp to camp as war-reporter; and the second that of Governess to a large family of small children, such for instance as that mentioned in the following advertisement:—

WANTED, by a Lady residing about thirty miles from Manchester, a daily Governess, accustomed to tuition, to educate nine children, all under eleven years of age. She must be competent to instruct them in English, French, Music, and Drawing. Salary, £100 a year. Apply, &c.

If these nine children be members of one and the same family, we may assume that, inasmuch as they are all "under eleven," one or two of them can hardly be much more than three or four. Indeed we probably should not be far wrong in presuming that the youngest of the nine is not yet out of long clothes, and that the next has still the taste of pap upon its palate. To "educate" a pupil of such tender age as this appears to us a work more fitted for a Nursemaid than a Governess, and we think that for the words "accustomed to tuition" there should have been inserted "used to rock a cradle." It seems preposterous to talk of "instructing" such mere babies in "English, French, and Music," to say nothing of "Drawing." Simultaneously to teach an infant French and English would be no easy thing to do before the child has learnt to talk; and what instruction could be given it in Music or in Drawing we must confess that it completely puzzles us to guess. The music of the rattle is about the only music for which babies show an ear; and we know no other instrument which they can take a turn at, unless it is the handle of some older child's harmonicon, and this they are quite sure nine times in ten to break. Moreover, as for trying to teach a baby drawing, we really cannot see what advantage would accrue from it. The only designs of which a baby's brain seems capable, are designs upon Pa's watch-chain or the pulling of his whiskers; and no good can result from teaching children drawing, until they are competent to draw their own perambulators.

We have always had a horror of all infantine phenomena, and we hoped that, thanks to *Punch*, the growth of them had stopped. But this advertisement reminds us that the *Blimber* race is not yet utterly extinct, and that there are still existing parents who delight to cram their children with a surfeit of instruction, and weaken their young minds by their efforts to digest it. If the lady above advertised were allowed to have her way, she would doubtless fill her family so full of education, that there would be no room left for the growth of something better in them. Prematurely skilled in language and accomplishments, they would thereby be stunted in the growth of those good qualities, which by nature are implanted in every young brain, and which are weakened if not killed by the noxious forcing system. For her children's sake we therefore hope in all sincerity, that this lady will not get the governess she "wants" for them; and in spite of the large salary she offers for the work, we doubt if any governess "accustomed to tuition" would be willing to perform it. Aspirants for the place may, we rather think, depend, that something more than mere tuition will be wanted for nine children, who are all under eleven. Indeed, it seems to us quite certain, that whoever may consent to undertake the situation, will find that in addition to her labours as a Governess, she will be in some degree entrusted with the duties which usually devolve upon a Maid-of-all-work.

"WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID."

A COPY of this little book has been sent to PRINCE ALBERT, with the compliments of one of the Members of the British Association. At the same time, the hope was expressed that the next time the Association pays Balmoral a visit, the Members may be allowed their free choice of the three occupations, and not be restricted, as they were on the last occasion, simply to the third, and that the least inviting, *viz.*:—"What to Avoid." We can only say that the remedy is a very simple one, and is in the Association's own hands. Since it was puzzled to know "What to Eat?" or "Drink?" the next best thing is to ascertain "What to Avoid?" and the answer is plain enough—Balmoral.

Nathan's Clerical Costumes.

CATHOLIC.—TO SACRISTANS, FOOTMEN of the SUPERIOR ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY, and Others. A CLERGYMAN of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND will be happy to receive any Amount of the LEFT-OFF VESTMENTS of ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS: as COPES, STOLES, CHASUBLES, DALMATICS, &c.: for which he is prepared to give the highest prices. He will also be glad to purchase Old Beads, Rosaries, and worn-out, broken, or defaced Images. For particulars, Address REV. B—— K——, Rectory, St. George's-in-the-East.

☞ A Liberal Allowance made for Holy Candle-Ends, and Waste Incense.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

VISIBLE ORATORY.

EVER anxious as we are to promote the peace of mind and happiness of everybody, and do our utmost to remove the nuisances which worry them, it delights us to announce that we have hit upon a plan by which perhaps the greatest bore in England may be extirpated. We allude, as the intelligent of course will have surmised, to the nuisance of political and other public speaking. Any reasonable mode by which the parliamentary debates may be contracted, and orators in general be induced to "cut it short," must certainly be deemed a boon and blessing to the nation; and this it is now happily within our power to confer.

We propose then, that in future all our public speakers (with the exception of LORD BROUGHAM and some three others worth the listening to) shall when they get upon their legs in St. Stephens or elsewhere, have permission only to express themselves by pantomime. Like MENDELSSOHN'S delicious *Lieder ohne Worte*, public speeches shall be henceforth speeches without words. In Parliament or out of it, with the exception we have mentioned, any orator who wishes to express his sentiments, must submit to have his tongue tied, or else to wear a silence-cap. To prevent untoward utterance, the *Cuffia di Silenzio*, invented for KING BOMBA, shall be kept in every room where public speaking is permitted. Not to be confounded with an instrument of torture, the head-piece shall be called the Cap of Maintenance of Peace. In either house of Parliament muscular debates shall be the order of the day, and, in sittings after nightfall, the order of the night. The only oratory suffered shall be Visible Oratory. "No speaking aloud" shall be the first rule of the Speaker. Any rising Member will be ordered to sit down if a syllable escapes him. No matter who is on his legs, if he says but half a word he will at once have to get off them. He must address himself in speaking to the eye and not the ear. To be visible, not audible, must limit his ambition.

There may be a question with weakly-minded people, and perhaps still more a doubt with weakly-bodied ones, whether the suggestions we have made can be adopted, seeing that most orators would find it too exhaustive for them. It might be argued, and with certainly some slight show of reason, that few gentlemen of England who dine at home at ease, and by dint of their good living can scarcely see their knees, would be able to sustain a leading part in a debate, where the only mode of argument was physical exertion. There are, doubtless, many orators of great weight in the House who would soon be overcome in a muscular debate, and find themselves unequal to much pantomimic speaking. We know several standing counsel who would soon have to sit down, if bodily contortions were their only mode of utterance. Were visible oratory the rule at public meetings, speakers even with full heads could never make much use of them, the while they had full habits. Their pinguitude, of course, would put a stopper on their pantomime, and they would always have to give in to their slimmer-limbed antagonists.

A few words will, however, serve to answer these objections. When surplus fat is found to be an obstacle to oratory, there are abundant means at hand to lessen or remove it. By simply taking exercise and altering his diet, a Daniel Lambert who aspires to come out as a Demosthenes, may in a month or two, at most, attain the height of his ambition. Until he makes the effort, he scarcely would believe what wonders may be worked by a judicious course of training. Total abstinence from turtle and the like enriching condiments, and a regulation diet of unvarying cold mutton, would do marvels in reducing his rotundity of body, and bring him down with speed into good speaking condition.

Moreover, some degree of latitude might, in fairness be accorded to such overburdened orators, as a balance to the weight of solid flesh they labour under. It would be easy to devise a sliding-scale of breathing-time, to be allowed them in proportion to their surplus ponderosity. For every half stone or so beyond a certain weight, an extra thirty seconds might be reasonably given them. They would thus be relieved from undue pressure on their lungs, and be placed more on a footing with their leaner-bodied rivals.

So few public speakers now-a-days say anything worth hearing, that it will be no great loss to any one if they are stopped from saying anything at all. On the contrary, indeed, we think that our suggestion, if rightly carried out, will occasion no small gain to our countrymen in general. So much time now is wasted in reading stupid speeches, which for want of something better get stuck into the newspapers, that the prevention of such waste would be a national advantage, in the benefit of which all Great (and little) Britons to a certainty would share. If the *Times* were daily published without a single speech in it, how many persons would be spared the task of useless reading, and what a saving there would therein be of unproductive labour. Reports of visible orations might always be confined to half a dozen sentences, by which some notion of the pantomime might be sufficiently conveyed. Let the meditative mind but consider what time-saving this would nationally occasion, and the meditative mind will very probably agree with us, in determining that we who are the authors of the notion will certainly thereby have done the State great service, and will deserve a no small public recognition of the fact.

Admitting our deserts, we, however, must decline to have them nationally recognised. Testimonials and statues are now the only methods of rewarding public merit, and these have grown so common that anybody anywhere may have them for the asking. However vastly therefore we may benefit our country, we trust that nobody will publicly take notice of the fact; for as we have little wish to rank among the Anybodies, we mean to keep ourselves from being buttered or bestatued, however great the risk we weekly run of being so.

FREEDOM FOR THE POPISH PRESS.

My Ally and big Brother, NAPOLEON THE THIRD,
Why silence the Ultramontanes?
Let them say what they please; let them print every word:
We owe them great thanks for their pains.
Would you hinder the viper from hissing, and lack
The hint to beware of its trail?
Or stifle the howling of wolves on your track?
Let the friars and Jesuits rail!

Let tigers grin wide as they please; let them show
Their fangs; let them growl: it is good.
Their sweet dispositions they thus let us know,
And what they would do if they could.
If the priests spoke not out, and so kept us awake,
To the top of the tree they might wind,
And once more burn people alive at the stake,
As men did when their Church ruled Man's mind.

So let VEUILLOT rave on as I suffer M'HALE,
And allow frantic CULLEN his fling.
I say, let the rattlesnake rattle its tail,
And warn us 'tis ready to sting.
Give them all rope enough, and their own necks they'll stretch,
Their own weasands morally close,
And save us the need of employing JACK KETCH,
Which treason, in act, might impose.

ODORIFEROUS PLANTS ON BOW COMMON.

MR. CROLL'S Metropolitan Alum Works, on Bow Common, have escaped abatement as a nuisance by reason that they are only one great nuisance among a variety of greater nuisances. The operation in which the plant of MR. CROLL is concerned is the extraction of alum from the refuse liquor of gas-works. In yielding alum, the gas-liquor gives off an insufferable stench, insomuch that MR. CROLL'S neighbours pulled him up in the person of his attorney before MR. YARDLEY the other day, averring, by their own advocate, that really there were such nasty smells that came from the Metropolitan Alum Works, that they must beg the Magistrate to deodorise them by the arm of the law. In the same way that a gentleman of colour pleaded that an unpleasantness with which he was personally chargeable, was not so bad as that acquired by a certain white person in the exercise of a particular calling, MR. CROLL defended the effluvia of his own works by those of adjoining establishments; and he got off for the present.

But, as the case may be carried to the Court above, it may be advisable for MR. CROLL to take any measures that he can to compel any and all complainants to stay proceedings. There is a plan that he might adopt with that view which would more than satisfy those troublesome parties. From the very liquor out of which he gets alum attended with foul exhalations, Chemistry is capable of extracting the most exquisite scents. Let him combine Perfume-Works with Alum-Works and thus diffuse around his vicinity a sweet savour which shall overpower all offensive emanations. The surrounding inhabitants will then no longer be under the necessity of stopping either his works or their noses, and, instead of being poisoned by sulphurous acid or sulphuretted hydrogen, will be only ready to die in aromatic pain of fragrance more delicious than that of Rondeletia or Kiss-Me-Quick.

Pop goes the Emperor.

LOMBARDY, birthplace of pawnbrokers, is now herself in pawn. Austria has advanced ten millions, English, upon her. *Mr. Punch* is horribly afraid that poor Lombardy will be an addition to the number of his friend LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Unredeemed Pledges.

A THOUGHT THAT STRUCK US ON THE LEG ON THE BOULEVARDS.

"BY JOVE, French women were fair enough before; but now, ever since this abominable Crinoline came in, they are not even *passable!*"

LOOK IN HIS FACE.

OUR Ladies have a humble habit of saying that they are "always willing to learn," and though this statement is usually vouchsafed in a tone not exactly that of submission, but in a way about equivalent to "Now then, Mr. Clever," it is the part of a well-natured man to accept the declaration, without regard to the mode in which it is delivered. Therefore, the following advice from MR. BINGHAM, the esteemed Beak, may be tendered with all deference. That worthy Magistrate had before him a cabman, charged with being drunk, and driving over MRS. DIXON, in Regent Street. The offender's defence was, that MRS. DIXON suddenly stopped in the middle of the road as she was crossing. The Magistrate did not think this act, aggravating as it might be to the feelings of a cabman (who, like one of MR. SURTEES's coachmen, "considered the street belonged to him so long as he wanted to use it"), quite sufficient to authorise MR. BLORE, the driver in question, in going smack over the woman and breaking her ancle. Moreover, MRS. DIXON explained that there was no undue desire on her part to take the liberty of crossing the road, inasmuch as she had waited ten minutes for a clear path. So MR. BINGHAM, in his turn, drove over the cabman, with the following prelude:—

"MR. BINGHAM said he gave MRS. DIXON great credit for having waited before attempting to cross, a thing very unusual with females, they generally running across without looking. Persons walking across a road should always walk deliberately, and as if they had a right to do so, and should never run, as it threw drivers into difficulties. They should walk firmly across the street, *look* the driver in the face, and they might depend upon it that he would pull up."

After this little explanation of the Social Science of going over a crossing, MR. BINGHAM gave MR. BLORE a month of hard labour in prison, by way of a hint that the streets are made for everybody, and that a cabman "is *not* everybody," as the phrase goes, though he does "consider himself most people," as the other phrase goes.

Reproducing MR. BINGHAM's advice, *Mr. Punch* would add, that if every one of the lovely beings whom he sees in Regent Street and elsewhere is going to look drivers straight in the face, he shall turn cabman immediately, and he hereby orders the Somerset-house people to send him a badge, in a *mauve* velvet case, by twelve o'clock on Saturday next.

A REALLY ENLIGHTENED STATESMAN.

MR. PUNCH begs to signify his unqualified adhesion to the Palmerston government, that is to say, so long as GEORGE CLIVE, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, remains in office. That gentleman said the other day at Hereford, that—

"He was painfully reminded of the duties of his office by hearing an organ being ground outside, for one of his most arduous duties had been to *assist the police magistrates in putting down the nuisance of organ grinding.*"

Keep to your work, GEORGE CLIVE. *Mr. Punch* watches your political career with much interest, and never shall you want a leg up while he can afford you that accommodation. One of the duties of the Home Department is to make home happy, and you do well in grappling with an evil that has broken more women's hearts (by sending their husbands out, or to the club, or anywhere to be away from the abominable music) than any invention of modern days. It is a great oversight in the treaty of Zurich, that no provision is made for the recal to Piedmont of the mass of organ-grinding wretches who now infest England. If the Sardinians only knew that the "coldness" of England upon the Italian question was due to the hate entertained for these missionaries of discord, every grinning scoundrel among them would be now on his way back to the south. VICTOR EMMANUEL will please accept this intimation. Meantime, bravo, GEORGE CLIVE!

The Kentucky Slasher.

FLOGGING, like Charity, begins at home. It seems that GENERAL HARNEY, the Kentuckian who got up the San Juan difficulty, and was about to lead on America to flog all creation, began some time back by flogging one of his negro slaves,—a woman,—and flogging her to death. It is as well that this Cat should be let out of the bag, with which MR. BUCHANAN —euphuistically denominating it the Sack—has kindly presented the General.

THE ITALIAN CHEVY CHACE.

KING VICTOR out of Sardinia,
And a fair resolve made he,
That he would hunt in the forests
Of Orca Vale for days three;
Till answer came from doughty Ally,
If annexation now might be.
The fattest hartès in all Orca Vale
He said he would kill and carry them away;
"By my faye," said doughty Ally meanwhile,
"I will let *that* hunt be as it may.

"But for hunting after Kingdoms more,
I deem I can't allow;
I'll think it o'er, and plan reply
At my loisir—but not just now."

Then KING VICTOR out of his Turin came,
And with him a goodly train
Of hunters, sportsmen, all good shots;
And chosen for their merits plain.

For KING VICTOR was of manly make,
Straightforward and just meaning;
Good faith he kept, good faith he held
For due on all sides, without leaning.

KING VICTOR joyèd in his hunting-bout,
To chase the forest deer;
The buxom air, the sportsman's life,
His royal heart did cheer.

He said, "'Tis time doughty Ally
Sent Answer without craft;
But I wist he'd take his own good time:— "
And loud KING VICTOR laughed.

"I'll still abide doughty Ally's
Response in his own way:
But I ween I'll follow still mine own;
'Tis more direct, by my fay!"

Then KING VICTOR sought his hunting sport,
And shot with good will and aim;
He downed a noble stag, and said:—
"*Non c'e male*, that, for game!"

KING VICTOR in his sprightly mood,
For-joyèd in his deed,
Quoth he, "I'll send this fat ven'son
To one deserves best meed."

Then called KING VICTOR to him straight,
A trusty page or squire;
Bade him haste to Central Italiè,
And there eftsoons enquire

For General of the Italian band,
Who GARIBALDI hight:
And deliver from the King's own hand
This token of its might.

Its might—though now as hunter shown—
In skill of deadly aim,
To bring their mutual foeman down,
And comradeship to claim.

Its might, its right, to guerdon worth;
And graciously confer
This mark of royal friendliness,
Nay, brotherhood, as 'twere.

This was the hunting of Orca Vale,
In lovely Italiè;
Now long live VICTOR, stalwart King!
And eke GARIBALDI.

Napoleonism, Idealism, and Realism.

FRANCE went to war the other day for an Idea. That idea was the freedom of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. Now if the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH wishes to cover France and himself with glory, he has only to allow that idea to become a reality.

MORE DRAMATIC NOVELTY.

People say that there is nothing new under the sun, but this solar observation is continually, to our mind, receiving refutation. At the theatres especially there is a constant aim at novelty, and the aim results occasionally in something like a hit. We learn, for instance, from a Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph*, that on the night of opening the *Théâtre Déjazet*, which has been known to older playgoers as the *Folles Nouvelles*:—

"The performance was commenced by the delivery of a prologue, written, some say, by thirty-six different authors, others, by sixty-six, which introduced the company and the new directress to the audience, and explained in the manner common to such special productions, the plan of management to be pursued at the establishment."

It is no uncommon thing to hear of authors joining in the writing of a piece, but that some three dozen writers should have laid their heads together for the writing of a prologue is certainly a novelty of the very newest type. As an opening address is not a very lengthy matter, we almost wonder how so many pens could have found room to turn a sentence in it; and we fear their joint production would resemble in its quality the broth which has been spoilt by an overcharge of cooks. Public writers are in France so commonly compelled to sign their names to what they write, that perhaps the thirty-six or sixty-six who wrote this prologue were obliged to put their signatures to the sentences they penned. If this were so, we really think that to do the authors justice, their names should have been read out when the prologue was delivered, so that the public might have known to whom it was indebted for the jokes which chiefly tickled it. It seems to us this notion might produce, if rightly worked, a capital effect; and as successes on the French stage are always copied on our own, we should not be surprised to hear that the idea has been in England carried out. As the notion might of course be variously acted on, it would not at all astonish us to find some popular comedian taking his farewell of us in some such speech as this:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen (*Smith*), accustomed as I am to public speaking (*Brown*), I have never felt myself more at a loss for words (*Jones*) than I do upon the present to me heart-breaking occasion (*Robinson*). I have this evening to take leave of my ky-indest friends and patrons (*Hawkins*); to bid farewell to the footlights (*Jawkins*), which have nightly lit my path towards an honourable retirement (*Hookem*), and flared with equal flame upon each failure or success (*Snivey*). The profession of an actor is an arduous profession (*Snooks*). His progress is a course beset with obstacles and difficulties (*Tomkins*). It is like everything else (*Green*) 'in this mortial wale of tears' (*Gamp*). Like the course at Epsom, it is full of ups and downs (*Whipper*), and like (*Snapper*) 'the course of true love never doth run smooth' (*Shakspeare*). But arduous as is the profession I have chosen (*Blogg*), I have never for an instant thought it was too much for me (*Bragg*). I have always been in readiness to undertake whatever part was entrusted to my hands (*Wilson*), however little fitted I may have been considered for it (*Watkins*); and to my invincible belief in my own powers I believe I mainly owe the proud position I have gained (*Cheeke*). 'I do remember' (*Shakspeare*) that the first time I played *Hamlet*, some geese hissed me off the stage (*Jowler*), and were absurd enough to ask that their money should be returned to them (*Brass*). The Manager politely wished that they might get it (*Grumpy*), and so I was consoled by the comforting reflection that, after all, the geese did not contrive to save their capital (*Stumpy*). This anecdote will show you, my ky-ind friends and patrons (*Crawler*), that I have not always been the favourite I am (*Gibbs*). But the pursuit of popularity has been to me a Love Chace, and I have never feared the Rivals (*Sheridan*) who have beset my path (*Cocker*). Still, although I may regard myself as having been the (*Thompson*) 'architect of my own fortune' (*Anon.*), it is to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, I would attribute my success (*Briggs*). Aided by my ky-ind friends, the writers for the press (*Johnson*), whom I am always glad to welcome as my guests (*Jackson*), your discernment has, so guided, discovered my deserts (*Cringer*), and your unbiassed patronage has most liberally acknowledged them (*Snobb*). Ladies and Gentlemen (*Short*), I have now the anguish of bidding you farewell (*Long*). As the Swan of Avon sings (*Cribbe*)

"Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—Good night till it be morrow."—(*Shakspeare.*)

But 'the best of friends must part' (*Anon.*), and as 'what must be must' (*Author also unknown*), I feel I am compelled once in my life to yield to circumstances (*Prosely*). Ladies and Gentlemen (*Higgins*), I have but two words more to say to you (*Stiggins*). 'Life ain't all beer and skittles' (*Slick*). ''Tis not in mortals to command success' (*Shakspeare*); but whatever skittles or success I have enjoyed (*Griggs*), it is to your ky-indness that I feel I owe it (*Finis*)."

AN EXAMPLE MADE.

Mr. Punch's Balmoral Anecdotes not having quite succeeded in stopping the flood of flunkeydom let loose by the Scotch papers with a rush that rivalled the Loch Katrine water-works (although he is bound to say that the nuisance instantly and greatly abated), he fulfils his menace by presenting a real anecdote of one of these idiots, and moreover indicating him. A writer in the *Fife Flunkey*—no, *Herald*, actually contributes this rubbish:—

"As the Sheriff of Edinburgh stood in shrieval dignity on the platform of the railway station, a lady sought audience of him. It was granted, and the lady proceeded to tell him that she had a little girl with her who was deeply in love with Prince Arthur, and that nothing on earth would satisfy her short of presenting Prince Arthur with a bouquet. The Sheriff pondered a moment, but was afraid he had not jurisdiction sufficient for the proposed presentation of the bouquet—however, he would see. Accordingly he entered the Royal Carriage and explained the matter to the Queen, pointing out to her the expectant young lady, who stood, a bewitching little creature, all blushes, hopes, and fears, on the platform. Her Majesty, with the utmost promptitude, declared her willingness for the bouquet scene, and said *she could not for a moment 'come between the two.'* Whereupon the Sheriff returned with the welcome tidings, and little Miss —— stepping forward with the grace of Ferraris, presented her flowers, with a charming consciousness beaming from her child-face, which no doubt the youthful prince fully appreciated."

Which, you ass, means the child-face—do *you* mean that, or the "consciousness?" *Mr. Punch* is in doubt which was the worst, the impertinence of the female who, in order to have something to talk about to her familiars, poked her child under the Queen's nose, and made the poor little girl uncomfortable; or the sycophant folly of the writer who could commemorate such twaddle and rudeness. The speech attributed to the Queen is, of course, "a lee;" but no doubt Her Majesty was, as usual, very good-natured, and it is a shame that vulgarians should intrude upon her, or other vulgarians print the particulars of such intrusion. Now, Fife, how do you like that?

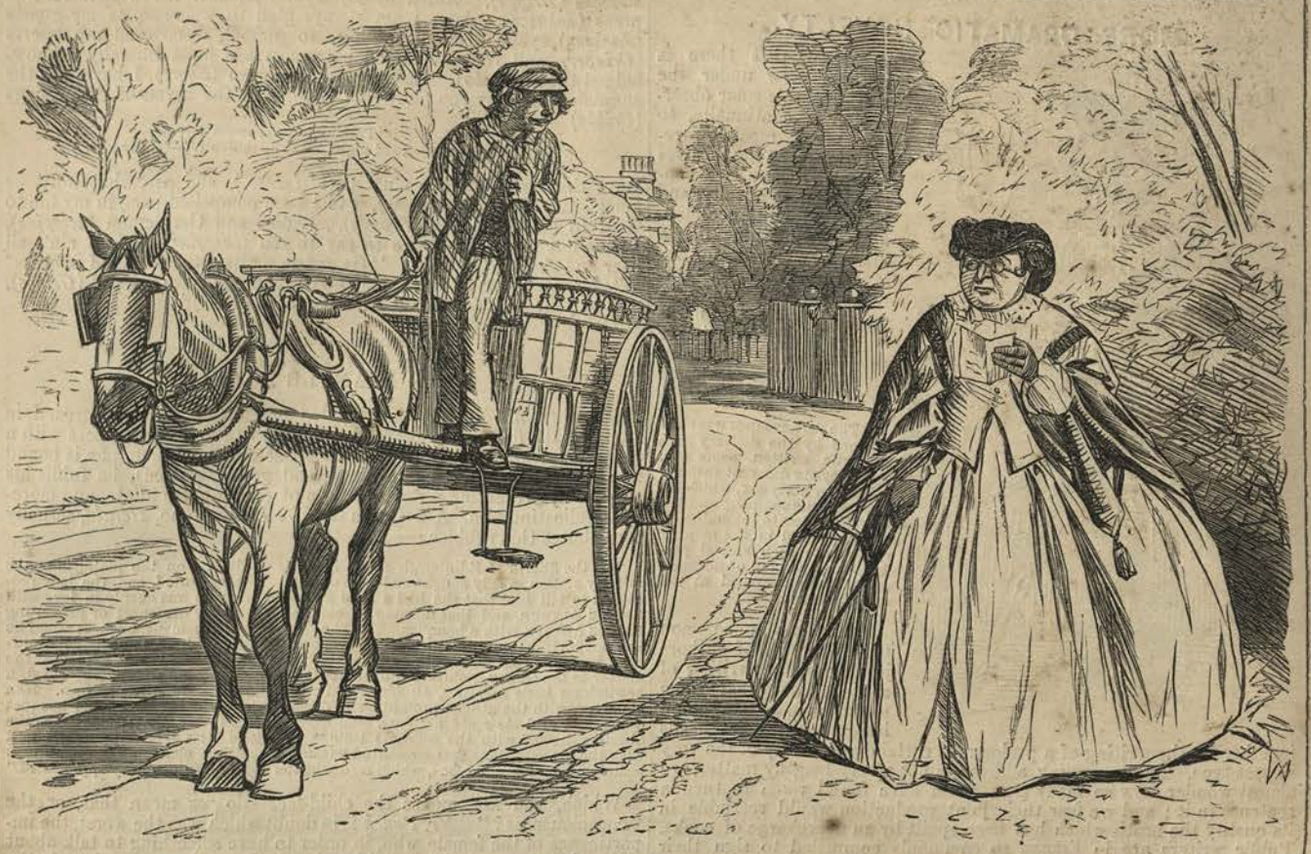
LOCH KATRINE IN GLASGOW.

Glasgie 's just a' right the noo
She has gat Loch Katrine brought her;
Ever she had mountain dew,
Now she rins wi' mountain water.
Hech the blessin', ho the boon
To ilka drouthie Glasgie bodie!
Sin' there 's water in the toun,
Oure eneuch to mak' its toddie.

Glasgie chiels, a truth ye 'll learn
New to mony a Scot, I 'm thinkin';
Water, aiblins, ye 'll discern,
Was na gi'en alane for drinkin'.
Hands and face ye 'll scrub at least,
Frae ane until anither Monday,
Gif nae Sabbatarian beast
Stap your water-warks on Sunday.

Another Laurel Wreath around the Imperial Brow.

It has long been surmised—and a surmise on our part is almost equal to a fact by anybody else—that the Monsieur Communiqué, who is, perhaps, the most liberal contributor to the French Press, for the simple reason that there is no Editor who dare to refuse to insert his articles, was no less a personage than Louis Napoleon himself. Should this mighty wielder of the sceptre and the pen, however, fall under the displeasure of the Pope, and be threatened, like Victor Emmanuel, with all the pains and penalties of excommunication, he will be able to add to his other proud titles that of Monsieur Ex-Communiqué.



Butcher Boy. "IS IT FROM FREDERICK, MY DEAR?—(*Old Lady looks aghast.*)—IT IS! SHE SMILES!"

THE CABMAN'S CLUB.

MR. PUNCH is exceedingly happy to find that those useful institutions, Clubs for Cabmen, are being established in various quarters of the town. LORD SHAFTESBURY states that they are productive of much good, and that the Cabmen, instead of going home to quarrel with their wives, come to the Club, and in intellectual conversation dissipate the hatred they have formed for mankind during the day's conflict. Softened down, they are thus restored to their homes, and statistics show that since the getting up of these Clubs, the per-centage of black eyes among Cabmen's wives has been reduced from 1 in 6 to 1 in 10. *Mr. Punch* wishes all success to the effort, and is much pleased with the bye-laws of the Cabman's Clubs. He submits a few of the rules. It will be seen that they are calculated to exclude every recollection or discussion of a disagreeable character:—

I.

That no Member shall say "Here you are!" under any circumstances whatever.

III.

That no Member shall look at a map of London, or ask another the distance from any point to any other.

V.

That in no case, except when one Member promises another a legacy, shall any Member say "I'll leave it to *you*."

VII.

That there shall be no attempt to pass bad money at the Club.

VIII.

That, except when a haunch of venison is presented to the Club by LORD SHAFTESBURY, the word Buck shall never be mentioned.

XI.

That the porter in the hall shall receive the badges of all the Members on their entering, and shall return each in a sealed envelope as the owner goes out.

XII.

That Osses shall be as little spoken about as possible, and then only in reference to sporting events.

XIII.

That a bird's mouth shall be alluded to as his pecker, or some other device shall be employed to avoid the word Beak.

XV.

That, except when speaking of a fight, there shall be no use of the word Mill, and that no Member shall describe another as Cranky.

XVIII.

That a vessel containing liquid shall be called the Vase, or the Chalice, or the Ewer, but upon no occasion the Jug.

XX.

That the waiters shall always have small coin about them, and never have to say, "I've no change, Sir."

XXI.

That all anecdotes of successes obtained over female, aged, country, or foreign Fares be forbidden, not as unwelcome, but as calculated to excite envious feelings in those Members who have been unfortunate enough to obtain little more than their legal hire.

"Save us from our Friends!"

FRANCE is making a claim of 400,000,000 francs upon Piedmont for the expenses of the late war. It is said that in the event of Piedmont not being able to satisfy this claim, that it will have to part with either Savoy or Nice. We doubt the latter, for it would be a shock to our intellectual powers of penetration if we looked upon LOUIS NAPOLEON otherwise than as a ruler that was not over Nice.

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY.

VIENNA is the Capital of Austria. What of that? From BARON DE BRUCK'S last financial juggle, it is quite evident that Austria has no other capital than her chief town.

THE MOCK AND THE REAL.—You know mock-modesty, as you do mock-turtle, from its being the produce of a calf's head.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 29, 1859.

Juvenile. "DO YOU OBJECT TO MY SMOKING A CIGAR, SIR?"
Elderly Party. "OH NO, CERTAINLY NOT, IF IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU SICK!"

"ENGLAND'S DECLINE AND FALL."

(See the Constitutionel, the Univers, the Pays, and the rest of the French newspapers passim.)

OLD England's going down the hill,
It certainly is so;
For *Grand Guillot* has written it,
And *Grand Guillot* must know.

Our population's growing fast,
The French don't grow at all;
Our colonies get richer,
While theirs are singing small.
Our tonnage to their tonnage
May stand as ten to one;
Their imports to our imports
May weigh as pound to ton.
But England's going down the hill,
It certainly is so;
For *Grand Guillot* has written it,
And *Grand Guillot* must know.

Year after year our liberties
Grow broader and more sure;
While theirs are such as bayonets
And gagging laws secure.
Classes by kindly duty
With us are intertwined;
With them the tie of class is such
As Socialism can bind.
But England's going down the hill,
It certainly is so;
For *Grand Guillot* has written it,
And *Grand Guillot* must know.

We have a Queen we honour,
With love that knows no fear;
They have LOUIS NAPOLEON,
And "*La paix de l'Empire!*"
We have our Habeas Corpus,
Our press for speaking free,
They have their "*Loi des suspects,*"
And *avertissemens* three.
Yes, England's going down the hill,
It certainly is so;
For *Grand Guillot* has written it,
And *Grand Guillot* must know.

A FEW GLOBULES FOR HOMŒOPATHY.

HAVING gone through a small course of Homœopathy, and fairly digested its merits, we have come to the following inevitable conclusion:—"What you tell us that is true is not new, and what you tell us that is new isn't true."

The latter part of our judgment, or "what you tell us that is new," has reference to the assertions of the Homœopaths that they cure an average of a hundred and five per cent. of all their cases; and this, too, by the administration of infinitesimal doses.

With regard to the former portion, or "what you tell us that is true," we mildly take upon ourselves to assert, that the doctrine of "*similia similibus curantur*" was known and practised long before HAHNEMANN, or any other man of their school, saw the usual polychromatic light suspended over his medical door. Instances of this are as plentiful as cases in the Divorce Courts. From the beginning of the world, ever since Mr. Bacchus planted the vine, we have every reason to believe that men have occasionally taken "a little too much," and cured themselves the next day, "by a hair of the dog that bit them,"—a clear case of "*similia similibus.*"

Again, "Setting a thief to catch a thief," is as "old as the hills,"—even those that "flesh is heir to."

There is yet another instance of this doctrine, well known in days of yore, in the following nursery lines:—

> "There was a man of Teddington, and he was wondrous wise,
> He jumped into a quickset-hedge, and scratched out both his eyes;
> And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main,
> *He jumped into another hedge, and scratched them in again.*"

We leave Homœopaths in the midst of this quickset-hedge, to get out of it the best way they can. It is so clear a proof of "like curing like," that the blindest bigot in the efficacy of globules must see it. There is blindness produced by the Wise Man of Teddington jumping into a hedge, and scratching his eyes out; and then by going through another hedge, and the same process of scratching his eyes, he recovers them in less (to speak vulgarly) than two winkings.

Although we fancy we must before this have convinced all reasonable beings that "like having the power of curing like" is no new idea, still we cannot conclude without quoting one last, but no small, authority upon the point, which, we imagine, is dead against the atomic theory of infinitesimal doses. We do not recollect ever having heard it quoted by the Homœopaths themselves in support of their argument. We, therefore, beg, in all good feeling, to present it to them for their especial benefit and behoof:—

> "'A *little* money is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deeply, or touch not the Pierian spring:
> There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> *But drinking deeply sobers us again!*"

This last line leans a little to the "*similia similibus*" creed; but we make the Homœopaths a small present of it, giving them full liberty to extract what benefit they can from it, as a proof we do not wish to be hard upon them. Meanness is the test of a little mind, and we do not profess to deal in little things, as though we were no better than a Homœopath.

TWICE SHUT UP.

"MR. WARD, the American Envoy, who went in the box to Pekin, did not, after all, get the treaty ratified there."—*Globe.*

O COUSINS, in decency, out of your annals
The story (to use Printers' language) *delete;*
To Pekin and back, between carpenters' panels,
Your Envoy sneaked off—and did *not* get the Treaty.
You'd better have seen that affairs appeared sinister,
And shared with your kinsmen the enemy's knocks,
Than had to remark of your *Cabinet* Minister,
"Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the Box."

A Letter too Many.

COUNT ROGUET has been sent by LOUIS NAPOLEON on a mission to KING BOMBALINO. Considering the part now being played in Italy by the French Emperor, the name of this Neapolitan envoy seems to be right TO a "t." But the "t" ought clearly to be omitted.

BALLADS FOR BEDLAMITES.

SENSITIVE minds are afflicted to consider what heaps of trash our sentimental balladmongers write. Often as we have called attention to the subject, we fear but little profit has resulted from our criticism. Indeed, judging from the samples which have recently been handed to us, we really think the stuff and nonsense which is written is becoming annually more stuffy and nonsensical. For instance, what preposterous absurdity it is for a young lady to burst out, during a lull in conversation, with the startling interrogative, "*Will you love me then as now?*" a question obviously intended for a private pair of ears, and not to be propounded to a roomful of company. What folly, too, it is for any girl to break the solemn silence of a tea-fight by suddenly exclaiming, "*O Willie, we have missed you!*"—a remark which sets one wondering as to who this WILLIAM is, and whether he has committed burglary, or bolted with the till, or what else is the reason that his family have missed him.

Nor is the folly of such songs the worst fault we can find in them. To our mind their mendacity quite equals their absurdity. When MISS SQAULLER, for example, at the tiptop of her voice sings out "*I have always a welcome for thee!*" she knows as well as we do that were any one to act upon her general invitation, he would most likely get his ears boxed, or be kicked out of the house. Moreover, who believes a sentimental singer when he or she keeps constantly protesting before company that "*I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie!*"—an action which a person cannot constantly be doing, although it is just possible one might have done it once. Who, again, can listen with anything like patience when MISS SCHREECHER screws her voice up to its shrillest pitch, and bursts out with some such bosh as, "*Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming!*" However much MISS SCHREECHER may dream when she's asleep, she cannot when awake continue in so doing; and to make assertion therefore that she is "ever" dreaming is as barefaced a falsehood as well can be conceived. Such falsehoods are, however, nightly uttered in our drawing-rooms; and yet the truthfullest of parents take no steps to clap a stopper on them.

To put some check upon the sale of the stuff and nonsense sellers who supply such rampant rubbish as that which we have quoted, we have devoted some five minutes to the writing of a song or two, which may serve to throw some ridicule upon our sentimental songwrights, and may bring them to their senses,—if perchance they have any. As sentimental songs must be silly to be popular, we have tried to make our specimens as senseless as we can, and in every way to imitate the Bedlamitish bosh which our composers are insane enough just now to set to music. To read glibly and to rhyme are apparently the only conditions which are aimed at, and we leave the world to judge if we have hit the mark. It is a great point, too, with songwrights to make a taking title. Young ladies who buy ballads are caught as readily by a title as plebeian millionnaires; and as the first line of a love-song is used in general for its title, we may say for popularity, *C'est le premier vers qui coûte*. We have, therefore, paid particular attention to this point, and rather feel inclined to pride ourselves upon our titular success. There is a something so striking in the first lines of our ballads, that we feel persuaded they would make a hit. Were the following put to music by a popular composer, there is no saying what a heap of money it might bring to us:—

BALLAD—"SEE THE SWALLOWS GAILY SWIMMING!"

Melody by BUFFER. *Poetry by* PUNCH.

See the swallows gaily swimming,
Hop upon the rainbow's back!
See, the milky way is skimming,
And the comet's got the sack!
Sweetly purrs the cheeky chicken,
Softly sings the rampant gnu;
While the moon's alive and kicking,
Fond one, ah! I love but you!

Now the cat hath left the city,
Now the dove hath left her den,
Waken, love, and hear my ditty,
I'm the merriest of men!
See, my eyes with grief are pouring,—
See, my heart is black and blue;
Harken then, oh! to my snoring,
Fond one, oh! I love but you!

The words of our next specimen are also slightly incoherent; but there is certainly good sound in them, if there be not good sense:—

BALLAD—"THE CLOUDS ARE SHINING CLEAR AND BRIGHT!"

Melody by DUFFER. *Poetry by* PUNCH.

The clouds are shining clear and bright,
The moon is blazing blue,
The owlets sparkle red as night,
And sighs the tame curlew;
The frogs are mewing far and wide,
No sound abroad is seen,
So come, my love, and be my bride,
For it is all serene!

The tiger hops from spray to spray,
And clears his tuneful throat,
I catch a fragment of his lay,
He warbles, "*I'm afloat!*"
The diving-bell soars high above,
'Tis steered by MR. GREEN;
So come, my bride, and be my love,
For, yes! 'tis all serene!

In the last of our three specimens there is somewhat more coherence; and as the least approach to sense is avoided by our song-writers, we have no doubt this coherency would interfere with its success. Nevertheless, we mean to print it, and any publisher who chooses to pay us for the copyright, will have our gracious leave to do the ditto with our ditty, and make as fine a fortune by it as he can:—

BALLAD—"WHEN THE SPARROWS UPWARD SOARING!"

Melody by STUFFER. *Poetry by* PUNCH.

When the sparrows upward soaring
Bruise their wings against the sky,
When the beetle by his snoring
Wakes the dormouse slumb'ring nigh;
When the dolphin on the billow
Ceases for his wife to rove,
And the weeping leaves the willow,
Then may I too cease to love!

When no more the bosky thickets
Joy to sip the mountain dew,
When to chirrup cease the crickets,
And the sky's no longer blue!
When the ocean ceases flowing,
When the donkey mates the dove,
When the cochin ceases crowing,
Then may I too cease to love!

There is nothing very wonderful in any of these ballads, excepting, we admit, that they are wonderfully silly. Yet if SIMS REEVES would but sing them once or twice in public, we are sure that all young ladies would instantly go mad for them; and there are lots of lunatics at large in the community who would be insane enough to lend a listening ear to whatever their particular young lady lent her lips to. So, as we never entertain a doubt of the merit and success of anything we do, we feel persuaded the most maniacal of musical *furores* will be at once excited by our Ballads for Bedlamites.

Passionate Pastorals.

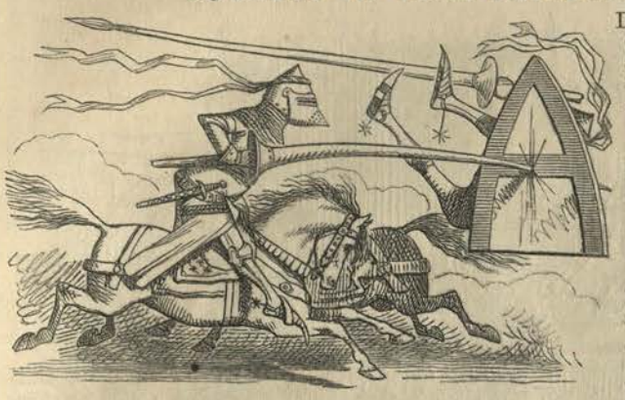
THE ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES has published a ferocious pastoral, abusing the vindicators of Italian liberty, and menacing eternal bad consequences to all parents who send their children to the Belgian public schools. If it had not been for the ravings which CULLEN and MACHALE have also vented on the like subjects, we should say that the ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES was unrivalled for malignity.

Buccleuch v. Brougham.

A WORD to the Electors of the President of the Edinburgh University. "New brooms," it is said, "sweep clean." But there is an old BROUGHAM that sweeps cleaner than any amount of new ones. That is *the* BROUGHAM to stick at *your* masthead.

"THE HOME MAGAZINE."—The caddy which contains the domestic gunpowder.

SOLDIERS OF IRISH FREEDOM.



DUBLIN correspondent of the *Morning Post* sends over the following piece of intelligence:—

"AID FOR THE POPE.

"The *Morning News* continues to publish letters from parties who are willing to subscribe towards 'a war fund for the POPE,' or to aid in raising an 'Irish Brigade' for him."

"And this is one of them," as the Irish pilot said of the rock which (just as he had declared that he knew every one on the coast) the ship struck upon:

"SIR,—As one who approves of the suggestion of the reverend gentlemen from the North, I beg to begin the good work for our Holy Father. Idle murmurings will avail little; the time is come for action. I beg to give you my name for Fifty Pounds, and would as willingly give my life for the same holy cause.

"I am, Sir, for the present,

"A SUBSCRIBER TO THE MORNING NEWS."

A Subscriber to the *Morning News?* Of how much beyond the price of that valuable journal? Of a name, apparently, at present—not just yet of £50. No half of a bank-note seems to have accompanied the above communication, and if it had, truly, even for one of the "faithful," the writer ought to have a large allowance of faith, to think of sending any money to the office of an Irish newspaper.

But as touching that same Irish Brigade contemplated by the "parties" who have been writing to the *Morning News*, the sooner it is raised and sent away the better. Let the band of fanatics who are not content to be traitors to constitutional government at home, betake themselves abroad to fight against the emancipation of a foreign people. Let them go. GARIBALDI and his brave bands will soon give an account of the blackguards, and Ireland will rejoice in a good riddance of bad rubbish.

ASSURANCE DOUBLE SURE.

MR. PUNCH had occasion some little time back to give a significant hint that he did not approve of one form of Post-Office Assurance, namely, the Assurance that presumed to inquire much too minutely into the private affairs of Everyman's Castle. He has the more pleasure in strongly commending a new form of Assurance in the same quarter. MR. ROWLAND HILL hath taken into consideration the fact that it is not easy for a gentleman with a limited salary to pay a large sum at given dates (not dates you eat, Wiscount; what a Hass you are!), whereas the same amount might be pleasingly spread over a long period. Following out this train of thought, MR. HILL hath arranged with divers Life Assurance Societies, that the Post Office itself shall pay the premiums on the policies effected by clerks and other officials in the Establishment, and that the same shall be deducted in small amounts from the weekly or monthly salary of the party. Now, this is so kind and wise an arrangement, that nobody can be at all surprised that all the other Government Offices have abstained from following so good an example. However, with an occasional prod from *Mr. Punch*, they may in time be induced to imitate the Post Office.

Now is the time for young husbands and fathers in official situations to show their regard (if any) for their Partners and Progeny. Now will a slight weekly retrenchment begin to tell. For instance, a visit to the theatre. A cab to take your wife costs at least two shillings; boxes, say eight shillings; box-keeper (Adelphi and Covent Garden excepted), one shilling; ices and all that rubbish, two shillings; your own white gloves, a shilling and a halfpenny (Tottenham Court Road). Well, leave your wife at home, walk to the theatre, go to the pit, buy a penny bill, have a pint of porter. No cabs, no boxes, no harpy, no ices, no gloves. This will save eleven shillings and ninepence halfpenny. Now that sum weekly is more than £30 a-year, and for that payment you can assure your life for £1,000, besides the comfort of knowing how much better it is for your wife to be at home minding the children, than in a hot theatre hearing frivolous dialogues.

There is another way of effecting the same object, but it is so mean that *Mr. Punch* mentions it only as matter of form. You cannot get a good cigar under fivepence, and you smoke four a-day. Give it up, and you will save in the week about the same sum as by the former process. But this is not recommended. As your wife is to benefit by the assurance, not you, it is fitting that she make the sacrifice towards it.

But, anyhow, Gentlemen, and others, of the Post Office, now is your time, and *Mr. Punch* hopes speedily to hear that all the Government Offices adopt the plan, and all the Assurance Offices concur in it. Honesty is the best Policy, but a Policy on your life is a very good one.

Bramwell is Himself Again!

A YACHTING Friend was telling BARON BRAMWELL that, while out on a coasting cruise, they dined one day *off Deal*. "Rather a dry repast," exclaimed the facetious Baron, who is quite the Widdicomb of the legal circus—circuit, we mean. "For my part, although tastes, you know, vary," he continued, in the same humorous strain, "I should have preferred waiting for *Sandwich* to take my luncheon, and then dining off the *Chops* of the Channel." The Baron was so pleased with his own joke, that he immediately began dancing a hornpipe, after the style of MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.

THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

AIR—"*The British Grenadiers.*"

SOME talk of ALEXANDER,
And some of HERCULES,
But JOHN BULL's rising dander
Needs no such aids as these.
He shoulders his long Enfield,
And at his drill appears,
Till "*ping-wing-wing,*" the bullets sing,
Of the Rifle Volunteers.

And when he is commanded
To find himself in clothes,
Like a trump unto his tailor
For a uniform he goes.
With his easy Knickerbockers,
And no stock his neck that queers,
For a run, jump, stand, they 're the boys to command,
Are the Rifle Volunteers!

Let the Horse Guards trust to pipe-clay,
And General Routine,
Till the Linesman's schakoed, belted,
And pack'd to a machine.
With winds and waists unfettered,
And the use of eyes and ears,
In wide-awake tile come the rank and file
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

They mayn't be up to marching,
A hundred legs like one,
Or in coming to the shoulder
To the moment with each gun;
But for hitting of the target,
Or the foeman—have no fears,
He must shoot mighty spry that could wipe the eye
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

At dawn to drill or practice,
Blow high, blow low, he goes;
And what a breakfast afterwards
He eats, you may suppose.
For shooting, marching, wheeling,
Not alone chase invasion's fears,
But they also drive out dyspepsy and gout
From the Rifle Volunteers!

The lovely maids of England,
The comely matrons too,
Rain smiles upon the Rifles,
And applaud their aim so true;
For they know while each stout marksman
His unerring Enfield rears,
No invader comes to the hearths and the homes,
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

A BALSAM FOR BRUISED SPIRITS.

WE read that the Governor of Cayenne has abandoned in that transporting colony the cultivation of the castor-oil plant, and replaced it by sesame. As Sesame was the watchword of thieves in the well-known *Ali Baba* story, it may be considered the most appropriate plant for convicts and the outcasts of society, and one so rich in association that it may be likely to lure them on to habits of industry, to which such characters generally entertain a most rooted antipathy. Sesame in the fairy chronicle was the charm that opened the cavern in which were hidden countless treasures; so, in this instance, it may be the magic key that is to open to the wondering eyes of the thieves who work it all the wealth that is buried in the earth. We say 'thieves,' as it is well known that, owing to the munificence of LOUIS NAPOLEON, not a single political exile now remains in the wretched island of Cayenne, or else we would not insult them with so "priggish" a parallel.

(*A very vulgar subject indeed—so, if you are painfully genteel, you had better pass it over.*)

Boys. "OH, AIN'T HE MOPS AND BROOMS, NEITHER!"
Baker. "WHY DON'T THEY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION?"
Tender Female. "HE 'S ILL, POOR GENTLEMAN, HE SHOULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL!"
Cabby (contemptuously). "HILL! ORSEPITAL INDEED!—*I ONY WISH I'D GOT ARF HIS COMPLAINT!*"

PITY THE POOR LAWYERS.

IF a cat have nine lives, how many has a lawyer?

This is not a riddle, reader, although you may think it reads like one. On the contrary, indeed it is a question of grave import, and to those whom it concerns it is confessedly no joke. The reason why we ask it is to help to solve the problem as to how much longer the lawyers will continue to exist: a problem which, according to a high legal authority, appears to have alarmingly disturbed the legal mind. At the meeting of the Law Association held last week, the chairman spoke most piteously on this distressing subject, and described in touching terms the lowness of the ebb to which, financially regarded, the profession was reduced. He said that fees were so cut down, that the lawyers, as a body, were thoroughly cut up; and the only means by which they might continue to exist was by ekeing out the scanty and quite insufficient pittance which remained of their small savings ere they were so oppressed.

Said the Chairman, MR. BEAUMONT,—

"I admit that it is wonderful, all things considered, yet somehow or other, chiefly through the practice of great abstinence, we still exist."

So, according to this orator, a lawyer is in fact a marvel of vitality; and may, without untruth in this respect, be likened to a cat. There is moreover this yet further similarity between them, namely, that both creatures are gifted with remarkable tenacity of claw, and keep firm hold of whatever may come within their clutch. When, therefore, we are told that the lawyers are distressed, we do not feel quite unmixed pity for their plight. Protest as they may, that they have nothing left to live upon, we believe that they have still some mice left in their larders, to whom, for all that MR. BEAUMONT may talk about their "abstinence," we are convinced, when they feel hungry, they still pay their *devours*.

THE PRESENT POWDER DUTY.

THE *Ladies' Own Journal* informs our gallant Riflemen that, by the 44th George III., cap. 54, sec. 11, all members of a Rifle Corps are entitled to wear hair-powder free of duty. The only powder, however, that Riflemen are now interested in is gunpowder, which would be unsuitable, in an ornamental point of view, to any hair, except the coarse and woolly crop of a nigger, and would be applicable to that only with the effect of gilding refined gold, not to say of painting the lily, or of adding fresh perfume to the violet. In the use of gunpowder, moreover, it is confidently hoped that our bold Riflemen will always hold themselves under the obligation of duty.

TO THE NEWSPAPER-READING WORLD.

IT may not be generally known that a translation of the *Moniteur* appears every morning in London. It is written, we regret to say, in English, and is published under the name of the *Morning Chronicle*. It strikes us to be a tolerably fair translation, but of course there are no signatures to the articles, as in the original, which otherwise it follows very closely in other respects. Notwithstanding the omission of names, however, we fancy we can detect the tone of some of the most brazen trumpeters of the Tuileries that are allowed to have their bray in the columns of the *Moniteur*. We are sorry that an English newspaper should have lost all animal spirit so far as to echo such braying.

GENTLENESS OF THE SEX.—After all, Woman's Forte is her Piano.—*Lord Palmerston.*

HOW TO GET UP A GOOD APPETITE.—Dine at Balmoral with the British Association next year.

THE STRIKE, A SUBJECT FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE REAL WORKING MAN.

Committee Man and General Talker. "WHAT I SAY, MY BOY, IS—HOLD OUT! HOLD OUT—AND WE'LL SOON BRING THE MASTERS TO THEIR SENSES!"

Worker. "AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR *YOU* TO HOLD OUT—*YOU* LIVE AT A PUBLIC HOUSE, AND GET PLENTY TO EAT AND TO DRINK—MEANTIME, *WE* ARE NEXT TO *STARVING!*"

RIFLING THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

THE following incident occurred at the inauguration dinner given to the Hallamshire Rifles, which we take from the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*:—

"The 4th and 3rd companies having, in obedience to the order of their commanding officers, left 'he ante-room and taken their seats in the hall, the order, 'Second company, in single file,' was given, and it was somewhat amusing to see the manner in which they obeyed the order, going not in 'single file,' but in a higgledy-piggledy sort of fashion, twos-threes, fours, and all in disorder. The civilians were the only persons remaining, and presently a moustached young gentleman presented himself, and with the utmost *sang froid*, delivered himself as follows:—'If any of yo want bout to ate yo'd better goo in.'"

This is quite a new style of announcing that "dinner is ready." If all the toasts were given out in a similar style, the banquet must have been exceedingly rich. We should say that a toastmaster was sadly wanted at Sheffield. That high-mettled town,—whose mettle never shines to so much advantage as when displayed in a case of benevolence or charity,—can seemingly supply capital knives and forks for a public dinner, but its English, if measured by the above specimen, was, we should say, a little too blunt. It might beneficially undergo an extra polish or two, before it is again introduced at table; or else *Mr. Punch* will certainly "goo in," and send Sheffield down a sample of his most cutting articles, such as not all the grinders and polishers of the place shall be able to surpass for finish, brilliancy, sharpness, and good temper.

FASHIONABLE ANTHEM.

LONG live our gracious QUEEN,
Who won't wear Crinoline,
Long live the QUEEN!
May her example spread,
Broad skirts be narrowèd,
Long trains be shortenèd;
Long live the QUEEN!

O storm of scorn arise,
Scatter French fooleries,
And make them pall.
Confound those hoops and things,
Frustrate those horrid springs,
And India rubber rings,
Deuce take them all!

May dresses flaunting wide
Fine figures cease to hide;
Let feet be seen;
Girls to good taste return,
Paris flash modes unlearn,
No more catch fire and burn.
Thanks to the QUEEN!

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT, WHO SIGNS HIMSELF A CONTRIBUTOR TO "NOTES AND QUERIES."—No, Sir, it may be true that "half a loaf is better than none," but then the same principle does not hold good with regard to a Bank-note. Half a Bank-note is of no value whatever, as you will find to your cost, until you can find the accompanying half to match it, and so, like a matrimonial match, to make the two into one. Once for all, we wish to impress upon you, for fear you should be writing again, that most decidedly "half a Bank-note is not better than none."—*Punch*.

THE OLD CLOTHES LINE.

THE subjoined are portions of a letter which has appeared in a country paper:—

"HASLEMERE.—TAKING A CHILD'S SHOES FOR A RAILWAY FARE.

"*To the Editor of the West Sussex Gazette.*

"SIR,—Upon coming to London by the 6·15 train from Portsmouth, on Sunday evening last, and when at Haslemere station, amid torrents of rain, a respectable mechanic got into the train, with a most delicate child of five years of age, who to our great surprise had his feet tied up in a white handkerchief. Upon our inquiring the cause, he informed us that he had travelled down that morning, having paid for the single journey, but not finding his friends, who had left the place, he was under the necessity of immediately returning to London. Not having sufficient money to pay the fare for himself and child back again, they at the Haslemere Station took the man's waistcoat, which not being sufficient, they took the poor child's new boots off his feet also. . . . The man's name is JOHNSON; he works at MEARS'S factory, Blackwall, and lives in the parish of Bromley, Essex.

"Yours, respectfully, LOUISA LANCASTER."

"*23, Great Tower Street, Oct. 19, 1859.*"

The above statement will surely oblige the South-Western Railway Company to publish either a denial of the man JOHNSON'S story, or else a new table of fares, arranged on the principle of barter, for the accommodation of those who may have clothes on their backs, but no money in their pockets. A hat, so far; a necktie, such a distance; a coat, a waistcoat, a pair of trousers, so many miles for each article of apparel. But this sort of tariff would involve the necessity of occasionally giving change, as in the case of a swell who, on some race-course, for example, had got cleaned out, watch and all. His pegtops might be worth more than the fare they were rated at. Moreover, common decency would demand that the denuded passengers should go in a fourth-class train. The Company would also have to set up an old-clothes shop, which might adjoin the refreshment room. Among the articles therein exposed for sale, there would probably appear a good many pairs of "Men's Strong Walking." But we cannot think that there would be any children's shoes, in the window at least; for even the economical South-Western Railway Company would, doubtless, be ashamed openly to exhibit the little lace-ups or diminutive highlows which they had pitilessly stripped from the feet of a poor little child.

A TEETOTALLER'S DEFINITION.

"LANGUAGE is most decidedly only given to a drunken man to disguise his thoughts."

A SCOTCH EXPERIMENT.

WE read in the *Inverness Courier*—

"ON Sunday the Members and adherents of MR. CAIRD'S Church in Glasgow, for the first time knelt at prayer, and stood at praise. MR. CAIRD announced this as an experiment for two or three weeks."

What is meant by experiment? There used to be an idea that an elephant had no knees, but a writer in MR. ADDISON'S *Spectator* confuted that idea by reporting an "experiment," which resulted in an elephant's kneeling to take up MR. PENKETHMAN. Is there the same superstition as to the conformation of a Scotchman. And as to standing? There are doubtless rather a larger number of persons in Glasgow than in any place of similar size who find it difficult to stand under any circumstances on Sunday; but this is owing to their peculiar way of keeping the Sabbath, and they are not likely to be members of MR. CAIRD'S congregation. Why, therefore, call decent and orderly worship an experiment? But if it be meant that this departure from certain old practices, adopted, of course, in defiance of certain older ones, is to be subject to the approval of the congregation, it may fairly be called an experiment, and one which may lead to some pleasant *odium theologicum*, for what spirited religionist, with a sense of his own superiority to his neighbours, will be dictated to in regard to his attitudes. Is a majority to carry it? Or, as SIR WALTER has it, will

"All give way to DONALD CAIRD?"

Questions *Mr. Punch* would like answered by an early telegram.

INFALLIBLE SPORTING NOMENCLATURE.

His Holiness the POPE went the other day to inspect his new vessel, a screw steam corvette, which has been built for him in England. She is to mount eight rifled guns, and to serve partly to defend the papal shores, partly as a pleasure-yacht for his Holiness. It is probable that she will practically avail the successor of the Fisherman in the latter character only. The POPE has christened her the "Concezione Immacolata." He calls his yacht the Immaculate Conception. With similar taste, a British racing man denominated his horse "Promised Land." But what would our Cardinal say if JOHN DAY, for example, were to name one of his horses that which the POPE has named his yacht? Yet surely a noble animal is more worthy than any structure built by human hands. Sporting men may rejoice to learn what devotional names they are warranted in giving their quadrupeds by infallible authority.

NORTH CORK MILITIA MAN. *"Am I to shalute him, or no? Begor, I wondher if he's a Sarvan'-man or a Giniral."*

SPANISH CHESTNUTS.

THERE is an old man of Morocco,
And he 's a determined old cock O;
And don't you know well
What to Pussy befell,
In the paws of astute Mr. Jocko?

I think there 's a place they call Ceuta:
I 'm sure that Old England is neuter,
But she 'll look askance
If that place falls to France,
When Spain shall have spent all her pewter.

"Which is the Justice, and which is the Thief?"

THERE is war between Morocco and the nation that issues Spanish Bonds. The French journalists say, exultingly, "It is high time that punishment should be inflicted on dastardly robbers." We wish the French journalists would write more plainly. What do they mean? Surely the SULTAN OF MOROCCO is not invading ISABELLA SEGUNDA?

"PLAY CLOSER, SIR."

A NEW epithet appears in the theatrical advertisements. A gentleman calls himself a Joint Author. Just the man for the terrible morning after the production—the time when the stage manager wants a lot of *cuts*.

FORBES MACKENZIE'S FOLLY.

THE *North Briton* contains two cases which are highly calculated to excite what serene and cynical gentlemen call virtuous indignation. They occurred at Edinburgh. The first is—

"MR. DOULL'S CASE.

"At the Police Court yesterday, before Baillie CASSELS, DAVID DOULL & Co., proprietors of the well-known Restaurant, 60, Princes Street, was charged with a breach of the Forbes Mackenzie Act certificate, inasmuch as on the 10th of September last, he sold tarts to be consumed elsewhere than on his own premises."

A fellow named DONALD BAIN, an officious detective officer, proved that a boy named RICHARD JACK had bought five tarts at MR. DOULL'S shop, and walked out with them in his pocket.

MR. DOULL, in defending himself, made one remark which merits preservation. He observed that "There was very great difficulty in knowing where the *provisions* of the Forbes Mackenzie Act began and ended." The reporter italicises the word "provisions." There can be no doubt that MR. DOULL intended his observation for a joke. Let it be recorded, to the honour of Scotland. MR. DOULL further justly remarked, respecting the obnoxious restrictions of the Act in question, that—

"If these were continued to be enforced upon respectable citizens, he did not know what they would come to in a short time. A lady might come into his shop and purchase a cookie, consume the half, and take away the other half in her reticule, for which he would be liable, according to the Act."

Then BAILLIE CASSELS pronounced judgment, which amounted to this: that, however absurd FORBES MACKENZIE'S Act might be, he felt it his duty to administer it to the best of his ability, and was sorry to be obliged to fine the defendant £1 5*s*. A portion of his speech, however, is worth preserving too; not, however, on account of its wit, or "wut," but for its profound gravity:—

"There may be many cases arise where there is great difficulty, and the case of the lady purchasing the cookie and eating half of it is one of these. He thought MR. DOULL might have gone a step further, and asked whether he would have been warranted in taking hold of the reticule, and taking the cookie from it, after it was bought and paid for. He feared it would have been found that he had no right to do so."

One wonders that even an Edinburgh Baillie could say any more about the ridiculous case before him than that he was ashamed of being forced to adjudicate on a matter so contemptible, and enforce so ridiculous a law.

The other instance of oppressive annoyance under the above-named fool's Act is

"MR. RIDPATH'S CASE.

"The next case brought up under the same Act was that of Councillor DAVID RIDPATH, keeper of the Railway Refreshment Room at the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway Station. He was charged with selling two muffins to two lads going to Newcastle on the 22nd September.

"The evidence was in all respects similar to the previous case."

The law, however, appears not to have been the same, for

"MR. DEUCHAR, agent in the case, said that before the passing of the Forbes Mackenzie Act there had been a special exemption made in favour of railway refreshment rooms, which had not yet been repealed."

It may therefore be questioned whether BAILLIE CASSELS was not a mistaken Baillie body in supposing that in this case also "he had no alternative but to convict." MR. RIDPATH was likewise fined £1 5*s*. for selling two muffins to two boys. Mind, Sabbatarian hypocrites and fanatics, for selling two muffins, not upon a Sunday, but on a Thursday. MR. DOULL, indeed, you may say, broke the "Sabbath"—he sold his tarts on a Saturday.

FORBES MACKENZIE'S Act was levelled at public-houses. It may shoot the pigeon but it also kills the crow. It punishes a confectioner for selling a boy tarts, and so long as it exists, to the disgrace of the legislature, will prevent every traveller on a Scotch railway from getting anything to eat but what he can bolt in the refreshment-room. A Scotch proverb says that "Fules should na hae chapping-sticks." We will match it with an English parallel. An Act of Parliament ought not to be drawn up by a jackass.

BROUGHAM, C.

WITH great satisfaction *Mr. Punch* announces that his esteemed friend LORD BROUGHAM may once more adopt the above signature, abandoned by him in 1834. He is again a Chancellor. The University of Edinburgh has done itself the honour of electing him as its head, that is to say 654 of the members have so distinguished themselves. There was, however, a large exhibition of that curious Scotch superstition that a Duke is a supernatural being, before whom prostration becomes a duty, and the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, of whom nothing whatever in this world is known, except that he is a Duke and a respectable one, actually obtained 419 votes. The university men who have had the courage to choose an Englishman, the descendant of GILBERT DE BROHAM, of Westmoreland, whose ancestors held Brougham before the Norman Conquest (*Mr. Punch* is thus genealogical because he cannot give up to Scotland his adored HENRY, born, it must be admitted, in Edinburgh), deserve nine cheers from *Mr. Punch*, and he hereby gives them, and for the sake of those 654 he takes Caledonia to his affectionate embrace. Long may the new Chancellor enjoy his dignity. [If, when you come up to town, you will drive on to 85, Fleet Street, we will make a wet night of it; meantime, my Lord Chancellor, your health. Potaturus te Saluto.]

PUNCH.

AN IMPERIAL MERIT.—Decidedly, LOUIS NAPOLEON has *transported* his subjects more than any other ruler in the world. This is a merit that is acknowledged even by his bitterest enemies.

COUNTY COURTSHIP.

MEN are informed by a paragraph in the *Daily News*, headed "Caution to Smokers," that a MR. PAYNE was sued in the Westminster County Court by a MISS LOUISA HOTHAM for £5 damage done to her dress by setting it on fire with a cigar-light, which he had carelessly thrown burning on the floor of a tavern-bar. The injured articles comprised a black silk visite, new muslin dress, and embroidered Crinoline, which were handed up to the Bench for its inspection and amusement. Judgment was given against the defendant; damages £4, with costs. He had offered 5*s*. This was mean and shabby: but the decision of the Court appears to have been too favourable to the fair plaintiff. If MR. PAYNE was responsible for the consequences of throwing fire on the floor, MISS HOTHAM was answerable for those of wearing long dresses. The damages should have been half those claimed, namely £2 10*s*.; and the case ought to be regarded as a caution, not only to smokers, but also to wearers of Crinoline.

OUR EPISCOPAL CONVERT.

ONE may learn wisdom, even from episcopal lips. A new chapel has been built for Exeter College, Oxford; and the BISHOP OF EXETER, at the banquet, told a story about the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and himself. WESLEY and PHILLPOTTS were once in Cambridge together, inspecting some fine new buildings there. Says Dux to Episcopus, "We don't build such things at Oxford." Smartly, as well as proudly, answers the Bishop, "Perhaps, my Lord Duke, we don't require them." Concluded, or shut up, is the victor of NAPOLEON. But away goeth the hierarch, and in the calm recesses of Bishopstowe considereth his reply. "It was very prompt, I allow," thinketh the triumphant Bishop, "and quite in the Duke's line. Yes, I flatter my mitre, I dropped into him. *But*——." More pondering, and then DR. PHILLPOTTS came to the conclusion that Oxford *did* require new buildings; and in process of time, and by the care of MR. SCOTT, upriseth this fine chapel: and, later still, upriseth the BISHOP OF EXETER to preach the moral—a favourite one of *Mr. Punch's*—that first you should stop and say the best thing you can say, and next you should go and do the best thing you can do. Not, of course, that the Bishop's opinion will have the weight of *Mr. Punch's:*

"Eadem dicta eademque oratio æqua non æquè valet."

but it is gratifying to find the venerable PHILLPOTTS at last treading in the footsteps of the *venerabilior Punch*.

THE ORDER OF AGRICULTURAL MERIT.

SAYS old JOHN HODGE to young JOHN HODGE, says he, JACK, thee come here;
I've lived and worked here, man and boy, for more nor dree score year;
Thy mother brought me ten on 'ee; I rared 'em every one:
They be all at sarvus or at plough, 'cept thee, my youngest zon.

Ten childern have I bred and kep, ten childern clothed and ved,
Nine on 'em larns and labours vor to git their daily bread;
And thee bist number ten, JACK; for a soger thee'st to goo,
And sarve thy Queen and country, and perfarm thy duty too.

There's twelve on us, the boys and gals, myself and lawful wife,
And I never cost the parish not a varden all my life,
Not a loaf and nare a blanket—on my own legs here I stand,
On which I've clod-hopped all my days, on FARMER HOGMAN's land.

Now what dost think I've got at last for all you gals and boys?
Look here 's a goolden zuvran, and a pair o' corduroys,
A pair of bran-new breeches and a pound, my boy, likewise,
The Hagriculterl Ziety has gied me for a prize.

Zo much for never costun 'em the valley of a straw!
A pound, a pair o' breeches, and a power o' purty jaw.
Why even the fat pig, JACK, as weighed over varty score,
He only won a ten-pound prize, he didn't win no more.

I shan't wear them there breeches, JACK, but keep 'em for to show,
By way of a remembrance, I regards the honour zo!
Mind they be to be thine, JACK, when as I be dead and gone,
And, JACK, thee keep 'em for my zake, and zumtimes have 'em on.

Thee'st gwian for a soger, JACK; thee 'st ha' to vight thy way,
Med'st come to be a general, and a lord, mayhap, zum day;
Thy quoat all over ribbons, stars, and that are sart o' toys,
But tack thy brightest medal to thy veather's corduroys.

Then, when thee gist a bankut to nobility and squires,
And are a one a cross or star upon thy breast admires;
Have in thy veather's breeches, JACK, and tell how they was won,
To let 'em know how proud thee bist to be thy veather's zon.

My veather, you may tell 'em, fought a battle precious hard—
A fight as lasted all his life—this here was his reward,
Besides a pound, and that he spent, but left what I enjoys,
This Order o' the Breeches—this here pair of corduroys.

"VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

AT Warsaw, we read that the EMPEROR "visited the theatre, and afterwards remained in consultation with the Russian diplomatists, until a late hour in the night." This is tearing a leaf out of our parliamentary debates. We wonder if as much good resulted from this interview as generally comes out of our midnight consultations. The report omits to tell us whether the sitting was a late one? As diplomatists are gentlemen rather given to talking, we suppose that the debate must have been carried into a very protracted hour of the night. It is a pity that no reporters were present, or otherwise we might have been favoured with some very curious and interesting details. We regret, also, that we are equally in the dark as to whether cigars and spirits, with hot water, lemons, and sugar, were moved for by the EMPEROR, and ordered to be laid upon the table. We are afraid that the EMPEROR can have been after no particular good, or else he would never have selected an hour, at which all sober and well-regulated individuals are generally in bed.

The War Footing.

TWO promising pupils of LORD COWLEY's were chatting at the British Embassy over a glass of Sherry. "What, *le diable*, my dear fellow, is LOUIS NAPOLEON going to Morocco for?" said one. To which the other replied, "Cannot possibly say, *mon cher*, unless it is to get a match for his Italian Boot."

A NATIONAL DIFFERENCE.

THE French papers will have it that there is a difference between France and England. Yes, and so there is, and the difference is simply this:—France goes to war for an idea, and England has no idea of going to war.

A VERY PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Itinerant Musician. "MEANING *ME*, MISS?"

"FEU DE JOIE."

A GREAT deal of fuss has been made about the fact of fifty-six geese having been roasted at once before the same fire, at Norwich. Why *Punch* roasts twice as many every week, and thinks nothing of it. He has roasted over and over again the entire House of Commons at a single blow—and though they have amongst them some of the very finest geese in the country, yet every Member has been done beautifully to a turn—so much so, that many a constituency, when their pet Solan has been laid before them, have scarcely recognised him again. In the same way *Mr. Punch* undertakes to roast at the shortest notice, as many geese as the legislature and the quacks, the theatres and the pulpits, the dissecting-room and the critics, choose to supply him with; and he also promises to do all the plucking and basting and seasoning himself. Quantity is no object; in fact, the greater number of geese that come in *Mr. Punch's* way the greater his pleasure in roasting them. His range is wide enough to take in the whole world.

PRIESTS AND THEIR SHAWLS.

THE subjoined advertisement from the *Weekly Register* is commended to the attention of youthful Puseyites, whom it may serve to convince that playing at Roman Catholics is a rather expensive amusement:—

WANTED, a Handsome COPE. The undersigned, who once received a Cope from a kind but unknown friend, begs to mention that the said Cope is now almost unfit for use. The poor state of the mission will not enable the priest to purchase another. The undersigned, therefore, respectfully but earnestly begs of some good friend to present a new Cope to the church, in honour of our Blessed Lady and Saint Teresa. It will come safe by rail. Many prayers will be said for the kind donor. If it be not convenient to send a Cope itself, £10 to purchase one will be most acceptable.

JOHN CANON DALTON.

St. Mary's Church, London Road, Lynn, Norfolk.

From the conclusion of the above pious and pathetic appeal, it appears that a cope costs £10. This would be a heavy fork-out for the majority of young curates, disposed to indulge in ecclesiastical masquerading. To be sure, the cope for which the REV. CANON DALTON advertises is explained to be a "handsome" one. MR. DALTON may be conceived to be a sacerdotal dandy; and it may be thought that a serviceable cope is to be had at a lower figure than what he puts it at; but he distinctly states that his mission is a poor one, so that any but the very plainest description of cope would probably be out of keeping with the style of his meeting-house, and the cheapest cope would be handsome enough for him. A cope fit to figure in before a fashionable congregation or assembly, would no doubt be an awfully high 'pike. Parents and guardians of youth intended for the Church should beware how they confide them to the tuition of Puseyite preceptors, lest those extravagant ritualists should instil into their minds a love of finery, which may cause them ultimately to ruin themselves in dress.

If a cope costs only as much as £10, what does a stole cost, and an alb, and a dalmatic, and a chasuble? What does the complete costume amount to? But there is every reason to suppose that the price of copes is "from" £10 upwards to a much larger quotation; and the outfit of a young Puseyite parson, if at all like the real thing, would assuredly cost the old gentleman his father a great deal more money than the sum total of all the bills which his sisters run up in the course of an entire year for Crinoline.

BUCCLEUCH *v.* BROUGHAM.—It is the Drone and the Busy Bee.

INN-VALIDISM EXTRAORDINARY.

IT is rather late now to think of going out of town; but to those who, like ourselves, have not yet had their holiday, and who, in like similitude, have not too much to spend in it, advantages are offered by the following advertisement, which, for other reasons possibly, the reflective mind, we think, may be induced to pause over:—

ISLE OF WIGHT.—KING'S HEAD HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE, close to the Sea. Single beds, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Breakfast or Tea, 1*s.*; Dinners, 2*s.* Attendance, 1*s.* "It's highly recommended to invalids at EVANS'S." Oct., 1859.

One is proverbially used to couple cheapness with n—ot niceness, but if this hotel be as remarkable for comfort as economy, one might certainly be tempted to form a wish to visit it. In this case one would have to form a second wish, to know with more distinctness, where the King's Head really is. "Close to the sea" is a rather vague direction, and one might have to travel completely round the island, before one hit upon the spot where the hotel is placed.

But puzzling as it is to us to guess the King Head's whereabouts, the last phrase in this notice of the house yet more perplexes us. As an additional allurement, besides the lowness of its tariff, we are informed that "It's highly recommended to invalids at EVANS'S." Invalids at EVANS'S! O, cheery-voiced, and rosy-cheeked! O, kindly-smiling, snuff-bestowing, laughter-moving, health-promoting, jolly, jocund, joyous, jaunty PADDY GREEN! Who could ever dream of finding invalids at EVANS'S.

How Happy!

QUESTION being had whether the police were allowed to smoke, JONES remarked, "I was very glad, that awfully cold night, to see all the police down our road with pipes or cigars." "Reminding you," said the sparkling BROWN, "of LORD MACAULAY'S line in the *Armada*—

"Cape beyond Cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire."

Punch's Literary Anecdotes.

FOR USE IN A QUADRILLE.

AN eminent party, or perfumer, has said that a Revolution can't be made with Rose-water. But from GARIBALDI'S calling on Farina to act, it would seem that one can be made with Eau-de-Cologne.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 5, 1859.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—QUITE NECESSARY!

A SURGICAL SLAVE TO A FREE HOSPITAL.

MR. PUNCH has received a paper purporting to be a copy of the *Rules and Regulations Established for the Guidance of the House-Surgeon of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children*, 18, *Edwards Street, Portman Square*. If *Mr. Punch* were asked to guess the authors of this contemptible code, he would conjecture that it was drawn up by a Select Committee composed of the greatest snobs and fools in Marylebone.

The first of these rules declares that—

"I. In regard to the appointment of the House-Surgeon,
"1. He shall be qualified to register under the New Medical Act."

The framers of these rules, then, want, for their House-Surgeon, a practitioner who has passed his examinations. They expect to get one by the following temptation:—

"2. He shall receive no salary, but his board and lodging in return for his services."

Could any one of them hire a knife-boy on such terms?

These fellows appear to be alive to the probability that any surgeon having accepted their vile situation, might very soon get tired of it, and wish to cut it. So they stipulate that—

"3. He shall accept the appointment for not less than a year, but his period of service may extend beyond that term."

And it is just possible that he may be willing that it should extend beyond that term. The House-Surgeon may be penniless, and unable to earn an abode and his victuals out of the House. But, as his masters may wish to turn him out, for reasons of their own, and if not, still in order that he may lie at their mercy, and exist, officially, in the breath of their nostrils, the above regulation concludes with the following proviso:—

"At the same time he shall hold office only during the pleasure of the Managing Committee."

Observe the royal style affected by these petty despots. Their subject and servant, the House-Surgeon, is to "hold office" only "during their pleasure." What pleasure? The pleasure, perhaps, which they expect their slave to afford them, by capping to them, and cringing to them, and trembling before them, and worshipping them, and walking in their faith and fear. Such is very usually the sort of pleasure which Hospital Committees require House-Surgeons to yield them; and the Managing Committee of the Samaritan Free Hospital are indicated by these rules of theirs to be a set of mean tyrants considerably more arbitrary and insolent than even the common run of Hospital Committeemen.

By the next rule for the "guidance" of their surgical slavey,

"4. He must give three months' notice of his intended resignation or retirement."

They may kick him out at their pleasure, at a moment's notice; but if he wishes to quit their service, he must give them three months' warning.

Now come arrangements:—

"II. In regard to his personal accommodation in the Hospital,
"1. He shall have the two back-rooms in the upper storey as his sitting and bed-rooms."

This looks very much like the description of a suite of garrets. Next—

"2. He shall take his breakfast with the Matron before half-past 9, and his dinner and tea after 5 in the afternoon, in the Board Room: his luncheon only to be carried up-stairs to him in his sitting-room."

These are the paltry requirements and restrictions under which it pleases these domineering snobs to place the private habits of a gentleman. If they had not distinctly stated that they wanted a qualified practitioner for their drudge, one would have concluded the object contemplated in these despicable ordinances was not a surgeon, but a surgery-boy. But next to these small statutes come the regulations relative to the House-Surgeon's duties, which are of the usual responsible and arduous kind, and include attendance on patients in the absence of the superior medical officers. Close residence is required. Smoking is prohibited, of course—not because smoking within the walls might injure patients; but because old curmudgeons have an idea that smoking is an exhibition of independence, and therefore invariably forbid indulgence in it to every young man whom they have in their power. Their blackguardly table of rules concludes with this standing insult:—

"11. Any directions the House-Surgeon may have to give to the General Servants of the Hospital, are to pass through the Matron."

and this precious standing order:—

"12. He shall observe all orders of the Managing or House Committee."

This beats everything. The Committee are to exercise over the House-Surgeon an authority which is quite divine. He shall serve them with all his strength. He shall observe all their orders—to do them. He shall answer their bell, fetch their coals and hot water; brush their clothes and black their boots. Now, what motive do they suppose can induce any young surgeon who understands his profession to subject himself to their disgusting domination, and accept for remuneration his keep, coupled with the necessity of taking his meals with an old woman, and his lodging, to consist of two back-rooms in the roof of their hospital? He can have none but imminent starvation, or the need of opportunity of seeing practice, which he ought not to be in such extreme want of as he must be to be willing to endure the hard conditions above specified. The Governors of every Infirmary, and particularly those of the Samaritan Free Hospital, should look sharp after their Committees and take care that the efficiency of their Charity is not compromised by a board of overbearing, insolent, patronising, self-interested and vulgar beadles.

OUR CHINESE CEREMONIES.

THE behaviour of MR. WARD, American Envoy to China at Pekin, was such as to give every true Englishman cause to be proud of his country. In the account of that minister's visit to the Chinese capital, which appeared in the *North China Herald*, touching the question as to what obeisance should be rendered to the EMPEROR, there occurs the following passage, the first word of which relates to KWEILIANG the Imperial Commissioner:—

"He sometimes styled the President *ta-hwangti*, or Great Emperor, and sometimes 'President' (a word which he has learnt), and occasionally *kiun-chin*, or princely ruler, to prove his respect for him. Such being the relations between the two countries, the *ko-tau* or regular form of obeisance required of envoys from these nations, *i.e.*, the *san-quei-kiu-koh*, 'three kneelings and nine knocks,' would not be expected, 'but,' said the judge, 'one kneeling and three knocks will do for a friendly power.'"

What was the reply of MR. WARD to the proposal that he should perform so dignified and graceful a ceremony? After explaining to KWEILIANG that Americans were not accustomed to kneel, except for the purpose of saying their prayers, he offered the ensuing compromise:—

"He would bow very low, and even nine times, if that would add to the solemnity in their view, or he would stand uncovered during the whole audience, while the Emperor sat. More than this he would never willingly perform."

The consequence was, that the EMPEROR refused to grant the American Embassy an interview. This conduct on the part of MR. WARD is quite of a piece with the sad taste which makes the American Minister at the British Court attire himself, when he goes there, in a plain evening dress, instead of adorning his person with a chocolate-coloured laced coat, an embroidered satin waistcoat, and the knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckles, and pumps, of an exquisite footman. The Continental nations abuse us for being insular and proud, but our insularity does not prevent our Court from greatly resembling that of China; and let us, in the words of KING RICHARD THE THIRD, be thankful for our humility in submitting to wear the decorations of a lackey in honour of the Crown. Nay, the Speaker of the House of Commons is, on certain occasions, the object, on the part of certain officers of the House, of demonstrations of profound respect closely resembling what MR. WARD, doubtless, would irreverently describe as the antics which he was willing to humour his CELESTIAL MAJESTY by performing. We are proud indeed, but proud in the pomp of

abasement, as a flunkey behind a state-carriage glories in his livery. We kiss the hands of Royalty still; which may be nothing to speak of, but we should do so, even if Royalty were not of the fair sex. We do not, indeed, kiss a man's feet, as M. DE MONTALEMBERT would rejoice in doing; but those who are capable of kissing a man's fist would have but to go a degree or two further, if they stooped to the performance of the more lowly and affectionate salutation of kissing his instep.

THE LAUREATE'S BUST AT TRINITY.

(A Fragment of an Idyll.)

——So the stately bust abode
For many a month, unseen, among the Dons.
Nor in the lodge, nor in the library,
Upon its pedestal appeared, to be
A mark for reverence of green gownsman-hood,
Of grief to ancient fogies, and reproof
To those who knew not ALFRED, being hard
And narrowed in their honour to old names
Of poets, who had vogue when *they* were young,
And not admitting later bards; but now,
Last week, a rumour widely blown about,
Walking the windy circle of the Press,
Came, that stern WHEWELL, with the Seniors,
Who rule the destinies of Trinity,
Had of the sanctuary barred access
Unto the bust of ALFRED TENNYSON,
By WOOLNER carved, subscribed for by the youth
Who loved the Poet, hoped to see him set
Within the Library of Trinity,
One great man more o'the house, among the great,
Who grace that still Valhalla, ranged in row,
Along the chequered marbles of the floor,
Two stately ranks—to where the fragrant limes
Look thro' the far end window, cool and green.
A band it is, of high companionship,—
Chief, NEWTON, and the broad-browed VERULAM,
And others only less than these in arts
Or science: names that England holds on high.
Among whom, hoped the youth, would soon be set,
The living likeness of a living Bard,—
Great ALFRED TENNYSON, the Laureate,
Whom Trinity most loves of living sons.
But other thought had WHEWELL and the Dons,
Deeming such honour only due to those
Upon whose greatness Death has set his seal.
So fixed their faces hard, and shut the doors
Upon the living Poet: for, said one,
"It is too soon," and when they heard the phrase,
Others caught up the cue, and chorussed it,
Until, the poet echoing "Soon? too soon?"
As if in wrath, WHEWELL looked up, and said:—

"O Laureate, if indeed you list to try,
Try, and unfix our purpose in this thing."
Whereat full shrilly sang th' excluded bard.

"Soon, soon, so soon! WHEWELL looks stern and chill,
Soon, soon, so soon! but I can enter still."
"Too soon, too soon! You cannot enter now."

"I am not dead: of that I do repent.
But to my living prayer, oh now relent:"
"Too soon, too soon! You cannot enter now."

"Honour in life is sweet: my fame is wide.
Let me to stand at DRYDEN'S, BYRON'S side."
"Too soon, too soon! You cannot enter now."

"Honour that comes in life is rare as sweet;
I cannot taste it long: for life is fleet."
"No, no, too soon! You cannot enter now!"

So sang the Laureate, while all stonily,
Their chins upon their hands, as men that had
No entrails to be moved, sat the stern Dons.

PROFESSOR CHRISTISON ON ELECTRICITY.

PROFESSOR CHRISTISON, in nominating the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH for the Chancellorship of the University of Edinburgh, made a joke. Touching the business then before the University constituency, the learned Professor observed, that they had received a good deal of advice from the newspaper press, and that—

"Among others, the individual to whom in the Press latterly, the name of Thunderer had been applied, had given his advice, though he suspected that his thunder on this occasion would turn out to be mere sheet-lightning."

"Oh!" and "Hear," the report adds in a parenthesis. Nobody seems to have laughed. However, the joke would not have been a bad one if the event had made it good. Had the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH been elected and LORD BROUGHAM rejected, and flunkeyism triumphant, then the lightning of the "Thunderer" would indeed have been mere sheet-lightning; but unfortunately the Professor's party has found it forked. His own flash of wit has proved lightning of the harmless species. Still it is just a coruscation, and deserves to be noted for the reproof of those excessively national Englishmen who persist in maintaining the obtuseness of the Scotch mind to JOE MILLER. Such efforts as those of PROFESSOR CHRISTISON deserve every encouragement; and this appears to have been the opinion of his countrymen and auditors, from the circumstance that those of them who relished his joke merely cried "Hear." No doubt they thought that his praiseworthy attempt to electrify his audience ought not to be laughed at.

VERDI AT VENICE.

OUR TELEGRAM from Venice, the other day, said that

"On the occasion of the re-opening of the Opera, a noisy demonstration has taken place here."

The opening of an Italian Opera is generally attended with some noisy demonstration. The noise is usually made by the orchestra, which, whilst a young lady on the stage is singing a love song, supports her melody with the clash of cymbals, the clang of ophicleides, the thunder of drums, and other appropriate and stormy accompaniments. The row thus created is generally the composition of SIGNOR VERDI; but the uproar which was made the other night at the Opera House at Venice was probably caused rather by shouting the name of that composer. There is every reason to believe that the noisy demonstration consisted in cries of "*Viva* VERDI!" translated, if any Britons were included in the audience, by "VICTOR EMMANUEL for ever! Hip hip hip—hooray!"

THE NEW BEGGING DODGE.

Little Girl, scarcely six years of age, carrying an infant, not more than three months old. Please, good Sir, give me a half-penny to buy a biscuit for Baby!

THE SHERIFFS SHORN OF THEIR GLORY.

E were sadly grieved to hear that by a recent Act of Parliament, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex were exempted from the necessity of counting hobnails and chopping sticks on their accession to office. Our sorrow has been materially lessened by the information that such is not exactly the case. The splendour of the shrievalty has only been shorn of this richly absurd ceremonial as far as regards the publicity of its performance; but that is a diminution of civic dignity which is very much more than sufficiently melancholy.

The Sheriffs, up to this present year, have always had to count six horseshoes and certain hobnails, and chop a number of faggots, in proof of their intellectual and bodily ability, in the Court of the Exchequer, when they were presented by the Recorder to the presiding Judge. The Recorder was accustomed to give the Judge an account of their antecedents, as if it were probable that these might be low, and as if, at any rate, the Sheriffs were, presumably, remarkable fellows to have raised themselves to the mere position of eligibility to their grand office. It is supposed that the Sheriff was set upon a stool, first one Sheriff and then the other, and that the Recorder described him to the Chief Baron by the help of a long pole, stirring him up with the end thereof to demonstrate his sensibility and animation. Then the Sheriffs proved that they had the use of their intellects and their hands; and, after having been solemnly chaffed by the learned Judge, went on their way rejoicing in their honour and glory.

Now, this august exhibition is no longer to be made in open Court. It is to take place privately before officers appointed for the purpose. In the presence of these witnesses the Sheriffs are to chop sticks and count horseshoes as before, to render suit and service on behalf of the City for certain manors—it is pretended. This is all stuff; those feats of intelligence and dexterity are retained, as they were originally prescribed, for security that the Sheriffs shall not be absolute idiots; as law and common opinion have always supposed that there was great likelihood of their being.

The Lord Mayor Elect is still exhibited by the Recorder to the Lord Chancellor. ALDERMAN CARTER the other day was thus showed up, with a brief account of him, to LORD CAMPBELL, at Stratheden House; and received from the learned and noble Lord the honour of a burlesque complimentary address. This was as it should be; but the privacy of the laughable self-exhibition of the Sheriffs is to be deplored. The Sheriffs, as well as the Aldermen and the Lord Mayor, of the City of London, have always been expected, if not naturally fools, to make fools of themselves in virtue of their office; and few of them have disappointed that expectation. The Civic ingredient is the comic element in the British Constitution, and cannot be eliminated from it without danger to the integrity of that grand fabric, the sublime effect of which is heightened by its contrast with the ridiculous. Long may the corbels of our old Cathedrals grin; long may our Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, contribute to the mirth of merry England!

A NEW IDÉE NAPOLÉONIENNE.

EVERYBODY knows that loyalty just now is in a rampant state in France, and everybody therefore will easily believe that the height to which it reaches in its rampant elevation proves, every now and then, to be the height of absurdity. As a case in point, we cite this interesting paragraph, on which *faute de mieux*, sub-editors have lately laid their scissors:—

"A PRESENT OF TURNIPS TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—*Bullier's Lithographic Sheet* gives the following curious letter, as having been addressed to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. It was detained at the Office for Examining Petitions to His Majesty:—'Sir,—Being the possessor of a small property in the Beaujoles, favoured by a good soil for wine and turnips, and on Wednesday, my wife having made us a soup of these turnips, I found the taste so exquisite and so sweet, that the idea of our dear Emperor instantly occurred to me, and I said to my wife and my two sons, 'Their Majesties perhaps have not a better soup.' Then a happy inspiration passed through the mind of my eldest son, and he said, 'Father, you ought to send a cask to their Majesties.' Sire, we are giving effect to the idea. May the vegetables be agreeable to you, and we shall esteem ourselves so fortunate to have procured you that trifling pleasure. (We have more of them still.) I am, with the most profound respect, Sire, your very humble and very devoted subject, P. BOLMONT, Shirt-maker at Koissay (Ain)' This letter was followed by a second, in which P. BOLMONT prayed that his eldest son (he who had conceived such an excellent idea) might be exempted from military service."

The Office for Examining Petitions to the EMPEROR may be, and doubtless is, a highly useful institution, and saves his Majesty no doubt a vast amount of needless labour. Nevertheless, with all due deference to those who have its management, we think that presents and petitions such as those mentioned above, clearly ought to be allowed to reach their destination. The examiners no doubt daily do the State some service by opening and "detaining" suspicious-looking presents; and many an infernal machine directed "*For the Emperor,*" may by such detention be kept from doing damage to him. But to detain a gift so harmless as a cask of turnips savours to our mind of quite unnecessary caution, and rather seems to indicate a relish for those vegetables on the part of the official examiners themselves.

At all events, we think that, even were they justified in their detention of the present, there was obviously no reason why the letter which came with it should not have reached the EMPEROR. It might have been thought prudent not to let his Majesty have soup made of the turnips, for fear they might be poisoned, or might disagree with him; but we cannot see what harm the letter could have done him. On the contrary, we think it would have given him great pleasure; especially the passage where the writer naïvely says, that so sweet was the taste of the turnips in his mouth that "the idea of our dear EMPEROR instantly occurred to me." The notion that a turnip should remind one of the EMPEROR is quite a new *idée Napoléonienne* to think of, and we feel assured his Majesty could not but have been flattered by it.

There is yet one more reflection suggested by the paragraph, which it may not be quite profitless just now for us to make. Old women (of both sexes) who next to talking scandal love to talk about invasion, represent the French as panting, to a man, to be let loose on us, and burning, every one of them, to make us feel their might. Now, if the fears of these old ladies have not frightened them quite out of the small wits they have been blessed with, they may derive some consolation from the purport of the second of the letters above mentioned, which may be fairly taken as a sample of French spirit, as throughout the country doubtless it is actually distilled. While French fathers do their best to get their sons exempt from service, it is clear their martial spirit is anything but ardent: and while in France a soldier is esteemed of equal value to a cask of turnips, none surely but the turnip-headedest of mortals need feel the slightest fear of Frenchmen risking lives so precious by attempting to invade us.

SENATOR BRODERICK SLAIN BY CHIEF JUSTICE TERRY.

IT was a noble Senator erect in Freedom's cause,
A potent, grave, and honoured man to frame Columbia's laws.
It was a yet more honoured one, a chief who held in trust
The rights, the liberties, the lives of kindred sons of dust.
That haughty high-souled Senator, that venerated Judge,
Had nursed between them daintily some paltry cause of grudge,
Till anger's flame too clearly rose for such brave men to smother,
And New-World ethics now laid down that one must kill the other.
Forth from the stern Chief Justice then blood-craving missives sped;
And Judge and Senator, or both, are numbered with the dead,
For gloating gossips said that if the bully Judge should fall,
Would fellow ruffians take his place, with "blood for blood" their call.
One after other, while the slain their vengeance would bequeath
To monsters, such of old as sprung from Cadmus' dragon's teeth.
Oh! blush Columbia, blush, for tales like this are types
Of savage deeds that ever blot your flaunting stars and stripes.
SENATOR BRODERICK sleeps in death, struck down by felon glaive,
And JUSTICE TERRY walks the earth CAIN-branded to his grave!

AN EXPERIMENT ON A VILE BODY.

Medical Pupil, after dragging a patient round the Surgery, succeeds in extracting a tooth. "COME! THAT 'S NOT SO BAD FOR A FIRST ATTEMPT!"

PETER LAURIE.

JACKASSES' brays are bonnie,
And sae are bagpipes too,
And auld SIR PETER LAURIE
Heehaws wi' clangour true,
Heehaws wi' clangour true,
In just the tunefu' key;
And it 's oh that PETER LAURIE
Sae doure a Jack should be!

His wit is like the snow-drift,
When half the Spring is gone;
His speeches are the silliest
That joke was e'er made on,
That joke was e'er made on,
Provoking mirth and glee:
And therefore PETER LAURIE
Becomes a butt for me.

Accused by a drunkard lying,
Before his judgment-seat,
An innocent bairn knelt crying;
For such was Newgate meet?
For such was Newgate meet?
Severe, absurd decree!
Fie for shame, SIR PETER LAURIE,
Ye cruel auld boobie!

Conversation on the Knife-Board.

First Clerk. I say, JACK, I had game for dinner yesterday.

Second Clerk. Yes, I understand—a pint of porter, and a game of billiards—that's your game dinner.

THE MATRIMONIAL CODE.—The Husband reigns, but it is the Wife who governs.

OUR FRENCH FRIEND.

"IT 's coming is he?" quoth our JOHN,
"I've heard that talk before"—
And then his eye fell straight upon
His stick behind the door.
"I wonder if 'twould suit Our Friend
(JOHN'S face was rather grim)
For me to save his coming here,
By going there to him."

"Because you know, old girl," says he,
"I 'm hearty, strong, and hale,
And I 'd be all the better for
A little bit of sail.
I fancy, too, he thinks I 'm not
Quite sound in wind or limb.
I've really half a thought, old girl,
Of going there to him.

"Besides, you know, I shouldn't be
A stranger to the way,
I visited the spot before
In BONYPARTY'S day.
That very stick I took with me—
It hasn't grown more slim:
I swear, old gal, I 'm half inclined
To go across to him.

"I hate to give a gentleman
More trouble than there 's need,
And crossing water makes Our Friend
Uncommon cross indeed.
And if, as these here letters say,
To meet me is his whim,
Why, dang my buttons, MOTHER BULL,
I 'll go across to him.

"Mayhap he 'd like to have a crack
About old days gone by,
Egypt, and Spain, and Trafalgar,
If *he* would, so would I.
About those days I rather think
His memory 's getting dim,
And that 's another reason, dame,
Why I should go to him.

"There 's MASTER JACK may mind the house,
I 'm glad he 's bought a gun,
If he don't keep you safe and sound,
He 's not his father's son.
So fill a mug, Our Friend's good health,
Yes, fill it to the brim:
If he 'll but say he means to come—
By George, I 'll go to him."

A HARD CONSERVATIVE HIT.

AT the late Conservative dinner at Rochdale, MAJOR EDWARDES made some diverting observations. For example, after having boasted that he had always spoken in favour of good old Tory principles, he made the following remark about PALMERSTON and RUSSELL:—

"They were both intent upon mischief, and they would both do their utmost to keep the Conservative party out of power, because they were greedy of the loaves and fishes. (*Loud cheers and laughter.*)

The auditors of the gallant Major laughed at the foregoing specimen of his eloquence, some for one reason, some for another, and others for a third. The first division laughed because they really believed that the views of the present Premier and Foreign Secretary are simply mercenary; that they hold office wholly and solely for the sake of their pensions; which probably was what MAJOR EDWARDES meant to say; and that in saying so the Major had made a good joke at the two noble lords' expense. The second class were constrained to laugh out of their sleeve, instead of in it, by construing the orator's assertion to mean that LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN would endeavour to exclude the Conservative party from power because the Conservatives were actuated by interested motives. This part of the audience laughed as some gentlemen may be observed to do when they are playfully called rogues—conscious subjects of the pleasantry, and hugging themselves in the fun which therefore tickles them. The remaining portion of the assembly perceived that MAJOR EDWARDES's imputation was open to two opposite constructions, and good-humouredly laughed at its post-prandial ambiguity.

BELOW RAREY.

MR. RAREY has been lecturing in Dublin before the Lord Lieutenant and suite. The newspaper paragraph, which mentioned this fact, further announced that—

"MR. RAREY will deliver his second lecture on Saturday next, when he stated that a very vicious horse would be operated upon."

It was whispered that the brute which MR. RAREY proposed to tame, was no other than the furious kicking and plunging animal named CULLEN. But CULLEN is not a subject for MR. RAREY; he has published a pastoral, which proves that he is no horse, but of a lower order of animals.

MR. BULL. "INVASION, INDEED! THAT'S A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT!—WHY, TO HEAR THESE POODLES TALK, ONE WOULD THINK MY BULL-DOG WAS DEAD!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PELICAN OF THE WILDERNESS inquires whether his handwriting is good enough to obtain him a situation under Government? The writing is not very bad; but we doubt whether a letter in which autograph is spelt with an initial "h," and two concluding "*t*'s," would gain the writer anything much higher than, perhaps, an Under-Secretaryship of State, unless LORD MALMESBURY should return to office.

A YOUNG FATHER.—Certainly, if you have done MR. DISRAELI the distinguished honour of christening your baby after him, you have a right to apply to that gentleman for a sovereign or two, in the child's name. The MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER usually sends a £5 note in such cases. The Nurse is the proper person to send to Grosvenor Gate.

LETTY THE BROWN GIRL.—If your love for him be so intense and disinterested as you describe it, we think that you should not have refused to say "Yes" until you had seen the receipt for his current half-year's life assurance. You should have taken his word, and the entry he showed you in his *Letts's Diary*, that he had paid it. Still, in these days, young girls cannot be too careful.

EDWARD CLODDON is very anxious for an introduction to a refined family, in which there are some elegant young ladies. His laudable object is not so much matrimony, for he has no money, as to be induced gradually to wean himself from the habits of inebriation, keeping his hat on in a room, wearing muddy boots, and smoking a short clay pipe. He thinks that in time, if he had familiar access to such a household, he might be cured of some, if not all, of these practices. Any West End family desiring such a guest can write to *Mr. Punch*.

AMOR VIRTUTIS says that he never goes to a friend's house without feeling an almost irresistible desire to steal the spoons. He asks, is this a crime? Certainly not; it is mere organisation: and if you wish for the spoons, what are a few ounces of white metal compared to a fellow-creature's happiness? No true friend would grudge you such a trifle.

MARIA.—We can hardly advise you how to turn your Grecian nose into a *nez retroussé*, which you say FREDERICK likes; but something may be done by rubbing it upwards whenever you use your pocket-handkerchief, and by thinking constantly of handsomer girls than yourself.

A YOUNG READER is informed that the beautiful lines—

> "How doth the little busy bee
> Improve each shining hour,"

are LORD BYRON'S. They occur in *Lalla Rookh*, where Roderick Dhu, the Last of the Goths, reproaches Clara Vere de Vere for idleness.

ELEONORA X.—The author you name is one of the most virtuous as well as one of the handsomest men of the day; but as he has already three wives, and is engaged six deep, your chance is almost hopeless. Still, send him the £500 note, under cover to us.

LECTOR INSIPICUS asks who is the author of the lines—

> "Twinkle, twinkle, little cow,
> How I wonder at you, how!
> Up above the world so bright,
> Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white."

We do not remember to have met with them, but they read like COWLEY.

SARAH JANE DODDRIDGE.—Although we think that metaphysical disquisition is not properly within the range of a secular periodical, we have no objection to reply to your inquiry, and say that we do not believe corn-plasters to be anything but palliatives, and that you must get the corn out.

A CONSCIENTIOUS FLUNKEY.—"Not at home" is a means of sparing persons' feelings. "Out" would be a falsehood. If you were to say "Engaged," a caller might wish to wait; if you were to say "Does not wish to see anybody," vanity instantly whispers that an exception is or ought to be made in the inquirer's case. Whereas, "Not at home" means anything or nothing, and the visitor goes away tranquil. If you were our Jeames, and intruded on your betters with scruples of the kind, you would be served as the elder Nicholas was by the Saint of that name in MR. BARHAM'S ballad.

MAGDALENE.—We pity your taste; but if you think a spangled officer, who wears his golden epaulettes upon his brow, a nobler being in the scale of creation than your despised ironmonger, take Mars and leave Vulcan.

KIKES.—No person who wishes to be in health will walk less than a quarter of a mile daily, unless the weather is bad, or the exertion exceedingly distasteful. The more sleep we take, the better. The poets have said, "How beautiful is sleep;" and, besides, we knew it without them.

STUDIOUS SAMUEL has burned down several houses, in consequence of his habit of reading after going to bed at night. He asks us whether he ought to discontinue the practice. We can only say, that if such trifles deter him from improving his mind, he has taken a name which he does not deserve.

KNAVE OF CLUBS.—Your friend may have been somewhat hasty in throwing the cards in your face, and knocking you down with the candlestick; but if we had been your opponent, and you had said "How Hot," and your partner had played two Hearts, we should have shied a tumbler at you.

G. FLETCHER.—We read all the plays you sent, and thought them very good; but, unfortunately, our laundress has disposed of them, by mistake, to a butter merchant, whose name the poor woman cannot remember. You had better write some more, and keep copies this time.

A THOUGHTFUL GLAZIER.—Divide the rectilinear arc of polarity by the cube of arithmetical parallelopipedal progression, and the product will be what you ought to pay for putty.

A LOVER OF HIS COUNTRY.—Training a Rifle Corps does *not* exempt you from all taxation of every kind whatever; but if enough lovers of their country join, it may exempt MR. GLADSTONE from the necessity of putting on some more taxation to carry on a war. As to your squint, we see no objection to that; indeed, it may help to deceive an invading enemy.

A CONSTANT READER.—Nay, with pleasure. Besides, is it not everyone's duty to inform those who are less instructed than himself? R. I. P. in an obituary means "Respected in the parish."

PESTERATUS.—No, it is undoubtedly unlawful for you to fire a pistol at a person bringing you a writ, or a subpœna. We are not so sure about the case of a County Court summons; but you had, perhaps, better take counsel's opinion before discharging the weapon.

J. V. P.—Nothing is more snobbish than imagining offences, or taking them where they are not intended. If he called you an everlasting idiot, with no more brains than a pumpkin, and not half so much heart as a cabbage, we suppose it was only in playful *badinage*. If, as you say, it was before ladies, this proves it was only in fun; for who quarrels in their presence? You had better beg his pardon for having been irritated.

EBORAX sends us a packet of original articles, and promises to send a hamper of game. If he will be kind enough to send the hamper, and send for the original articles, we shall be much obliged.

A SINCERE ADMIRER.—We don't want any advice; and if you don't like us, you needn't take us in. Is it you, do you think, or we, who are obliged by your paying threepence for a casket of unequalled wit and inimitable wisdom? Better consider that problem before you talk of patronising. We patronise you, and creation generally.

BETTY.—Go to bed.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.—It is not a good thing to see two brothers so intimate and inseparable. When you see it, you may conclude that there are some discreditable family secrets, which each is afraid the other will reveal if allowed to form a new friendship.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—And he had a perfect right to give you the black eye, if you used the language you mention. No man likes to be told that he is losing his figure.

A YOUNG NATURALIST.—A fungus is not quadruped, as your cousin asserts, but a unfiped. We agree with you that the flavour is rather inane, and so thought LACTANTIUS VARRO, when he wrote *Fungar inani munere*.

PHŒBE ANN.—With every disposition to promote the marriages of our fair correspondents, we are unable to agree with you that a young gentleman's asking you whether you did not think Walworth a nice place to live in (he living there) is such an offer of marriage as will enable you to bring an action for breach of promise. Try to get him to be more gushing.

FURIOSUS.—We see no objection to your going, as proposed, to Bath, nor indeed, when there, to your getting your head shaved.

ULICK THEODORE O'BRIEN.—We have destroyed your address, and burned all your manuscripts, and if you come bothering us any more, we have left orders in the office that whoever is on duty shall forthwith punch your head, and then take you to the police-station across the street. Now don't provoke us to harsher methods of getting rid of an Irish poet.

FRANCES-PHILIPPA.—Your case is a very hard one. Your husband avails himself of your habit of lying in bed to breakfast and read novels, to help himself to the best of the coffee. It is mean in him, but you are without remedy. You might, however, revenge yourself by giving the servant a hint to boil his eggs hard, and frizzle his bacon to chips.

A LOVER OF SIGHTS.—The tenure by which the DUKE OF WELLINGTON holds Apsley House is his exhibiting every room in it to any person whose name is either ARTHUR, WELLESLEY (or WESLEY), DUKE, or WELLINGTON,—in short who has either the Christian name or surname of the Great Duke. Your card is generally sufficient, but it is best to take your baptismal certificate, lest the porter should be in a bad humour.

A BEREAVED ONE.—Your lines to the memory of a Belov'd Huncle are not deficient in sentiment, but would not be generally interesting. People don't care about their uncles. And what is the meaning of the line—

> "Thy Spirrit could not Mix with Common Clay."

Did not the old party like his pipe with his glass of grog? In that case he was a Nass, and unworthy of your Muse.

ANTHONY ROWLEY.—You have no right to have your indentures cancelled because your master insists on your washing your face every day. We allow that he is a tyrannical brute, but such is the law of England.

INQUIRER.—Colney Hatch is so called from the great number of conies which used to be hatched there. To take their eggs was felony under the forest laws of our barbarous ancestors.

FREDERIC PETERSON (Lambeth) wants to be told, privately, "who SCHILLER was." We grant no private replies, and suspect that there are so many hundreds of persons who would like to ask the same question, that our public answer will be a favour. SCHILLER was a Hungarian, who fought under the banner of DON JUAN of Austria, in his campaigns against the Spaniards; and having been wounded at the capture of Hohenlinden, was converted to Lutheranism by the celebrated BOSSUET, and afterwards wrote the famous *Works of Rabelais*, which he dedicated to CATHERINE DE' MEDICIS. He died a Carthusian; and his widow, re-marrying, espoused HORACE WALPOLE. Now you know as much as VISCOUNT WILLIAMS.

THESPIANENSIS.—We have repeatedly said that we will not undertake to give either the ages, heights, or weights of actors and actresses. We believe, however, that MR. B. WEBSTER is *not* more than seven feet high, and that he never played before KING CHARLES THE SECOND. MR. CHARLES MATHEWS *has* been vaccinated. You have no right to take a church hassock into the pit and put it on to the seat to make you sit higher, as, if we sat behind you, you should find.

LITTLE JEREMIAH keeps pickles in a currant jelly pot in his bed-room, and puts them on a chair by his bedside at night, that he may eat them when he wakes in the morning. His father threatens him with meat to his pickles, namely, cold pig, if he perseveres in this epicureanism. The poor boy should plead the pedigree of a pickle, as deduced by a celebrated etymologist. King Jeremiah, Jeremiah King, Jerry King, Gherkin, Pickled Cucumber.

EMMA'S SISTER.—Your poetry is very charming, and had we space we should have great pleasure in publishing it all. As it is, we must find room for a scrap:—

I KNOW I AM A PRETTY GIRL.

> I know I am a pretty girl,
> Although my cousins sneer,
> My teeth are all as white as pearl,
> My eyes are bright and clear.
> My foot is very small and neat
> (To mention it's no blame),
> But what is most divinely sweet,
> *My Henry thinks the same.*
>
> And I can sing, and I can waltz,
> And make a pudding, too,
> And if I have some little faults,
> I shall not tell them you.
> My hair has got a natural curl,
> AMELIA is my name;
> I know I am a pretty girl,
> *And Henry thinks the same.*

Go on, dear, music publishers eagerly pay for much worse songs than that, and some composers think them "capital words."

MATILDA and ROSY have had their fortunes told by an old woman in the Westminster Road, and they want to know whether we think there is "anything in it," as she certainly told them some extraordinary truths. She told MATILDA that something would reach her ears that would surprise her, and sure enough next day her mother gave her a sound slap on each side of the face for impertinence. ROSY was told that she would shortly have a loss, and in three days she lost her place for reading the *Sorrows of an Unhappy One*, while she let the mutton be roasted to a cinder. Our young friends seem fair samples of a fortune-teller's clients, and nothing we could say would do them any good.

A BEGINNER.—Leave off.

A GRAVESEND BELLE complains of the young men of that metropolis, who, she says, seem afraid to speak to a girl when they have been introduced to her, though they are impudent enough before introduction, and stare at you like—we are sorry to say we cannot print her porcine illustration. Perhaps her hints may do them good, but we always thought them muffs.

HORRESCUS.—Your song of the Night Mare, your Ode written on a Dissecting Room Table, your Lines on Galvanising a Deceased Donkey, and your Chants of the Cemetery and Catacombs, are all extremely elegant and highly creditable to you, but we fear might not be acceptable to nervous readers. We give a specimen:—

> Then under his ear in terror and fear,
> The galvanical wire they apply,
> And the Donkey he opened his ugly mouth,
> And winked with his fishy old eye.
> His leg it swung round, and behold on the ground
> Five students are stretched in a row,
> And the electrician, in sad condition,
> Cried, "Well, if that ain't a Go."

BARBARA.—It is certainly "very unlucky to cut your finger nearly off on a Friday," but we should not consider it an instance of the very highest good fortune if we achieved that feat on any other day of the week. Yes, any girl who cuts all the bread and butter for the family is a good girl, and ought to have an addition to her pecuniary allowance.

ANTIQUARIAN.—The Edgeware-road is so called from there being nothing sold in the shops but cutlery.

MISS LAURA MACGREGOR.—Saturate the hair every night with syrup of poppies to which a gill of maraschino has been added; flour the head well, and let the mixture remain in the hair all night. You will find your hair thick enough in the morning. If you cannot get maraschino, treacle and the yolk of egg will do.

THE MAN WHO DOESN'T MIND.

A Social Sketch.

MAN who Doesn't Mind is the most tortured of all the martyrs of society. He is constantly exposed to trials and privations. Like Ixion's wheel, his life is one continual round of profitless exertion—profitless, at least, so far as it concerns himself. Directly it is found out that he Doesn't Mind, everybody takes advantage of the fortunate discovery. His time and he are instantly at everybody's mercy, and no one ever dreams of being merciful to either. He gets imposed on right and left, in person and in purse. Bores bother him perpetually, and have no fear of being kicked. The remotest of relations act towards him as though they claimed the closest consanguinity, and thereby were entitled to be worse plagues than those of Egypt to him. Almost perfect strangers play the part of dearest friends, and use the privilege of friendship to drop in on him at any time. As for needy visitors, he has them thick as thieves, and few leave him without making an attempt upon his pocket. Bosom friends unbosom their family misfortunes to him, and do their best to make him miserable by the story of their sorrows. Yet of all these pests and plagues, none have the least compunction or compassion in their plaguings. However they may pester him they feel quite sure he Doesn't Mind it!

In fact, the Man who Doesn't Mind is perpetually exposed to all manner of annoyances and physical privations. Everybody takes advantage of the goodness of his nature. It subjects him to insult as well as inconvenience. People stamp on his pet corns, and scarcely ever beg his pardon. However much they hurt him, they conceive he Doesn't Mind it, and rely he won't take steps to avenge the pedal injury. When he goes out to dinner, he is always the worst served and the worst seated of the guests. He gets the backbones of the fowls, and the scrags of legs of mutton. No host ever dreams of giving him tit-bits. The chances are, indeed, that if the table's at all full he'll be moved off to the sideboard, and have to eat his dinner among dirty plates and dishes. People take for granted that he Doesn't Mind where he's put.

At a picnic, too, he finds his fate is just as sad a one. If there happen to be any children to be looked to, you may always take for granted that he's the happy man. And besides being appointed to the charge of the light infantry, he is sure to be entrusted with the heavy baggage also. The commissariat department devolves mainly on his shoulders. Whoever really is in fault, he is answerable for all its imperfections and deficiencies. When it happens that the knives and forks are left behind, everybody makes the most cutting of remarks to him, and digs at him unpityingly with some three-pronged sarcasm. Supposing such a wonderful accident occur, as that by some strange accident the salt should be forgotten, of course the Man who Doesn't Mind is told to go and forage for some, and not to leave a farm-house unattacked until he gets it. Then having duly done what was required of him as errand boy, of course he is expected to officiate as waiter; and should he steal time in his waitership to get a snack himself, he is pretty sure to find his seat assigned him in the nettles, or else where all the broken crockery and lobster-shells are shot. And to wind up his day's misery, should it rain going home, as it always does at picnics, of course he is expected to sit patiently outside and lend his rival his umbrella; and not to show the slightest symptom of annoyance, though he detects that rival, under cover of that umbrella, flirting fiercely with the widow with whom he himself is smitten!

In short, wherever he may be, and whatever he may do the Man who Doesn't Mind is never thought of for a moment, except as a convenience. Whatever foible he may have, he never finds it gratified. His known "little weaknesses" are wholly disregarded. No one ever dreams of studying his comforts. Like the desires of *Mr. Toots*, his most heart-cherished wishes are considered "of no consequence." However useful he may be, no one ever thinks of even saying, Thank you. Nor is he allowed any periods of respite. If on Monday he does a service for a friend, on Tuesday the friend calls and makes him do another. Any one, at any time, may ask him to do anything. Whatever hobbies he may have, people never give him time to mount a single one of them. They interrupt him just when getting his foot well into the stirrup, and never have a fear that he will venture to kick out at them. In short, they do exactly with him what they please, and solely for the reason that they think he Doesn't Mind it.

But the worst of it is, that in time even his wife gets seized with the infection. From seeing how his friends treat him, she learns to do the same herself. In her domestic calculations she puts him down as a mere cipher, and provides only for one,—herself being the unit. She expects him to go shopping with her twice a-week at least, and to do light porter's work, and carry home her purchases. She even dares to try if she can feed him on cold mutton, and she does so with impunity, and even without pickles; and she never dreams of palliating that connubial offence by the after-introduction of his favourite pudding. At least twice in every month she asks her "dear Mamma" to come and stay a week with her, and then coolly fills his dressing-room with the parental pugs and parrots. Of course it gets the smell of a travelling menagerie. But she dreads not the Divorce Courts. She feels convinced he Doesn't Mind it!

LEGISLATING FOR THE MILLION.

THE *Financial Reformer*, a work whose facts are figures, informs us that every General Election costs the successful Candidates the expenditure of a million sterling. What it costs the unsuccessful ditto would require a strong arithmetical head to calculate. Why should not the nation have the benefit of that million outlay? Why should it all go into the pockets of the Electors, and so feed their corruption? Since it is seemingly impossible to put down bribery,—since Members themselves, who should be the very last to violate the law, are generally the first to break it,—we would recommend that each seat be put up to auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder. It would then be an open commercial transaction, instead of being a secret one. At present, votes are grown much as mushrooms are—by being cultivated in the dark. You sow your money, keep it thoroughly dark, and in a very short time you have a beautiful crop of votes, warranted to give an extra enjoyment to the dinner of any Candidate who has the good fortune, thanks to his Fortunatus's purse, to be elected. Why should not the nation have the advantage of the money that is spent at every election, instead of its all dropping into the cash-boxes of the hungry lawyers, and helping to overflow the tills of the thirsty publicans?

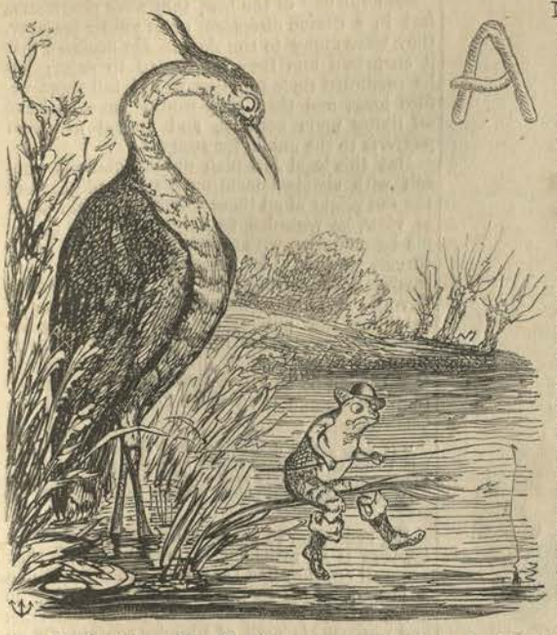
We would have a regularly-appointed public auctioneer, whose office it should be to regulate the sale and transfer of Parliamentary seats, and the Carlton and the Reform Clubs might be established as agencies. The House of Commons itself might be selected as the Great Political Auction Mart, where these seats should be put up for sale; and, with a little spirited bidding, we will warrant that the million sterling, which is at present the estimated cost of a General Election, might easily be worked up to two or three millions, and the national exchequer would be the gainer by it. Make this happy arrangement, and CARDEN might again come into Parliament, and the wealthy LEATHAMS might traffic boldly in the purchase of a seat, without being considered in the least disreputable.

Truth is Strange.

WHEN Cuddesden College was finished, the Builder thought fit to cut the initials of the Founder, the BISHOP OF OXFORD, and of the first appointed President, the REV. ALFRED POTTS, over the entrance, when there appeared—S. O. A. P. The inscription has been removed.

A STUPID REMARK.—As there is no House of Lords in America, a Yankee is justified in bragging about his "Peerless Country."

SIR PETER NOT HIMSELF AGAIN.



AN Ass once showed his long ears through a borrowed lion's skin; and the animal that *Dogberry* desired his clerk to write him down, still now and then appears in the misfitting robes of Justice. In proof whereof the following is a case in point:—

A boy is brought before SIR PETER, charged with an alleged attempt to pick a pocket. No witness appears who can depose to the offence, and the ground on which the prosecutor solely rests the charge is, that he fancied "he felt a pull at his coat pocket, and on turning round he saw the prisoner behind him." On the other hand there is abundant evidence adduced that the boy has for a long time borne the best of characters, and his master says that when the lad was taken into custody he had in his possession a quantity of gold leaf "which he might have stolen had he been that way disposed." Nevertheless, SIR PETER threatens to remand the boy to Newgate for some days, but is deterred by the "great sensation" in the Court, in manifest disapprobation of his threat. The master being guarantee, the boy again appears at the bar of the Guildhall; but, for reasons of his own, the prosecutor does not make a re-appearance, and it is shown that he not only has given in a false address, but that he is in the habit of preferring untrue charges. SIR PETER is obliged then to dismiss the boy, but it very clearly goes against his grain to do so, and as a parting benediction he lets fall this remark:—

"*Remember, boy, it is your good character that has saved you!*"

"Saved you," forsooth! Saved from what, pray, good SIR PETER? Saved from being, by your blundering, sent wrongfully to Newgate? If this be what you mean, you misstate the fact, SIR PETER. It was not the lad's "good character" that saved him from injustice. You turned your deafest ear to this plea in his behalf. It was the outcry in the Court to which alone you listened. Well, well, SIR PETER. We are none of us, you know, so young as we were once; and your deafness to the calls of common sense and common justice may doubtless be assignable to your length of years. Still, if ever we be falsely charged with picking pockets, all we can say is—Save us from SIR PETER LAURIE!

PRO BONO RE-PUBLICO.

IN Switzerland, we read that the expenditure of the country is at the rate of 5*s.* per individual. Of course, we never expected that in a republic any one would have gone in for a sovereign, even in the way of taxation; but the strangest thing is that, without a single sovereign, there should be such a multitude of crowns, for if you poll the entire population, you will find that there is precisely a crown to every head. The tax-gatherer, whose duty it is to carry the national hat round, could not make things fit more nicely. In England it does not stop at the crown, but every one is taxed head over ears.

THE BRASS BAND BURGLARS.

EVERY now and then when Parliament is up, and sub-editors are verging on despair for want of "copy," we see extracts from old journals stuck into the newspapers to refresh us as to what went on a hundred years ago, and remind us how much better we are off than were our forefathers. One of the many points wherein our better-offishness is specially paraded is the fact, that owing to our excellent police, our persons and our purses are less subject to attack, and our houses and our streets kept in much greater security. If we chance to stop out late, there are no Mohawks now o' nights to bully us; and we can come home from our clubs at any hour we please, without a fear of being knocked down and half-murdered by a foot-pad. Moreover, when we go to bed we can sleep in peace and comfort, undisturbed by any dread lest our house be broken into. A 1, we feel sure, is at the corner of the street, if indeed he be not supping in our very kitchen; and with such a cherub sitting up to watch for us, what nonsense it would be to feel nervous about burglars.

To show, *in fact*, how thoroughly our safety is protected, and how in every way a Briton's house is now his castle, we need but cast a glance at the following Police case, which a day or two ago was reported in the papers:—

"MARLBOROUGH STREET.—JOHN SUMMERLAD, a German, one of a brass band of musicians, was charged before MR. BINGHAM with persisting in playing an instrument of music in Queen Street, Mayfair, after he was required to desist, in consequence of illness, and with assaulting DR. ROBERT TEMPLE FRERE, Physician, No. 9, in that street.

"DR. FRERE said, the defendant and others planted themselves in front of his house at seven the previous evening, and commenced playing instruments of music. His mother being seriously ill in the house, he sent his servant to require them to desist. The answer being that they had been paid to play, and should not give over without being paid more to do so, he went himself and told them to stop, and the reason there was for doing so. The defendant, who was the most prominent, still refused, telling him he had no power to prevent their music. They had for about half a minute ceased, and then began afresh. In vain he begged of them to give over, and while they played the defendant in particular became exceedingly abusive, telling him he knew English law better than he did, and no one had a right to stop them. While looking for a policeman they played out their tune, and he followed them into Chesterfield Street, where they re-commenced. While here the defendant impudently told him he should not have his share unless he went round with the hat. Here they did not stay long, and he on the look out for a constable, followed them still, they every now and then running up against and hustling him; the defendant, with the long legs of a music stand under his arm, swinging the same out and aside, so as to knock him on the face with them, of which he, hurt at the time, had the mark remaining. To protect himself from this violence he with his hand pushed him off, and the defendant purposely fell, and then charged him with knocking him down and doing damage to his instrument to the extent of six guineas. At this moment a policeman came in sight, and he gave defendant into custody.

"The defendant, in reply, said he had only been a fortnight in London from Hessen, in Germany, and four days back joined the band. He then read a paper in his defence, in which he said he was at a loss to understand why he had been fixed on as the chief offender, for he did go when the rest went, and was thrown down by the complainant, and had his instrument crushed in the fall; that the Magistrate would doubtless consider him as the injured person, the complainant having dealt out his own law by upsetting him, and that he looked now for the Magistrate's protection as a foreigner of recent arrival.

"MR. BINGHAM, having explained the law to the defendant, sentenced him to pay a fine of 40*s.*, or be imprisoned for a month."

This case, we repeat, is taken from the papers, not of a hundred years ago, but of scarce a fortnight since. It proves, as we have said, how much we have advanced in point of street-security; and those noodles who affect to admire the good old times, may take comfort in reflecting that, after all, our progress in such matter is not great. Notwithstanding the invention of gaslight and police, bands of highway robbers still infest our streets, and steal away our comfort, if they cannot filch our cash. If we are ill, and just dozing off to sleep, like *Macbeth*, they "murder sleep;" if well, and just sitting down to work, they plant themselves directly underneath our "study" (!) window, and, unless we pay them hush-money, blow our brains out.

We think then that such ruffians as JOHN SUMMERLAD aforesaid should be charged with something more than merely an assault, when detected in such acts as those above narrated. To break into a house for the purpose of extracting money from its inmates,—if this be not "flat burglary," we should like to know what is: and we think that burglars should alike be punishable, whether they go to work with crowbars or trombones. We trust when Parliament next meets, there will be a due revision of the law upon this point. We should like to see our Magistrates empowered to deal summarily with culprits like this SUMMERLAD, and enabled to convict them of a crime not short of felony whenever, as in his case, the burglary was proved to be accompanied by violence. Meanwhile, worthy MR. BINGHAM has our thanks and κυδος for turning his deaf ear to the said beggar's petition, and paying no heed to the "paper" which he read in his defence.

SONG BY A SURGEON.

TAKE, take, blue pill and colocynth:
Hey, Sir! your liver is much out of order.
Take, take, rhubarb and aqua menth.:
Close on acute inflammation you border.
Symptoms about your head,
Make me congestion dread,
When I take them with the rest in conjunction;
Leave off wine, beer, and grog:
Arrowroot all your prog,
Let organs rest to recover their function.

GUY FAWKES FOR 1859.

THE LAW ON ITS LAST LEGS.

IT really almost takes our mental breath away to think of it, but if something be not done to help to foster their vitality, we fear the race of lawyers will soon become extinct. They will be numbered before long with the lost tribes of Israel, and the Lane of Chancery will know their face no more. The few surviving members, who have more longevity left them than the rest, will be found with empty blue-bags at the corners of the streets, waiting anxious-eyed to run, or rather hobble off, on errands, as rapidly and far as their fast failing strength will suffer them. Or haply we shall find them crouching curled up on the pavement, with the sad words "*I am Starving!*" chalked close beneath their noses, and a basket for stray coppers held between their teeth.

At the Meeting of the Law Association held the other day, the speakers spoke most mournfully about their gloomy prospects, and many made allusion to the "rainy day" in store for them, as though there was small chance of their getting an umbrella. The Chairman was perhaps the most desponding of the orators, and his oration reads more like a dying speech and last confession than any other form of words to which we can compare it. *Delenda est Lex* was the text on which he preached, and heartrending indeed were the remarks which he poured forth on it. He plainly told his hearers that owing to the so-called "amendment" of the law, they were progressing fast in a canine direction, or in vulgar parlance, they were going to the dogs. He declared that it surprised him they continued to exist; but he predicted their supplies would fall short before long, and that they would have to leave off living upon nothing, and appeal *in formâ pauperis* to the public for support.

But this legal Jeremiah did not content himself with simply lamenting his sad plight, and the sad plight of all those whom, in a legal point of view, he regarded as his brethren, he closed his Lamentation with something strangely like a threat, and to his Jeremiad imparted what savoured very strongly of the *Jeremy Diddler* flavour. Speaking clearly for the purpose of catching the public ear and "seriously inclining" it to that attitude of interest which is assumed by ears when pricked up by a threat that they'll be boxed, or that something else to their advantage is in store for them, said the Chairman—

"It may not be desirable that we should be too rich; but there is a proverb which says, that it is a difficult thing to keep an empty sack upright, and I am sure it is very desirable for the public that we should not be too poor."

So, according to this gentleman, honesty with lawyers is an article of luxury, and unless they are well off, they find they can't afford it. When a lawyer begins to go down in the world, he gives up his honesty as he would his carriage, and pursues his path of plunder contentedly on foot, until he can afford to be honest and to ride again. To be upright he considers is a matter not of conscience, but merely of the pocket. Like one of those toy figures which are kept upright by the swinging balance of a weight, a lawyer is kept upright only by a swingeing balance at his banker's.

Such at least is what we gather from the *dictum* we have quoted. The hint that it is difficult to keep poor lawyers upright, appears to our mind capable of no other construction. As with other beasts of prey, the conduct of a lawyer is dependent on his appetite. If you keep your cat well fed, it won't do you much mischief; and while a lawyer is well-fee'd he will not show his teeth much. But depend on it, as soon as either beast feels pinched, he'll betake himself to thieving without the slightest scruple, and lay his claws on everything that comes within his reach.

A CANDIDATE FOR AN INSTITUTION.

UNDER the head of "Undergraduate Extravagance at Cambridge," the *Times* relates a County Court case in which MR. EARDLEY GIDEON CULLING EARDLEY, a young gentleman who has lately come of age,—not to say arrived at years of discretion,—was sued for the price of some pictures and a map, bought by him in his minority. His bills incurred for similar trifles were said to amount to £16,000. On examination, this frugal youth stated that—

"He was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and also a member of the Society of Denmark, and he expected to be a member of the Society of St. Luke at Rome."

This is apparently a young man of great expectations. The membership of the Society of St. Luke at Rome is one of them which may perhaps be realised; but the expectant seems to stand a much better chance of being admitted into the Society of St. Luke in Old Street.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION RESERVED.

TRANSLATE as you will, you could never get the BISHOP OF CORK to be considered the same as the EVÊQUE DE LIÈGE.

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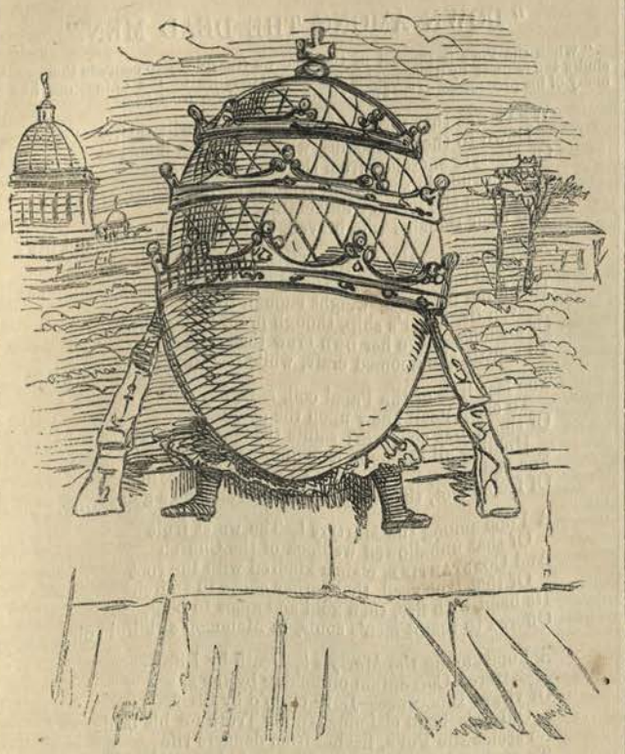


HUMPTY DUMPTY.

THE SCHILLER CENTENARY.

THE question keeps recurring to us, Will *Punch* have a Centenary? and if so, where on earth will the event be celebrated? The Crystal Palace may suffice for the Centenaries of SCHILLER, of HANDEL, or of BURNS; but will it be found big enough to hold the million upon million worshippers of *Punch?* Our own impression is that, decidedly, it won't. Indeed, we shrink not from predicting that a PUNCH'S CRYSTAL PALACE will have to be erected expressly for the purpose of keeping his Centenary; and some faint notion may be formed of the dimensions of this edifice, when we prophesy that ships of twice the size of the *Great Eastern* will float like toys in the big fountain basin in the central transept.

Meanwhile, let not the thoughts of the stupendous sights in store for it, distract the public eye and mind from sights which are now visible, and which, like those at Sydenham, are in general worth looking at. Until the *Punch* Centenary comes, the now existing Crystal Palace will doubtlessly suffice for the keeping of Centenaries. How many will be kept there before the Crystal Palace has to celebrate its own, is a problem which we leave to stronger minds to calculate. Had we not good faith in the good taste of the Crystal Palace Management, we should almost fear their mania for the keeping of Centenaries would induce them to keep such as were scarce worthy to be kept. If the mania spreads much, Centenaries will soon be coming thick as tax-gatherers, and the friends of any Anybody will get them for the asking. If the mania be not checked, we may live to see it mooted, Shall CATNACH have a Centenary? and the lovers of street organs, who have no ear for any music except that turned off by Handle, may like to get up a Centenary for that delightful genius by whom the art of organ-grinding was first introduced.

As we got into the train which rattled us, on Thursday, to "*Der Crystal Palast Schillerfest*," we seemed naturally to get into a train of thought like this. Our thought-train was however soon taken off the line, or at least we had to shunt it to make room for another. This we started from our mental terminus upon perusal of the following most mind-stirring remarks, which in German and in English, or at least in German-English, prefaced a short sketch of SCHILLER'S life and works, expressly written to be read upon the day of his Centenary:—

"Hundred years ago on this very day, the creative power of Providence poured one of the greatest poetical talents of modern times into a mortal mould. Hundred years full of terrible events (*erschütternder Ereignisse*) passed away in the everflowing stream of time (*sind in dem wechselnden Strom der ewigstarren Zeit versunken und verschunden*). Hundred years!—and joyfully-shouting we see in all parts of our little planet men, unite in order to celebrate the birth of one departed long ago (*um die Menschwerdung eines längst Dahingeschiedenen zu feiern!*)."

After this big-sounding flourish the word-piler subsides into more simple language, thus:—

"What is it which excites the Germans on this day, at home not less than abroad, in the North South East and West, on the shores of the icy Neva as well as on the thundering (*stürmenden*) Niagara, on the Danube as well as on the banks of the Ohio, yea, even on the gold-filled rivers of California? What makes them at home forgetful of the troubles and cares of their everyday life, their pitiful (*kläglich*) political position, the dissension of parties, the want of a happy independance (*an freier Selbstandigkeit*), the oppression of ignorance? What silences abroad the German's woeful pangs for a Fatherland, his restless chase after mortal goods, his hope for gain? What concentrates and moves all his thoughts and feelings as so many sparkling planets round one bright sun-light?"

To these poetic questions the brutal and prosaic mind might haply answer—BEER! If anything *can* excite a German, it is Beer! If anything *can* make him sparkle, it is Beer! So at least thinks vulgar ignorance, and shallow-brained conventionality. Psha! bah! pooh! Out upon such brutal and untimely jesting! To-day no thought or taste of beer is in the German's mind or mouth. What brightens and excites him on the memorable Tenth is—

"The heartfelt remembrance of the birth of our great and immortal poet, philosopher, and historian, FRIEDRICH SCHILLER; who, by stepping into the light of this world, became for ever a beaming light on the horizon of poetry."

To this we, mentally of course, gave a plauditory "*hear!*" and then skipping the biography, which was an insult to our memory, we read with mingled rapture, awe and wonder, this:—

"It would be now the moment to establish through Germany's vast provinces a brotherly unity in political life: for we have proved on the occasion of SCHILLER'S Festival that the Germans have, in fact, a Fatherland. A great, far-spread, boundless country! (*weit ausgedehntes, unermessliches!*) The empire of thought, imagination, and civilisation! There dwell the Germans creating in all the corners and parts of our terrestrial globe (*in allen Winkeln und Gegenden des Erdballs*), 'swelling eternity but by grains of sand,' putting their shoulders to the wheels of progress at the slowly-moving coach of universal civilisation."

This picture of the Germans putting their shoulders to the wheels of the coach of civilisation so completely overcame our comprehensive faculties, that when we reached the Palace we were forced to have some lunch, that being the best process we could think of for reviving them. Having thus regained our senses and serenity, we found ourselves enabled to listen with complacence to the singing and the fiddling which was done in the great orchestra, to a rattling accompaniment of knives and forks and coffee-cups.

Owing to our late arrival (we had been closeted with LORD P—LM—RST—N and MR. GL—DST—NE all the morning, helping them to get up the rough draft of their R—f—rm Bill, which, unless "our French friend" comes to "play a game that two can play at" before Christmas, will be the trump-card that the Government will lead off with, shortly after)—through this, we say regretfully, we missed hearing the Address which was delivered with much pantomime by energetic DR. KINKEL; and as his speech was all in German, we the more regret not hearing it, as we thereby lost a chance of pretending to know German by endeavouring to look as though we understood it.

We also missed the hearing of the Festival Cantata, and the sight of the "Unveiling of the Colossal Bust of SCHILLER," which a small wag, who of course would have tr-rembled had he known Us, dared within shot of Our ear to call irreverently a Buster! We, however, were in time for the "*Song of the Bell*," and we thought of our cracked friend all the time that we were hearing it. Perhaps the lines which most affected us were these:—

> "When the copper within
> Seethes and simmers, the tin
> Pour quick that the fluid which feeds the Bell
> May flow in the right course glibly and well."

Reading this, of course we naturally thought of the Tin which we have poured in, or have shelled out, for Big Ben; and this passage too awakened a painful reminiscence:—

> "Come in, come in!
> My merry men, we 'll form a ring,
> The new-born labour christening,
> And 'CONCORD' we will name her!"

With our mental ears still ringing with the Denison-cum-Mears-cum-Everybody squabble, we thought, had we to re-christen our Ben, we should rather name him DISCORD.

These reflections, of course, naturally filled us, being tax-payers, with sorrowful emotions. So, on the homœopathic principle, we tried to drive away sorrow by taking a small dose of the Show of Prize Chrysanthemums, which, as every schoolgirl knows, are called the "flowers of grief." After a minute inspection of the Show (by a "minute inspection" we mean a glance of sixty seconds), we came to the conclusion that the judges had shown judgment in giving seedling "Arthur Wortley" a first-class certificate, which seedling "Mrs. W. Holborn" (*query*, Holborn, W.C.?) and seedling "Miss Augusta" had likewise done their nurseries the credit to obtain. We also came to the conclusion that Chrysanthemums were prettier in blossom than in name, and we rather thought that a young lady with a cold (a complaint

which, thanks to Crinoline and tiny bonnets, is now prevalent) had better avoid asking CHARLES to come and look at her Chrysanthemums, for fear her pretty lips (and nose) might haply make such ugly sounds as "Cub ald look at by Chrysalthebubs!"

Having ocularly feasted upon this floral repast, we took the slight refection of a Captain's biscuit,* a refreshment which is cheap and nutritious if not nice, and has this further advantage, that while it feeds it exercises. We then came into the Gardens, *Maud*, to see the Torchlight Procession, which as every tourist knows, is a German institution, and natively rejoices in the uncouth name of *Fackel-Zug*. A cigar and curiosity impelled us to the lighting-stove, and there a courteous German asked us most germanely to become one of the torch-bearers. But the torches being made of pitch, our enthusiasm fought a pitched battle with our prudence, and as we hadn't our worst coat on, we declined the honour proffered to us. The torches when first lighted had a will-o'-the-wisp look, which made one think that all the jack-o'-lanthorns in the universe had flocked together for the sake of having a flare-up, in order, as wags say, to throw a light upon the subject. With the fountains playing merrily, and the moon patting their heads and tipping them with silver (the Benevolent may like to know that she did not tip Us with any), the scene was quite theatrical, and had all the advantage, whatever that may be, of having "REAL WATER!!!" in it. Indeed, if it had not been for the sharpness of our appetite (the Crystal Palace air, O Aldermen! is the best of strops for appetites) we very likely should have felt more sorry than we were when the nearly burnt out pitch-torches, were tossed into a heap: a sort of game of pitch and toss which, except upon Guy Fawkes Days, is seldom played among us. Had the evening been pitch dark, the pitch-light would have shone more brightly than it did. But what was wanting in the blaze was quite made up for in the smoke, which rose skyward from the bonfire in as dense a volume as would be made by a collection of the speeches of our Wiscount; whose oratory in this point may be likened to a *Fackel-Zug;* for, flare up as he may, there is very little sparkle in it, and it always ends in smoke.

* Prithee, why called "Captain's," eh, good *Notes and Queries?*

WOMEN'S WORK.

ALENTED SIR, I could find plenty of employment for women, but I never can get any of them to do it. At the present moment there are no less than nineteen buttons off my shirts. It is the same with my collars—not a string on them; the same with my gloves—not a pair can I wear, they are all so disgracefully full of holes. I also would willingly have my hair curled every morning, but I cannot get any one of my sisters to get up sufficiently early to do it for me! It is no better if I want to learn a particular song,—not one of the girls will condescend to teach it me, though there are six pianos in the house, I am sure, if there is one.

"Believe me, Sir, it is all nonsense: there *is* plenty of employment, but the truth is, when it is offered to the women they won't accept it. Why, I would undertake myself to keep two or three constantly employed all day with the few things (making flies, punching out wadding, and the like) that I want attending to. The fact is, the girls of the present day are getting confoundedly too proud, or else too lazy. They won't do a single thing. Why it was only yesterday that I asked MISS LUCY to clean my pipe out for me, and the young puss actually refused me to my face!

"That is a fact, Sir, and you are at liberty to make the most of it.

"I remain, Sir, with the greatest indignation,

"A SNUBBED BROTHER."

"P.S. My sisters say that I am a selfish, surly, disobliging brother, and that is the reason they will do nothing to please me. Pretty nonsense! Why they will do anything for TOM, and ALFRED, and GUSS; and I am sure *they* behave no better to them than I do."

SWIMMING FOR LADIES.—We hear that the Talking Fish is under an engagement to teach a large party of ladies to swim. He offers to teach them swimming, if they in return will give him lessons in talking.

"DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN."

"When the POPE is pressed by the DUC DE GRAMMONT to concede Reforms, he eludes the request by declaring his readiness 'to retire to the Catacombs like so many of his predecessors.'"—*Times Correspondent's Letter from Rome.*

WHAT was that threat, old man?—Thou wilt retire
Down to the Catacombs, where sleep the bones
Of Martyrs snatched from the arena's pyre:
With rude but reverend symbols on the stones,
That from the pagan's desecrating ire
Hid their remains who braved, by faith, both sword and fire?

A Pope among the Martyrs!—the last link
Of the long chain that round the Church's neck,
Has hung for ages—weight enough to sink
Even St. Peter's ship, though proof 'gainst wreck,
Of enemies—save her own crew that slink
To scuttle the doomed craft, while her watch-captains wink—

The last link of the Papal coil, essaying
To clasp itself anew upon the chain
Of those first converts: saints that fasting, praying,
Holding all things in common, using gain
For godliness, found Truth so strong for staying
Of feeble feet, that they lived down all men's gainsaying.

A Pope among the Martyrs! The worst fruit
Of that unhallowed wedlock of the Church
And CONSTANTINE, claims kindred with the root
Of that true seed, that rather chose to smirch
Its hand with fire, than gold and gems to boot,
Offered to tempt men's souls, in Mammon's skilful suit.

A Pope among the Martyrs! Death by Life—
Battered Corruption crouching by the side
Of virgin Innocence—Love clasp'd by Strife—
Old Falsehood claiming Young Truth for his bride—
So seems the POPE, fleeing from dangers rife
To caves where the young Church hid from the Pagan knife.

Or is 't that to the graves he fain withdraws,
As feeling that his place is with the dead—
Dry bones with dry bones making common cause,
For that the life of these, as those, is fled—
Though a tiara shades the fleshless jaws,
And gems and gold still shine upon the bony claws?

Or is it memory of the marvel, wrought
Upon the dead by the dead Prophet's bones,
That leads the POPE to the saints' tombs, in thought
That there are relics underneath these stones
Which with mirific virtue may be fraught,
To quicken once again that Power which now is naught?

What matter for the reason? 'Tis enough
To know the great Iniquity that sits
Enthroned on Rome's Seven Hills—though ne'er so tough
Its hold on mind and bodies—with mazed wits,
Sees nations mock its thunders, rude and rough,
As summer winds are mocked by some sea-breasting bluff.

ANOTHER POET ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

GRIM GARIBALDI to breach and to batter comes,
Awfully great is the Vatican's funk;
PIUS declares he 'll go hide in the Catacombs,
Down to the Dead Men, old cowardly monk.
Down with you then, sainted model of lowliness,
Fear not your dive will occasion a tear:
Italy's joy, when she misses your Holiness,
May be less civil, perchance, than sincere.

Such is the aid which the Church's head Shepherd
Gives to the flock he should guide and console!
Dreading his own holy hide may be peppered,
Eager he rushes to burrow a hole.
Nay, he does well. When the combat and clatter comes,
Men may be there he has reason to dread—
But what a proud day for the Church! In the Catacombs
Skulks from the storm her Infallible Head.

FLIGHT OF TIME.

"I ALWAYS know when it is Quarter-day, and time to receive my salary, by my wife asking me to take a walk with her down Regent Street."—*A Husband of Twelve Years' Combing.*

THE IDEA WE FIGHT AGAINST.

SEE the *Débats* on the causes of our increased armaments. formation of rifle corps, state of uneasy expectation, and double Income-Tax. Having contradicted the supposition that the menaces of the French Press have caused us to involve ourselves in all this trouble and expense, our Parisian contemporary proceeds to say that—

"The general anxiety which prevails among our neighbours is rather owing to a correct feeling of the false position in which the policy followed during these last years has placed England. Nothing is more common than for men to run into an evil which they are too eager to avoid, and the old saying which advises us not to jump into the water for fear of getting wet, has also its application in politics. England has been of late violently in love with neutrality, and has professed a predilection for peace hitherto unexampled in her history. The *Times* now tells us, what is the most apparent result of that conduct, namely, that in that country, which holds war in so much abhorrence, they are now making a hundred thousand rifles, and everybody is learning to use them."

Our friend the author of *The Thistle and the Rose* is requested to observe that, in the foregoing extract, England is put for the United Kingdom—part for the whole. He will please to mind that this figure of speech is employed, in the present instance by a French, and not an English journalist, and may consider whether it is probable that a Parisian writer has conspired with our London contemporaries to insult, by ignoring, Scotland.

The British Public (*Punch* will not kick against the prickles of the plant which is not to be touched with impunity, except by an ass) has, no doubt, endangered peace by having neglected to prepare war. It certainly has neglected to prepare war, partly because it holds war in extreme abhorrence; an abhorrence not lessened by the thought of the corpses now rotting in the mould of Italy, which Englishmen (and Scotchmen) have not forgotten, and by the sight of the stumps on which it sees young men hobbling about the streets. But the British Public was also induced to neglect to prepare war by the fond hope that some of its neighbours had ceased to be nations of cruel and brutal fools, and tiger-apes, capable of running loose upon their kind,—cutting, stabbing, squelching, lacerating them,—tearing out their entrails, and burning them alive, from the equally selfish and silly motive of a thirst for glory; that is, for the pleasure of getting mad drunk on the pride and ferocity of fiends, and of being worshipped by the survivors of their victims with the adoration of fear, as the miserable Yezidi worship the Devil.

The British Public has been disappointed. It prepared peace; and the Continental powers levied war. True, the huge hosts of the despots are chiefly formed of conscripts, of whom all may not be the voluntary slaves of their diabolical masters. Slaves, however, they are,—subordinates of those principal demons; and the best that can be said for them is, that they serve by compulsion, and perform under duresse, the drudgery of poor devils,—namely, in tormenting mankind, and trying to involve others in their own misery and subjection.

The British Public abhors war; but it abhors enslavement more. It abhors killing; but it hangs murderers, and has constables who will apprehend them and drag them to justice in spite of their teeth, and nails, and knives. It will deal, to the best of its might, in like manner with all comers who may approach it with sword and fire, vain-glorious and bloodthirsty rascals, who go to war for an idea; which is the idea of domination, crowning a series of accursed revels in carnage and rapine.

They Stick at Nothing.

THE old saying gives us fair warning that "if we throw plenty of mud, some of it is sure to stick." On the same principle, we suppose if we are continually throwing abuse at the penny-postage stamps, some of it is very likely to stick,—which may be one way of making them adhesive, since they will not be so in any other. These stamps are of the flightiest description, for one of them is no sooner on than it is off again, just in the same touch-and-go manner as CHARLES MATHEWS on the stage, when he is acting in a light farce. They are here, there and everywhere, but in the right place. They do not deserve being in the pay of Government, for they never know how to keep a post when one is offered to them.

PROS AND CONS FOR POPE PIUS.

THE POPE he leads a happy life,
He has the Church for child and wife,
With lodging, board, and washing free,
And eke Infallibilitie.

With ANTONELLI's counsels sage,
McGUIRE's and BOWYER's truthful page,
ABOUT may write what scoffs he will,
And the Romagna kick its fill.

Let GARIBALDI rouse to arms,
A CULLEN's voice the tempest charms;
If to play false NAPOLEON dare,
There's VEUILLOT and his *Univers*.

But yet he's not a happy man,
With GRAMMONT at the Vatican.
In PETER's chair 'tis hard to sit,
With pointed bayonets propping it.

MORTARA meetings break his rest;
SHAFTESBURY night-mares ride his breast;
Austria and France, his fav'rite sons,
Each other pound with swords and guns.

Between two stools, as all folks know,
Unto the ground a man will go.
Much more his Holiness of Rome
Between seven hills to grief must come.

Envoys of France his conduct school;
A rebel people spurn his rule;
As *brutum fulmen* coolly scan
The thunders of the Vatican.

When excommunications fail,
And drunken Switzer guards turn tail;
When naked Truth dares face the day,
Fig-leaves and figments thrown away,—

When Austria hides her damaged head,
And BOMBALINO skulks to bed;
When PIO NONO's best defence
Is VEUILLOT's truth and CULLEN's sense,—

Old Hollow Mask, that sittest there,
In PETER's aught but easy chair,
Bluster or bully, wail or whine,
I would not that thy seat were mine.

THE STAFFORD STOKING-ROOM.

WHAT has the first of the two sentences which constitute the subjoined handbill to do with the second?—

"The Scotch Express, leaving GLASGOW at 9.45 a.m., and EDINBURGH at 10.0 a.m., arriving at STAFFORD at 5.53 p.m., remains 15 minutes to dine. A HOT DINNER provided daily, in a comfortable Dining Room, and at a moderate charge."

The Scotch Express, certainly, arriving at Stafford at 5.53 p.m., and remaining there fifteen minutes to dine, may be capable of dining within that time. A quarter of an hour may suffice the stoker for feeding the Scotch Express with coke. But by whom may the hot dinner, provided daily in a comfortable dining-room, be supposed to be eaten? One would conjecture that its expected consumers would be derived from the number of passengers who might happen to get out of the train at Stafford, meaning there to leave it. Who would be such a fool as to scald his mouth, and render himself liable to an attack of indigestion, by attempting to bolt a hot dinner in fifteen minutes? The dining-room in which such a feat was attempted might be comfortable enough in itself; but the wretches endeavouring to perform the disgusting exploit would deservedly experience the severest discomfort in their own interiors.

RATHER KEEN.

"OUT AGAIN, JACK?"

"YES! I ALWAYS LIKE TO GET AS MUCH HUNTING AS I CAN BEFORE CHRISTMAS—THE WEATHER IS SO NICE AND OPEN!"

HOW ABOUT RIFLEMEN'S LIFE ASSURANCES?

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I HAVE the good fortune to be married to one of the handsomest, and I am sure and certain, one of the bravest of men, and how nobly my EBENEZER would look in the costume of the Edgeware Road Rifles you can hardly imagine. A fond and devoted wife (which I may say that I am) would rejoice to behold the husband of her heart in the uniform of her QUEEN.

"But, *Mr. Punch*, my beloved EBENEZER shall not, if I know it (and he does very little, I can tell you, a dear fellow, that I do *not* know all about), join a Rifle Corps, try on a uniform, or even look into a gunmaker's window, until I have my mind made comfortable upon the following point.

"When I consented to become his happy bride, my dear parents insisted upon my EBENEZER'S assuring his life, and he loved me too well to think of hesitating. He assured himself in either the Ineligible or the Unamiable Assurance Office, I forget which. To the sum thus secured, I, and the five darling children at present composing all our happy circle, have alone to look, in the unfortunate event of dearest EBENEZER exchanging this mundane world for a celestial.

"Now, dear *Mr. Punch*, I know that most of the Assurance Offices provide that they shall not have to pay anything if an assured life becomes extinct by duelling (and very proper), or by shooting yourself (and very proper too, only that the loss falls upon your family), or by your being hanged (which is not likely to happen to a respectable person), and I am told that in some offices they provide against paying if you fall by the hand of an Invader.

"Now, this is the point. If our Riflemen's Assurances are not made safe, whatever may happen to them in the discharge of their guns or their duty, no man who has a wife and children, and loves them, is justified in enlisting. If he cannot protect his own home by Assurance, he has no call to be protecting other people's homes by Valour.

"My EBENEZER shall not join, until he has it distinctly agreed that if anything happens to him in reviews, or in exercises, or in case the enemy comes, and EBENEZER rushes to glory (as I know he will) and meets a hero's doom, the money shall be paid by the Ineligible or the Unamiable, or whatever it is. Not that I should long survive him, of course, but I choose to have the money.

"I should think that the Assurance societies would not be such Idiots as to refuse to make this agreement with all the Riflemen, for if the country were left undefended, what would become of the Assurance Offices? Why, my dear *Mr. Punch*, the French would turn them all into *cafés*, and very nice *cafés* they would make, with their large tables and plate-glass doors.

"However, that is their business. If I were the Offices, I would at once let the Rifles know what my intentions were, and if I were you, *Mr. Punch*, I would publish a list of the Offices to which a brave Rifleman may safely go, and provide for his innocent family before encountering his ferocious enemies. No man will take such a steady aim at a wicked Frenchman as the man who knows that all is right at home.

"Lay the proud invaders low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
But before to fight you go,
Mind your policy."

"Pray bring this question forward in your own way, and believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*,

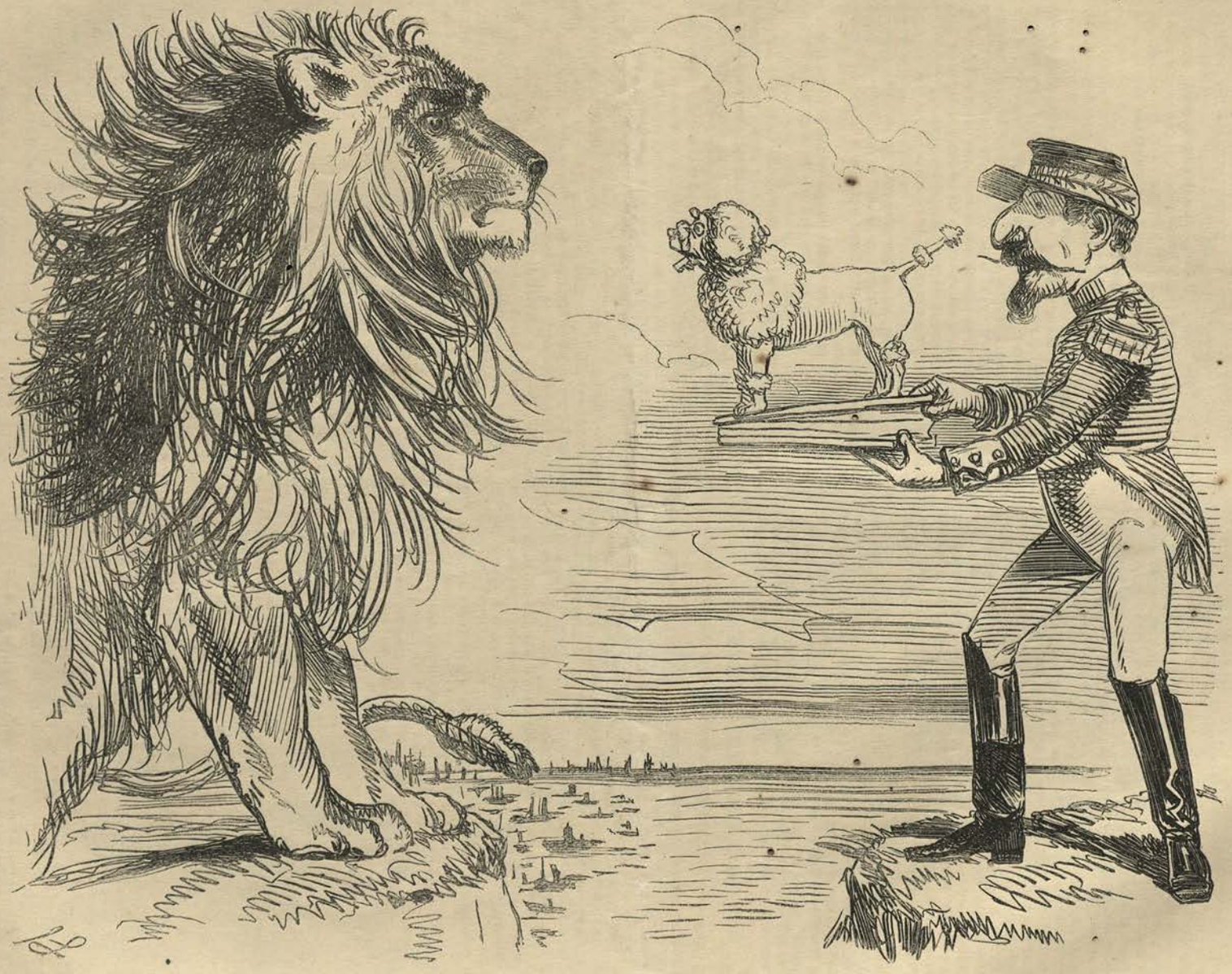
"Your devoted admirer,

"*Connaught Terrace.*" "CORNELIA CARNABY."

"P.S. The Assurance Offices that hinder gentlemen from enlisting, by the threat of forfeiting their policies, are surely enemies to the QUEEN and country, and might be prosecuted for high treason, and their money taken away towards the expenses of the war. You might mention this.

Getting a Rise.

ON account of the perpetual ferment in the parish, it is proposed to change the name of a certain oriental district to St. George's in the Yeast.



BOW-WOW !!

HIGH JINKS AT MIDDLESBOROUGH.

HAT truly odd fellows there seem to be at Middlesborough!—and the author of the advertisement whereof portions are subjoined appears to be one of them:—

DUNKERLEY'S GRAND DRESS BALL.

AT the repeated request of many of his friends, MR. DUNKERLEY has made arrangements for a GRAND DRESS BALL, to take place in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Middlesborough, on Monday Evening, November 7th, 1859. . . . Four Splendid Iced Cakes will be given—One to the Belle of the Ball; another to the Lady who approaches nearest to the Belle: one to the Best Amateur Step Dancer, who has attended MR. DUNKERLEY'S parties, and one to the Best Conducted Gentleman.

The Ball will be kept up till a late hour, so as to enable parties from a distance to depart by the early trains in the morning.

Doors open at half-past eight, music at nine.

We hope MR. DUNKERLEY'S Ball went off pleasantly. The prize to be awarded to the best conducted gentleman seems to indicate that the projected assembly was not likely to be remarkable for conduct of a superior description. It is to be feared that the iced-cake which was to have been allotted to the Belle of the Ball may have had the effect of the original Apple of Discord, and occasioned a row. We should like to know who took the part of PARIS on this occasion, and acted as umpire. The lady who was judged to approach nearest to the Belle of the Ball was perhaps dissatisfied at coming off second best, although she may have swallowed the affront with her iced cake. The gentleman who had the politeness to approach nearest to such a Belle was, perhaps, the rather deserving of encouragement. As to the best Amateur Step-Dancer, no doubt he fairly earned his prize by cutting capers of a sort very fit to be exhibited in the Hall of the oddest of Odd Fellows. Peradventure the "best conducted gentleman" concluded the *festive* evening with a song,—namely, "We won't go home till morning, till the early trains are near!"

THE WEAR AND TEAR OF RAILWAYS.

AN interesting paper on railway statistics gives us the information that "twenty thousand tons of iron require to be replaced every year on railways, owing to the wear and tear, and twenty-six million wooden sleepers require to be replaced annually from the same cause." These sleepers are evidently not what are called "sound sleepers," or else they would not have to be pulled out of their beds after they had been lying down for so short a duration of time. However, there are other questions connected with the wear and tear of railways that we should like to be acquainted with.

If a train comes in an hour or two hours late, what is the effect of the wear and tear upon the patience of the travellers? If a lady finds that her luggage, which she wants particularly that evening to go to a grand county ball, has been carried to quite an opposite direction of the kingdom, how does her temper stand the wear and tear? If a first-class traveller is obliged to associate with a set of foul-tongued short-pipe-smoking ruffians, that are thrust into his compartment, because there is no room for them in the third-class, is his dignity much hurt in consequence of the wear and tear to which his fine cambric, as well as his fine feelings, have during the time been pitilessly exposed? Then there is the wear and tear of a railway-meeting, when the poor shareholders cannot get an explanation from their chairman, who simply defies them, nor satisfaction from any of the officials, whose sole duty in attending appears to be to laugh at the questions put to them by any one who has an interest in the concern? And lastly, there is the wear and tear of mind and soul and pocket of the poor creatures who have invested all their savings in the property, and cannot get the smallest scrap of a dividend in return.

Leaves and Flowers.

"MR. BOHN, of Covent Garden, the eminent Publisher and Floriculturist, summoned a Cabman. . . . The Cabman was convicted. . . . MR. BOHN would rather have paid £5 than appear, but did so on public grounds."—*Police Report.*

FOR punishing that Cabman's scoff,
Accept two wishes, MR. BOHN.
Quick may your monthly rows go off,
Long may your monthly rose hold on.

A GO AT THE GAMESLAUGHTERERS.

THE Mania for Gameslaughter has increased so much of late, that *Mr. Punch*, who is a sportsman, and therefore not a gameslaughterer, feels inclined to say a few words on the subject, for the purpose, if he can, of checking the insanity. *Mr. Punch* has, indeed, two objects in so doing,—the one being to prevent the extinction of good sportsmanship, which in the present state of things he fears is rapidly approaching; and the other, to prevent the extinction of the furred and feathered tribes of game, which *Mr. Punch*, as a good sportsman, has no wish to see annihilated. Abundant evidence is daily furnished by the newspapers that there are grounds for apprehension on both these accounts. Here, for instance, is a paragraph which *Mr. Punch* takes quite at random from a multitude of others, and without the least intention to hold up to special censure the persons who are named in it:—

"IS IT SPORT, OR WHAT?—The DUKE OF RUTLAND, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, SIR JOHN THOROLD, and COLONEL TYRWHITT, shot through his Grace's preserves at Cheveley Park, near Newmarket, and in one day killed 230 pheasants, 30 partridges, 100 hares, and 17 rabbits. During seventeen days' shooting, the DUKE OF RUTLAND and his friends—three guns per day—have killed 702 pheasants, 2,230 partridges, 634 hares, 172 rabbits, 1 woodcock, 1 landrail; total, 3,740 head, and with that shot by LORD GEORGE MANNERS, on the outside portion of the manor in September, makes a total of 4,437 head."

To the question, Is this sport? *Mr. Punch* says plumply No. A good day's sport does not, to *Mr. Punch's* mind, consist in going out with armies of gamekeepers and gunloaders, and keeping up incessantly a blazing fusillade, and blowing everything to bits the very instant it gets up. This may perhaps be sport to those who love to hear their guns go off, and whose organs of destructiveness are so prodigiously developed that they shoot for the mere sake of making a good bag. But *Mr. Punch* takes no delight in such exterminating gunnery. *Mr. Punch* loves best to shoot after the manner of the ancients, and he sees no sport at all in these wholesale modern massacres. What *Mr. Punch* calls "sport" is, quietly to go out with a brace of good staunch pointers, and contentedly to bag his dozen brace or so of birds, while stretching out his legs upon a breezy Suffolk heath, or wading to his knees among the freshly-smelling turnips. When he shoots, he likes to kill, and generally does so. But the killing does not constitute the sole charm of the sport to him. To a rightly-thinking mind, such as *Mr. Punch's*, the main enjoyment of the sport consists in breathing the fresh air, and getting healthful exercise of lung as well as limb; while the game one is pursuing serves to occupy one's thoughts, and keep one's brain from brooding upon matters that might worry it.

No. To *Mr. Punch's* mind battue banging is not sport. *Mr. Punch* still likes to shoot after the fashion of his forefathers, however "mild" and "slow" that fashion may be voted. Your good old-fashioned sportsman loved to see his dogs work, and gave them time to do so. But everything now-a-days seems sacrificed to speed, and the race of Pontos is becoming fast extinct. Gameslaughterers can't wait for dogs to poke about, and point for them. They care nothing for the pleasure of shooting to a point. All they aim at is to make up a big bag; and, blown to bits or not, every head is scored as game that gets knocked down by their guns.

To good sportsmen, however, gameslaughter is not sport. Gameslaughterers may brag of their achievements as they will; but depend on it, true sportsmen will never praise or envy them. Gameslaughter is now-a-days a fashionable pastime, and many noblemen and gentlemen appear to take delight in it. It is, therefore, with due deference that *Mr Punch* complains of it, but it is with no diffidence that he puts forth his protest. In the eye of a true sportsman the crime of gameslaughter must rank as an offence scarce less than manslaughter. To bag a hundred brace a day appears to *Mr. Punch* unjustifiable birdicide, and *Mr. Punch* therefore won't shrink from publicly condemning it. As yet, no act of parliament has passed to punish the offence, and LORD BLAZES or LORD BANGER may commit it with impunity. They must, however, cease to speak of it as sport, or to fancy by pursuing it they earn the name of sportsmen.

A Real Imposition.

WHEN BRIGHT would stir a faction cry,
By argument that's nullity,
One awful tax he passes by,
Nor tells "the mass" how monstrous high
He taxes their credulity.

The Two Extremes.

THERE are many men who are continually going backwards and forwards from their wine-merchant's to the chemist's. To the latter they go to recover them from the effects of too many visits to the former; and to the wine-merchant they return to restore them from what they had been taking at the chemist's. It would be difficult to say which of the two bottles—the doctor's or the wine-merchant's—did them the most injury.

IN BANCO.—LOOKS LIKE IT.

MILD OUT-SIDER. *"Could you tell me, Sir, in what part of the—a—building I should find Mr. Robinson?"*

AFFABLE RACKET-PLAYER. *"I can not, Sir. The fact is, I am quite a Stranger here myself!"*

A CASE FOR DR. CULLEN.

IT is a wonder that DR. CULLEN and his accomplices who are urging the Irish to clamour for the enslavement of the Italians, do not get hold and make use of such monstrous cases as the following one, thus briefly reported in a contemporary, as having occurred at Great Berkhampstead Petty Session, before SIR A. P. COOPER, BART., and F. J. MOORE, ESQ.; after those justices had previously disposed of several frivolous and trumpery game informations by fining the defendants—

"HENRY OSBORN, of Northchurch, who did not appear, was charged with a similar offence. JOSEPH WILMORE said, 'I met HENRY OSBORN on Berkhampstead Common. A rabbit got up, and OSBORN threw a stone at it, and killed it: he then took it up, and put it in his pocket.' Fined £1 and 15*s.* 6*d.* costs."

Instead of howling and telling lies, the Irish titular ecclesiastics would, if they were wise, cite such cases as the foregoing one, and ask if any example of papal administration of injustice or maladministration of justice can be quoted to beat that. If these are the phenomena of constitutional law, does not constitutional law, they might ask, immeasurably exceed paternal government in cruelty and injustice? Of course the Magistrates COOPER and MOORE administered the law with all the lenity of which it admitted; otherwise they must be considered as holding the same relation to the Bench as that which the law itself bears to the Statute book.

HINT TO A FOND FATHER.

PAPA the POPE must be different from most other papas. Usually, the closer a child's relations with its father, the more affectionate is the filial sentiment. But in the Holy Father's case, while his children in America, in Spain, in Ireland, profess the most unbounded devotion and love for him, his children in Rome, close under his Holy Nose, would cheerfully subscribe their faggots to forward him on the road to Saint Peter, or wherever disembodied Popes are sent. It is a curious fact, that the Catholic says to the POPE as the sailor (meaning kindness) wrote to his wife, "The further I get from you the more I love you." Evidently, therefore, if POPE PERUGIA wishes to be loved of the Romans, he should make a bolt of it—and trust them to draw the bolt after him.

A FAMILY SECRET.—We never knew a family that had not a Genius in it.

MILLINER'S END OF CONTROVERSY.

THE REV. BRYAN KING officiated on the reopening of the Church of St. George's-in-the-East; occasioning a more disgraceful row than any which he had ever provoked before. At the conclusion of an irritating discourse, he told his flock that:—

"Their services henceforward would be performed without those eucharistic vestments which were familiar to them."

Familiarity, in that instance, appeared to have bred contempt. MR. KING added—

"He could never again put on those beautiful robes."

Poor MR. KING! "Oh, dear! I shall never put on my beautiful robes again!" Thus we imagine the reverend gentleman's lament—or might we not say the lament of the reverend lady? "Oh, my beautiful robes! oh, my handsome stole! oh, my splendid cope! oh, my pretty alb! oh, my love of a chasuble! oh, my duck of a dalmatic! Boohoo!"

However, MR. KING despairs a little too wildly in his excess of grief. He may still put on his beautiful robes in private, and, thus attired, admire himself in the looking-glass. Will none of his disciples get up a testimonial for him? say, a pair of ear-rings to match his beautiful robes, and to set them off in proper style, a variety of Crinoline?

JAPANNING THE POPE.

JAPAN has two emperors—a Spiritual Emperor and a Temporal Emperor. Why couldn't the Roman States be blest in a similar way? Why couldn't Rome have a brace of Popes? There might be a Spiritual Pope to attend to the affairs of the Church, and a Temporal Pope to look after the affairs of State. We think it would be an admirable division of labour, and one that could not fail to improve matters in the papal world, whilst it could not possibly make them worse. However, we would make the stipulation that the Spiritual Pope had no more authority than his spiritual *moitié* in Japan. He should not be allowed to budge an inch, or look either to the right or left, or to do a single thing, for fear of evil ensuing from it. He should be a complete dummy, and the dummier the better, for then it would be impossible for Cardinals, or Jesuits, or Ultramontanes, to play upon him, and he would be powerless alike in the hands of the Austrians or French. He should be handsomely boarded and lodged, and dressed as richly as the heart of any Pope could desire, but he should not be clothed with the smallest power of doing either harm or good.

BATRACHIAN ARRIVALS.

IN the Footman's column of the newspapers, chronicling the insignificant acts of persons of quality, we read that—

"HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OLGA DOLGOROUKY, COMTE NICHOLAS KOUCHEFF BERBORODKO, and M. LEOPOLD PISA, have arrived at Long's Hotel, from Paris."

Hah!—have they? We congratulate the PRINCESS OLGA DOLGOROUKY and COUNT BERBORODKO. As to M. PISA, we salute him too, as a gentleman of whose existence we are happy to hear; but his name is not sufficiently remarkable to make us include him in the congratulation we address to his fellow-travellers and guests at Long's. Their names are such that their safe arrival from Paris must be regarded as a very lucky thing for them. OLGA DOLGOROUKY, and KOUCHEFF BERBORODKO! *Brekekekex koax, koax!* The French must have taken them for frogs. They have had a narrow escape of it!

A PAPAL POLYGAMIST.—Can it be that the POPE, weary of his single blessedness, seeks the Catacombs because there he will be sure to find plenty of ribs?

MARRIAGE AS IT SHOULD BE.

OF THAT CRITTER, PUNCH,

"WAL, and heow air you, old hoss, and heow's the gals and *Judy?* Guess as heow her chickens air a gitting growed up neow, and 'll soon be fit to have their necks, leastways their fingers, ringed. Reckon now their schoolin's over, and they're quartered on your larder, you 'll be a lookin' out for chaps to come and splice 'em. Wal, if you've any doubts about their matches hanging fire, jist ship 'em over here, and we 'll soon do the needful for 'em. Our fellers in the States air all-fired hot for marryin', and for finery and fuss I kinder calc'late we chaw up all creation at a weddin'. Jist you listen here, old 'coon: this is heow we goes and does it:—

"Social events of stirring interest abound in New York. Revolving in symmetrical splendour, they unite to form that fashionable system, which is recognised as perhaps the gayest, the brightest, the most sparkling in its ceaseless whirl of excitement anywhere known. Occasionally the regularity of this system is disturbed by occurrences which, comet-like in their erratic brilliancy, afford a striking contrast to the ordinary flow of incidents, and startle beholders by their unusual lustre. One of these yesterday attained its perihelion. It was an event on which the minds of feminine New York had long been concentrated, and with which all tongues had tampered unrestrainedly. It was the marriage ceremony of MISS FRANCES AMELIA BARTLETT with DON ESTEBAN SANCTA CRUZ DE OVIEDO."

"You see, we ain't so vulgar as to call a splice, a splice. We haint no weddin's now-a-days. We terms 'em 'marriage ceremonies.' Wal, this here marriage ceremony—

"Took place in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the rush to obtain, not seats, but standing-room, was tremendous. Pews overflowed, aisles were thronged, and even the outer passages were speedily obstructed. The pews most favourable for observation were radiant with expectant countenances, and glittering with the glories of lace, silk, jewels, and dazzling shoulders."

"Applesquash and airthquakes! Ain't that screamin', neow: specially the shoulders! But here's a bit o' writin' I don't quite see the drift of—

"It was pleasant to witness the graceful mingling of the aristocracy with the democracy: pleasant indeed it would be in any country, but especially our own, where the lines of social distinction are so clearly drawn, and where the lineage of those who boast of ancestry can be so far traced back."

"Ain't this here a *lapsis lingua*, or whatever you chaps call it? We haint got no democrats nor yet no 'ristocrats out here. Ours is A free country, and our feller citizens air all of ekal birth. And as for talking of their 'boast of ancestry' and 'lineage,' that sounds to me oncommon like a bit of chaff. But toe git on with the splicin'—

"At 11 o'clock, when the organ sent forth its melodious welcome, the crowd was excessive. Rustling masses of humanity writhed in sinuous motion. Who could withstand those subduing influences of youth and beauty, of glowing throngs and mellow atmosphere, of flashing gems and sumptuous circumstances generally? Some ladies could not, it seemed, for yielding to the pressure they first bewailed their fractured skirts, then murmured feeble, incoherent appeals for aid, then fainted, and were borne out in collapse by stalwart policemen. But still the multitude expanded. Then beautiful brows were knitted with ire, cries of anguish were emitted, and masculine remonstrances poured out with frantic zeal, all of course without avail. The excitement was enormous."

"Wal, if haafe of that be true, I should raythor say it was. Talk of gals a crowdin' and a crushin' at your Drawrin' Rooms, why our fashionable weddin's beat 'em all by chalks. And I'd like to see your dowagers presenting of a critter as is fit to comb the hair or lace the stay-fixings of this:—

"The appearance of the bride was unexceptionably charming. Her fair blonde shone somewhat more luminously by contrast with the more sombre complexion of DON ESTEBAN. Tall and dignified, though young—her mien indicates but eighteen years—she bore her blushing honours well. Her hair was wreathed with orange flowers: her dress was exotic—of Parisian point lace—but her *parure* was of native manufacture. It proceeded from Tiffany, was of vast value, and deserves a brief description."

"This 'brief description' is so long that I ain't got time to copy it. But your gals will find what follers pretty much as interestin'. Next to larnin' what the bride wore, of course they 'll like to hear the full partic'lars 'bout the bridegroom:—

"It is only necessary to say of DON ESTEBAN, who is some inches shorter than the lady, and who is apparently some 55 years old, that he is darkishly disposed in the matter of complexion, with heavy half-curled black whiskers and moustache to match, and a Castilian fire in his deep-set eye, confirming the resolute earnestness of his countenance: that he was elegantly dressed in black, with intricately bordered white waistcoat and cravat, displaying for ornament only a solitary diamond breast-pin of excessive dimensions: and that he underwent with composure the ordeal of inspection to which he was subjected."

"Reckon as heow this portrait ain't drawed very flatterin', but then p'raps the penny-a-liner felt a leetle jealous. 'Darkishly disposed in the matter of complexion,' is he? Guess that sorter seems to hint that the Don ain't over fond of goin' toe the washin' tub; and when we air told that his whiskers were haafe curled, one might fancy that the Don had overslept hisself that mornin', and had to bust off toe the weddin' without finishin' his toilette. Wal, however, that might be, he came up toe the scratch, and this is heow the splice—I mean the 'ceremony' ended:—

"The assemblage of spectators, momentarily calm at the opening, fell back into tumult. The confusion and clamour deadened the sound of the Archbishop's voice. Sometimes the cries of '*Down front,*' and other remarks not pertinent to the occasion were heard. Men strained on tiptoe to catch the feeblest glimpse of the absorbing scene. Young girls announced intentions of fainting, until elevated to commanding points of view, when their faculties were miraculously restored. Some women indeed, with unlooked-for sprightliness, climbed into lofty windows, and gazed complacently on the less agile ones below. Others perched and balanced themselves insecurely on backs of pews, swaying dangerously with each throb of emotion that pervaded them. But amid, and notwithstanding all this turbulence, the ceremony did proceed and end, LIEUT. BARTLETT shedding tears the while. Then the bride turned, and standing in full view of the assemblage, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her eyes diffusing liquid lustre, showered kisses among her bridesmaids. After that, the party retired by a private door, and general dessication followed."

"What 'general dessication' is, I ain't learned enough to know, but to make a fitting climax it should be something stunnin'. Wal, next toe bein' the Don, I'd have liked to be a bridesmaid, and come in for some of them air kisses as was 'showered' on 'em. I think myself the bride ought toe have kissed the men all round, considerin' how they'd 'strained their tiptoes' toe 'catch glimpses' of her. Anyhow, old hoss, if any of your gals air fond o' showerin' kisses, if they 'll come and get spliced here, they 'll have a precedent for doin' it. Jist you tell 'em this, and say that though I'm not a Don, I'd not mind bein' stared at for the sake o' splicin' one of 'em, providin' as she's handsome, and you 'll come down with somethin' ditto with her. And so, old hoss, let's liquor Toe our 'General Dessication!'

"Yours to command, and, if she 'll take me, hers,
"(I don't know what her name is, but I ain't partic'lar),
"JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH GONG."

"P.S. I ain't quite forty-nine yet, and my whiskers air whole curled ones!"

LITERARY REWARDS.

VICTOR EMMANUEL has been distributing crosses and stars to certain French literary gentlemen, who followed the Italian campaign. It is not often that rewards in England are conferred upon literary gentlemen; but we think that MONS. MICHEL CHEVALIER is deserving of some distinction from the British Government, for the admirable letters he is at present writing in the *Débats* upon the relations between France and England. MESSIEURS EDMOND TÉXIER, JOHN LEMOINE, and others, merely received their rewards for recording the events of war. MONS. CHEVALIER'S cause is a far higher one, and consequently deserving of a higher recognition. By disabusing prejudices, and simply telling the truth, he has perhaps done more, from the nature of his position and the force of his talent, to maintain peace between the two countries than any English minister. However, as the arts of war are always more liberally rewarded than those of peace, we suppose that Virtue, like MONS. CHEVALIER'S, must be its own reward, always excepting the abuse, of course, of MONS. VEUILLOT,—for the abuse of such men must invariably be received as the proud testimonial of a good cause.

Experientia Docet.

WHY bad drainage should frighten
The people from Brighton,
Is what I can hardly explain.
I took purse (wife, and lodgings)
And spite all my dodgings,
I found there *no end of a drain.*

PATERFAMILIAS.

THE HAMPSTEAD TRAGEDY.

A DRAMA PERFORMED WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE IN THE COURT OF VICE CHANCELLOR SIR W. P. W. LAST WEEK.

SCENE—A Heath, and a Wood.

Enter SIR THOMAS.

Sir T. I want to build round this here heath.
Wood. Then you 'll do nothing of the kind. [*Kicks him off.*

Curtain.

THE LAST NEW THING IN CLOAKS.

Pretty Milliner (*trying it on*). "DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD SUIT THE LADY, SIR?"

[*Little Tomkins begins to like shopping rather.*

LADIES' LUGGAGE; OR HARD LINES BY A BRUTE.

How happy is the single life
Of all those priests and monks!
Not one of whom has got a wife
To bother him with trunks,
And bandboxes, a load too great
For man or horse to bear,
Which railways charge for, over-weight,
And cabs ask double fare.

Fell care as with your bride you post
Distracts your anxious mind,
Lest this portmanteau should be lost,
Or that be left behind:
Her baggage as you travel down
Life's hill, weighs more and more,
And still, as balder grows your crown,
Becomes a greater bore.

Outstretched by Fashion vile and vain,
Hoop-petticoats and vests,
Now British females, to contain,
Require no end of chests.
To which bags, baskets, bundles, add,
Too numerous to name,
Enough to drive a poor man mad,
A JOB with rage inflame.

The cab keeps swaying o'er your head,
With luggage piled above,
Of overturn you ride in dread,
With her whom you should love;
Then you, the station when you gain,
Must see that lumber stowed,
And fears about it in the train,
Your heart and soul corrode.

Thus does your wife each journey spoil
Of yours that she partakes,
Thus keeps you on the fret and broil,
Your peace and comfort breaks.
With all these boxes, all her things,
(How many!) to enclose,
The fair Encumbrance on you brings
A waggon-load of woes.

A REVEREND MASTER OF HOUNDS.

(*To the Editor of the "Record."*)

MY BELOVED BROTHER,

SUFFER me to draw your attention to the subjoined most interesting statement which appeared the other day in that truly edifying newspaper the *Morning Post*:—

"FOXHUNTING AND THE CLERGY.—A few days ago the EARL OF PORTSMOUTH inaugurated his foxhunting season at Eggesford, North Devon, with a generous hospitality. The house was open to all comers, whether attired in fustian or scarlet, and a sumptuous repast was provided for about 300 guests. The occasion was considered appropriate for the presentation of a testimonial to the REV. JOHN RUSSELL, incumbent of Swymbridge, who for many years had most creditably discharged the duties of a master of foxhounds of that district."

LORD PORTSMOUTH, in presenting the testimonial to MR. RUSSELL, spoke in terms of high praise of the popularity of that reverend gentleman and of his kindness and warmth of heart, remarking that—

"It was true that MR. RUSSELL had shown an attachment to the noble sport of foxhunting, but he (the noble Earl) had never heard that he had ever in a single instance neglected his duties as a Clergyman for the exciting and health-giving sports of the field. He was one of those who thought that a Clergyman was quite as much in his place in following field-sports, as he was in gadding about to balls and parties."

I feel quite sure that you will coincide in the opinion above expressed by the EARL OF PORTSMOUTH. But at the same time I am painfully afraid that you will also declare the converse, and say that you consider a dancing clergyman as properly employed as a fox-hunting one; and I also fear that you will further intimate your conviction that the one is riding and the other dancing exactly the same way, namely, that which SHAKSPEARE (whom the French profanely style the divine WILLIAMS) calls the primrose path: riding and dancing to a place which I need not name. Mark then this cheering and satisfactory assurance that the reverend master of hounds and incumbent of Swymbridge is walking in the right way as well as accustomed to gallop across country:—

"To show that the pleasures of the chace are not incompatible with a zealous discharge of ministerial duty, it was stated that the REV. MR. RUSSELL had presented to him a testimonial from his parishioners on leaving a former curacy, and that so highly was he esteemed by his present parishioners that they had also presented him with a testimonial of their esteem."

These facts may serve to correct some erroneous sentiments which I have too much reason to think that you entertain concerning the pleasures of the chace. Abide not in the prejudice which deems them sinful. Oh! if you could only listen to the earnest conversation which foxhunters are wont to hold on the subject of their cherished pursuit, and particularly on that noble animal by whose aid they practise it—I mean not the fox but the horse—you would soon learn that fox-hunting is an avocation which may truly be described as serious. And oh! if you were to notice the glow of health which suffuses the face of the habitual huntsman, you would admire the congruity of hale condition with sound views, amongst which you would then rejoice to recognise the view holla. Yea, you would own that his fresh-coloured cheeks are meeter for a Protestant minister than the sallow visage which is liable to be mistaken for that of a Popish priest. Believe me, in the wish that you may one day taste the sweetness, and enjoy the privilege, of sitting under, and peradventure of riding after, the REV. JOHN RUSSELL, Master of the Swymbridge Hounds, alway affectionately yours.

PUNCH.

P.S. Recollect that the Man of Sin forbids fox-hunting in the Seat of the Beast.

The Mortara Story and Moral.

A JEW boy comes home rather grimy and greasy,
The servant maid sprinkles him, using no soap;
"He's a Christian," cries PIUS, with conscience unqueasy:
Cries *Punch*, "But if making a Christian's so easy,
Oh, why doesn't somebody sprinkle the POPE?"

A CHEQUERED CAREER.—When one's cheque is continually coming back marked, "No effects."

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Elegant Party. "THERE'S ONE COMFORT NOW-A-DAYS; A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG FELLER, WITH A HELEGANT FIGGER, CAN ALWAYS BE A MODEL TO A PHOTOGRAPHER!"

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SCENE—Hyde Park. MR. GLADSTONE, *coming from Brompton, meets* MR. DISRAELI *coming from Park Lane.*

Mr. Gladstone. My dear DISRAELI, how are you? What a bracing morning! Which way are you going?

Mr. Disraeli. Can you doubt? To the Serpentine. Have I not been declined by the Scotchmen, for Lord Rector of Glasgow. Ought I to survive it? But before I die let me congratulate you upon being more acceptable to Sawneydom.

Mr. G. Yes, I have been chosen Lord Rector of Edinburgh, but we won't be proud, because that's wrong. (*They laugh.*) If your appointment with Orcus is not urgent, take a turn with me.

Mr. D. Political, do you mean. What, going to change again?

Mr. G. I never changed my politics, my dear MR. DISRAELI. But no politics are the worse for having a little India-rubber in them.

Mr. D. To rub out one's former lines with?

Mr. G. Nay, epigram in the open air, before dinner——

Mr. D. I am schooled. You mean that elasticity has its advantages. True, but elastic things have a habit of coming back with a snap that is the deuce and all. Sometimes it jerks folks out of University seats.

Mr. G. (*tartly*). And sometimes it don't. But let that pass.

Mr. D. That pretty ancle, do you mean? Yes, it does the owner credit, whoever she is. But whence comes the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER?

Mr. G. I have been at the Brompton Boilers.

Mr. D. Trying some machinery for a new taxation?

Mr. G. Oh, don't talk about that. No, I've been looking at the pictures, with the new LORD MAYOR, who admires them hugely.

Mr. D. Eh? Then he aspires to the title of Sheep-Shanks's Mare.

Mr. G. Too bad; but I will take care he hears it.

Mr. D. If you like. I shall hardly have to make a Ministerial speech during his tenure of office, unless you fellows display preternatural genius for getting into a hole. May one ask after Reform?

Mr. G. As well as could be expected. In fact, getting on nicely. At least so I am told. But I mind my own business.

Mr. D. I take the hint, of course, and am dumb.

Mr. G. No, no, I didn't mean that. I should be happy to tell you anything I knew, but really I know nothing about it. At the proper time I shall know all, I presume.

Mr. D. Avoid presumption, and tell me how it happens that you are at this eleventh hour sending out for returns on which, I suppose, you are going to build your Reform statistics?

Mr. G. Eleventh hour be hanged, and put the returns in your pipe and smoke them.

Mr. D. A la bonne heure. Don't be astonished if they are smoked on the SPEAKER's left, some fine afternoon in February coming.

Mr. G. About questioning time, with a prefix to the effect that somebody would be the last person in the world to embarrass administrative arrangement by inquisitorial indiscretion, but having had the honour of holding a not irresponsible office——. (*They laugh heartily.*) All right. We shall have an answer for you, I dare say.

Mr. D. Nay, there's no want of answering in a Whig Administration, except that the thing itself never answers.

Mr. G. My dear fellow, mercy. Remember I am only just out of the society of a Lord Mayor. Frankly, I do not see why all information could not have been obtained without writing public letters, but some people have a mania for official correspondence. But as to your eleventh hour, we have got four clear months.

Mr. D. Four, that's April. Taxes first, eh?

Mr. G. I can't say. But even if so, it is in conformity with the principle of the Reform Act. First pay your taxes, and then come for the franchise.

Mr. D. Yes, and if ever there was a pettifogging Whig innovation upon constitutional right, that was one. The idea of making a candidate for Parliament, an assistant clerk to the tax-gatherer!

Mr. G. De cette église je n'etais pas sacristain, my dear friend. I was not one of the Reform Ministry—I was (*slily*) never even a Radical.

Mr. D. No, and your mental process has therefore been incomplete and unhealthy. Every boy ought to be first a Republican-radical, and next a *jure-divino* Tory.

Mr. G. And then sober down, or rather up, to a——

Mr. D. Conservative-Liberal, like me.

Mr. G. Or Liberal-Conservative, like me.

Mr. D. And so become an ornament to his age and a blessing to his country, like both of us. (*They laugh.*) What a fleet of little ships those children are launching on the water! Talking of that, PAKINGTON hopes and trusts that you are doing justice to his conceptions, and keeping his navy up?

Mr. G. He's very good, but give notice of your question.

Mr. D. I hear that the DUKE OF SOMERSET has made four civil answers in five weeks. What trouble you must have taken with him. Who has been the Rarey?

Mr. G. Patriotism, I suppose, but I know nothing about it.

Mr. D. Shall you be offended if I ask whether HER MAJESTY'S Coalition are on speaking terms?

Mr. G. Bless you, most affectionate terms. Are we not always having Cabinet Councils? There goes a child into the water while his nurse is engaged with the soldiers.

Mr. D. Exactly what some of you hope will happen in the case of your Reform child. And the invasion idea may save you yet.

Mr. G. I'll tell LORD JOHN that you called him a nurserymaid. But it is truly kind in you to be so much concerned for our welfare. They might as well get that child out, though, before he is drowned. I see three courses open to me—to go to the Humane Society house, and report the circumstance, to tell the nurserymaid that she ought to be ashamed of herself, or to mention the incident to the policeman I see on the other side of the Park.

Mr. D. Perhaps, if one saved the little lad, it would only be to preserve him to be brought up a Peelite. On the whole, I think a masterly inactivity may be the most humane policy. Ah! the butcher-boy has fished him out. He is saved without my intervention.

Mr. G. I trust the country may be as fortunate. Well, good morning.

Mr. D. Good morning. [*They part.*

Mr. G. (*aside*). Vinegar varmint!

Mr. D. (*aside*). Oily beggar!

A GOOD YOUNG MAN.

MONSIEUR LOUIS VEUILLOT implores of MONSIEUR EDMOND ABOUT to become *un bon jeune homme.* If to be a good young man is to act, and write, and indulge in abuse and blackguardism after the style of MONSIEUR VEUILLOT; if to be a good young man is to fill yourself with the worst prejudices, and then to hurl anathemas against every one who will not share those prejudices with you; if to be a good young man, is to do the dirty work of the Church, and to believe in all the lies and miracles that the stupid priests may wish to cram down your throat; if to be *un bon jeune homme* is in any way to resemble MONSIEUR VEUILLOT, then we implore of MONSIEUR EDMOND ABOUT to remain as he is, and to abjure with all possible loathing so pernicious an example. It is sad to see an old serpent, like MONSIEUR VEUILLOT, breaking his teeth by attempting to bite the numerous wise saws contained in MONSIEUR ABOUT's work of *La Question Romaine.*

HOW TO DEAL WITH TORY CANDIDATES WHO BRIBE.—Send them to a Reform-a-Tory School.

THE SLANG OF THE SUPERIOR CLASSES.

A YOUNG lady of quality, and a nobleman, were married the other day at the usual place in George Street, Hanover Square, and of course the *Morning Post* chronicled the event. The reporter deserves credit for the following paragraph:—

"The company, on leaving the Church, reassembled at the family mansion of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, in Portland Place, where breakfast was served to a party of nearly 200 guests."

"Breakfast was served." To be sure; that is the way to write: how much better than saying that the party "partook of a *déjeûner*," as if the idea of breakfast were something that ought to be wrapped up in the decent obscurity of a foreign language.

It is true that in the next paragraph we are told that the bride and bridegroom left Portland Place "*en route*" for Goodwood, when the writer might much better have said "bound for Goodwood," or "on their way to Goodwood;" but allowance must be made for habitual practice, which is hard to break. Use is second nature, and nature, as we all know, will keep recurring, although you "huck un out" (as they say in Hampshire) with that implement in the name of which lies the meaning of the flunkey's euphemism, *déjeûner à la fourchette*.

LOVE'S REASON FOR LOVE'S RHYME.

BY THE HON. AUGUSTUS TWYNTWYNE.

In Answer to the Question "Why he Loved?"

As sunlit ripples of a slumbering ocean,
As dial shades, that seem unmoved to dwell,
By slow gradation of their viewless motion,
Still onward march—still upward stealing swell:
So on Love's golden sands flood-tide will brim,
Love's light mark noon upon Life's dial-rim!

Why do I Love? Does Love require a reason?
(*Aside*) [Though twenty thousand reasons I could tell.*]
Do roses in the blooming summer season
Ask why so fair they show, so sweet they smell?
Or does the bee on busy wing that comes
Sing aught but "Honey, honey!" as he hums?

If of my Love I could make long division,
And part it into twenty thousand words,
I love because to love is bliss Elysian,—
I sing "Love, love!" What sing the singing birds?
What! ask me still "Why I do Love thee?" pet!
Sweet! (*kisses Miss Lutestring with tender emphasis, and adds, aside*) she has money,—and I am in debt!

* Alluding possibly to the reputed charms of MISS L.'s figure, not in the flesh (for MISS L. is of a spare complexion) but of her pecuniary figure, which is a round one.

Question for Mr. Planché.

A SCOTTISH lady who is coming to town next season, writes to *Mr. Punch* to say that she has been studying the table of "Precedence among Women." Her husband is in a Highland Rifle Corps, and she wishes to know whether she is not entitled to claim, in addition to the privileges of Wives of Gentlemen Entitled to Bear Arms, those of Wives of Gentlemen Entitled to Bare Legs.

"THE GREAT TRIBULATION COMING."—Is it LOUIS NAPOLEON?

CITY ARTICLES IN THIS STYLE.

"SIR,

"I HAVE often lamented the great poverty of style about the City articles of your contemporaries, and I am satisfied that I or even you* might do the thing better. I should like to give a few illustrations of the kind of article that would suit. Take for instance the *T—m—s*. In this case the words should flow ponderously† and majestically along; a kind of Baconic Macaulayean or Miltonic style. Thus:—

"'Great were the changes in the Consol market to-day. At times elated with joy, then driven to the lowest depths of despair, the wild speculators of the Stock Exchange revelled in the severity of the fluctuations. Men talk of the excitement of the gaming table, the hopes and fears of the turf, but what are they to the ferocious exultation or the terrible anguish felt by those whose fortunes and credit are doubled or imperilled by a rise or a fall of an-eighth. Yes, one half-crown may be the ruin or the enrichment of thousands. At early morn whispers went around that the jarring interests of France and Austria had been reconciled, and that peace would again reign between the rival empires. Straight the cry arose, 'I'll give 96¼,' and far beyond the sacred precincts of the Stock Exchange went forth the happy news. 'An advance of an eighth, an eighth advance!' resounded from Houndsditch to Temple Bar, from London Wall to London Bridge. Men spoke fearfully to one another, and hesitated to credit the (City) world wide rumour. Expectation was on tiptoe as the moment arrived for the Second Edition of the *Times*. Fiercely jostled the dealers to catch sight of the fortune-making journal. In a moment the gigantic BUGGINS hoarsely bellowed 'four new iron-cased gunboats for the French navy!' and down down went Consols until a fall of a quarter was the frightful result,' &c.

"There now, *Mr. Punch*, I flatter myself that that is something like the writing that befits the leading journal. A different style might be employed with the *D—ly News*. In the case of this lighter paper, a more flowing sort of diction is required. At present the *D. N.* indulges in a few flowers of fancy, but there is still scope for improvement. Suppose we give a specimen:—

"'Bright as the bright morning sky were the cheerful countenances of the dealers on the Stock Exchange, and gladdened were their hearts. A heavenly rumour that peace was signed conveyed new spirits to their bosoms, and Consols at once jumped up an-eighth. Merrily bounded forth railway stocks, Turkish and those miscalled investments which are especially the delight of speculators. On they caracolled, Caledonian leading the way, that stock which represents what we may call the whiskey side of the character of our countrymen across the Tweed, so wide are its gyrations. Lancashire and Yorkshire, London and North Western fast stocks sensitive to the smallest influences, and then Great Northern, that steady-going bow-windowed (if we may so term it) stock that moves up one per cent., and has done with it. Merrily capered the bulls, and tossed up prices so high as to be beyond the reach of the disheartened bears who shrunk gloomily into their dens. Alas! how evanescent is joy. The second edition of that iniquitous cold blanket (there is no necessity to allude further to a journal deserving to be crushed into obscurity by the enlightened public opinion of England, which as is generally allowed, we represent) led to a quite unnecessary panic. The bulls stood aghast, and forth rushed the bears, who with deadly hug pressed down Consols a quarter per cent. Railways *et id genus omne* were also determinedly driven down.'

"And so on. There is again the *Mo—n—g H—r—d*, a paper devoted to the interest of LORD DERBY. Why do not the respectable old ladies who I am given to understand conduct this publication, take a leaf out of his Lordship's book. LORD DERBY is noted for his sense of the chivalrous, and we may charitably hope that a little of his sense might with some difficulty perhaps be infused into the worthy editresses of the *M. H.*

"Oh for a poet's pen to describe the bright feats in the mêlée of the Stock Exchange this goodly morn. Speculators for the rise tilted bravely with operators for a fall, and many were the broken purses. Such a joust has not been seen for many a day. The former for a time had the advantage, but their opponents were not easily to be routed. 'Gramercy for my Lancashire and Yorkshire,' cried one bold knight.

* Cool!—*Punch*.

† How is the case at present?—*Punch*.

'I defy one and all to dispute the firmness of my stock.' 'I dispute not its charms,' said another, 'but what equals my peerless Midland; peerless in position, in dividend, and its unapproachable home, far beyond the reach of rivalry.' 'Be satisfied with your olden charmers,' boasted a third (a very young knight).

"I rejoice in the youthful, the bright of hope, the dear in every sense. 'Great Northern A.' 'A pin for your railways,' chorussed several, 'for have not Consols many admirers? the English Funds against all comers, be they Russian Loans or Brazilian Railroads, or even Victoria Debentures, heroes of a hundred fights.' But vainly were they all praised up, the fierce onslaught of the opposite faction (crest, a bear; motto, 'Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee') caused a rush back. Approach of the settlement, additions to capital. Parliamentary expenses were their watchwords, but before the terrible cry of New India Loans all faces paled. Great was the ruin. One unhappy speculator for the rise was affixed to the black board, with arms reversed, a recreant knight unable to ransom his favourite stock."*

"I need not go further, this I am quite sure is sufficient to prove how great an improvement can be effected.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"SIDNEY SHAKSPEARE SMITH."

"*Private and Confidential.*

"To save trouble, I may as well give you my terms for undertaking the City Department of any of these papers. As you will probably receive applications from all four, of course you may accept the best, but it must be distinctly understood that I will not take less than £2,000 a year, unless there are contingent advantage, say £1,500, with a house in the best part of town, coals, candles, (and beer) being of course included."

* There are two more pages of this stuff, which consideration for our readers determines us not to print.—*Punch.*

THE TWO MAGUIRES.

THE *Morning Post* says that a fellow named MAGUIRE:—

"As a member of the Town Council of Cork appeared a few days ago in person to resist the appointment of a deputation to meet LORD CARLISLE on the occasion of his coming to lay the foundation-stone of a new bridge, the old edifice having been swept away by a flood in the year 1853."

LORD CARLISLE, according to the *Post*, put himself out of the way to travel in November to Cork, at the request of the citizens, in order that he might inaugurate a useful work—thus evincing his anxiety to perform a public duty. "Yet," adds our contemporary:—

"This duty is in the Town Council pronounced to be 'humbug and fudge' by a speaker who wears, wonderful to say, a barrister's gown, who edits a popular journal, and who—still more wonderful—is a member of the British Legislature."

In short, from what the *Post* says, one might be tempted to conclude that this fellow MAGUIRE was no other than MR. MAGUIRE, Editor of the *Cork Examiner*, and M.P. for Dungarvan. This must be a mistake. The journal in question goes on to say that this same MAGUIRE also proposed in the Town Council that an amnesty should be demanded for the rascal MITCHELL, the escaped convict, who recommended would-be rebels to throw vitriol on British soldiers, and is now doing his small possible to persuade the French to invade Great Britain. The Town Council of Cork repudiated both MAGUIRE'S antipathy to the EARL OF CARLISLE and his sympathy with MITCHELL; rejecting as well his proposal to insult the LORD LIEUTENANT as his notion to solicit a pardon for the criminal, now trying to levy war against the QUEEN.

That the impudent, coarse, vulgar dog who called LORD CARLISLE'S Act of complaisance and kindness "humbug and fudge" can have been MR. MAGUIRE, M.P., is incredible. Still more incredible is it that the fellow who made common cause with the other fellow actually engaged in plotting treason against the state is identical with the honourable Member for Dungarvan. It is true that MR. MAGUIRE, the Irish Member, represents the POPE rather more than Dungarvan. It is true that this champion of Irish freedom has written a pamphlet designed to extol the papal tyranny. There is no doubt that he is an Ultramontane fanatic; but surely some unaccountable blunder has caused him to be confounded with the insolent sympathiser with a traitorous blackguard. MR. MAGUIRE is an M.P. He knows what is due to the character signified by those initials, which, if he really were the sort of character that some namesake of his appears to have shown himself, he would retain for a very short time after the Opening of Parliament.

Homœopathy for the Toilette.

MILK of Cucumber is advertised for curing sun-burns; price 2*s.* 6*d.* per quarter-pint. This is a high figure; what makes the stuff so dear? Perhaps this milk is a solution of the problem of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers; and acts, on the Homœopathic principle that like cures like, as a remedy for sun-burns.

ANOTHER GO AT THE GAMESLAUGHTERERS.

R. PUNCH last week said a few words against game-slaughter; and, as whatever *Mr. Punch* may say is always certain to be listened to, those few words would suffice to diminish that offence. But it being *Mr. Punch's* way to clench nails after hitting them, he has prepared himself for hammering away at the same theme, until the crime of gameslaughter is utterly extinct. The text on which his Sermon will this week be preached is taken from the *Montrose Standard* of a short while since:—

"NOBLE SPORT.—The other day MR. HALL, who has been residing during the shooting season at Hunt Hill, on the grounds of LORD PANMURE, in the parish of Lethnot, killed a fine young stag at 208 yards distance, from horseback. He also killed a royal stag, the first ever known upon the ground, and shot this year 20,008 hares."

If it had not been for the last sentence in this paragraph, it would not have excited the just wrath of *Mr. Punch*. On the contrary, indeed, had the "noble sport" consisted of the deerstalking alone, *Mr. Punch* would have awarded it the κῦδος which it merited. To kill a stag from horseback at above two hundred yards was a feat of which a sportsman might be pardonably proud, and *Mr. Punch* would have delighted to assign him all due honour for it. What is afterwards narrated is however widely different, and smacks very much more strongly of gameslaughter than sport. To shoot a hare at all is scarcely to be viewed as a sportsmanlike proceeding. Hares should by rights be coursed or hunted, and not shot. Pot-hunters are prone to shoot them, it is true; but what is sport to pot-hunters is death to sport with sportsmen. If pot-hunters had their way, all the game which could be got at would go speedily to pot.

Mr. Punch would fain repeat that the killing of a stag at 200 yards, off horseback, is such an act of sportsmanship as may be well called "noble sport." But the term is surely misplaced when applied to the achievement which is afterwards recorded. To massacre by shooting more than twenty thousand hares is more an act of butchery than a feat of sport. It savours of the slaughterhouse, and not the sporting lodge or shooting-box. People who can shoot don't care to kill a hare by it. One of the chief delights in shooting is to make a difficult shot. The more difficult the shot, the more one likes to make it. A sportsman therefore seldom lets his gun off at a hare; inasmuch as it is seldom at all difficult to shoot it. In general, one finds that any muff can shoot a hare. *Mr. Punch* would as soon think to miss a haystack if he fired at it; and as for the achievement of bagging 20,000, he is not disposed to think it much to boast of. Vast as his estates are, *Mr. Punch* might find it difficult to put up 20,000 hares, but "when found" it would be easy work to go and "make a note" of them.

To palliate the enormity of shooting 20,000 hares, *Mr. Punch* has heard it questioned whether his contemporary has not put a nought too much; and it has been hinted that 2,000 would perhaps be nearer to the truth. To *Mr. Punch's* mind, however, it really matters nought if this be so, or not. Be they two thousand or twenty, enough hares have been shot to show that their destroyer has committed wilful gameslaughter, and deserves the reprobation of all sportsmen, for the act. Especially a vote of censure is demanded from those who love to see their greyhounds or their harriers go a-field with them. The question really is of vital national importance; for unless something be done to stop such wholesale massacres, the country will ere long be left without a hare apparent.

Indignant Impromptu.

WHO is the Lord Lieutenant of Kent,
Whose business seems to be to prevent
The muster of Riflemen plucky?
Mr. Punch would be very content
If that ass of a Lord Lieutenant of Kent
Were kicked from Kent to Kentucky.

IMPERIAL BLACK.—LOUIS NAPOLEON'S character.

HOW A FOOLISH BIRD DID TRY TO SWIM ACROSS YE BRITISH CHANNEL!

MUSIC BY STEAM.

THE Crystal Palace is a place at all times worth a visit, and it is especially worth visiting just now. Not only are fresh air and unadulterated sunshine, free from fog, to be obtained there (and these are luxuries which anyone who has to live and breathe in London would willingly at this time give a half-crown and half-day for), not only are the pompones and chrysanthemums in blossom, and the orange-trees and evergreens all wearing their best looks, as befits the favoured inmates of a nice warm Winter Garden; but, added to the other known attractions of the Palace, there has lately been erected one whose fascinating influence will doubtless draw to Sydenham a myriad of visitors. We hope we shall not startle our more nervous-minded readers when we state that an INFERNAL MACHINE is now on view, and may be publicly inspected in the Central Transept, where it goes off daily at one and five o'clock. For a description of this curious but diabolical invention we are indebted to a contemporary:—

"A new American invention called the 'Calliope,' or 'Steam Orchestra,' was exhibited, for the first time in England, on Saturday last, at the Crystal Palace; attracting, of course, considerable attention by this promise of novelty held out in the title. Nor was the promise altogether unfulfilled. The 'Calliope,' if not one of the most harmonious of musical instruments, is certainly one of the most original ever heard in this world, since the discovery of the bagpipes and the hurdygurdy. It is, in fact, a species of organ, the pipes of which are worked with steam instead of air. Externally, it has more of oddity than of beauty in its favour. Upon a common counter-like table, some thirty odd brass cylinders, of varied dimensions, stand up perpendicularly in two rows, while at one end are keys that set in motion the mechanism by which they are made to send forth sound. The same effect is also produced with a barrel, working by means of a handle."

So the grandly-named "Calliope" is in point of fact a barrel-organ, with the extra disadvantage (that is to say, as far as its hearers are concerned) that its so-called music is extractable by steam; so that its motive power becomes a greater nuisance even than an organ-grinder's, inasmuch as it won't tire and has no body to be kicked.

"One manifest drawback to the new invention is, that at each note emitted a puff of steam is sent forth also. The consequence is that, after a few minutes' vigorous playing in the Listz manner, the instrument is surmounted by folds of vapour, heavy and dense-looking as the sculptured clouds in Westminster Abbey. This in the Crystal Palace produces an effect rather picturesque than otherwise, perhaps, and as the steam has plenty of space in which to escape, no manifest inconvenience results. But we imagine that in a drawing-room the 'Calliope' would be calculated to disseminate on all sides illustrations of one of the worst features of 'washing day' scarcely to the taste of dress-coats or crinoline."

This sounds somewhat penny-a-linerish, but it is by no means an exaggerated statement. Our first notion indeed on finding what great puffs the instrument emitted was, that some of our composers would be anxious to employ it, seeing that their music will not go off without puffing. We thought, moreover, that had we been asked to christen the Calliope, we should have tried to find a more befitting name for it. To call it a steam orchestra is contrary to fact, for the sounds which it produces can in no way be compared to those which any orchestra that we have heard has given birth to. We should ourselves have rather called it the Whistling-Eccalobeion, or Steam Music Hatcher, though there would certainly have been a fair objection to our title, for the music which was hatched was not music at all, but in fact a most unmusical most melancholy substitute. Indeed we wonder that the talented inventor of the instrument did not on first hearing it become a sort of *Frankenstein*, and fall an aural victim to the *Monster* he had moulded.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—To teach the men to behave better to them. Our only fear is that the employment would take them all their lives, and that after all they would not gain much by it.

BRITANNIA—THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE!!

A SHOT BY A NON-SHOOTING STAR.

THE Ex-Champion of the Sepoys (need we name the *Morning Star?*) has been giving further proofs of its patriotic spirit by disparagingly sneering at the Rifle-Shooting Movement, which, the *Star* thinks,—

"On the whole, is very much to be regretted, because whilst it proves itself utterly incompetent for a duty it will never be called upon to fulfil, that of resisting the invasion of our shores, its only tendency has been to create a false impression in France as to the just and friendly disposition of England, and it may yet provoke an antagonism very much to be deplored."

Punch need not tell his readers that he differs with the *Star*, *toto cælo*, in these views. *Punch* has all along supported the Rifle-Shooting Movement, because, so far from thinking it may irritate our neighbours, he deems it a sure means to induce them to keep friends with us. However, this is a free country, and every one, of course, has a right to his opinion; else there might be such a thing as bringing to a pump the man who could just now put forth such silly stuff as this:—

"In the meanwhile, France ought to be made acquainted with the fact that the Rifle Corps movement, which can only number five hundred juvenile recruits in the City of London, and but handfuls of unread young gentlemen in the country, is by no means a national movement like that of 1804, when invasion was actually threatened, and when nearly four hundred thousand individuals responded to the call to rise in defence of their country. . . . . Nevertheless, these puerile manifestations of weakness which the Rifle Corps movement has excited, and such rude conduct on the part of certain English journalists, are truly vexatious and annoying, for they help to perpetuate strife, and to familiarise both countries with the notion of invasion and war."

To make the French acquainted with our (so-thought) weakness is clearly not the way to make them keep at peace with us; and the language of the *Star*, however lamb-like it may seem, may be considered quite as likely to provoke them to attack us as the "rude conduct" of those journalists of whom the *Star* complains. Of course, foremost in the throng of these rude journalists is *Punch*, whom the *Star* devotes a column to the purpose of demolishing. After accusing *Punch* of "asinine stupidity," and hinting that *Punch* resorts to the use of illustration only because his "braying stands but little chance of being translated into French," the *Star* continues thus its complimentary attack:—

"In pandering to the low taste for braggadocio indulged in by a certain portion, and we firmly believe an insignificant portion, of its readers, *Punch* is a disgrace to the country in which it is tolerated. Its cartoon this week is the illustration of an idea at once the most feeble and the most insulting to our neighbours across the channel. It is feeble even to silliness, and insolent to a criminal extent."

Punch calls this complimentary, for, seeing how the *Star* has pitched into the Rifle Corps, *Punch* considers it a compliment to be pitched into by the *Star*. Censure from some people is the highest form of eulogy which they are competent to give; and *Punch* would much regret saying anything just now which might unhappily provoke the laudation of the *Star*. As for the cartoon the *Star* is good enough to compliment, *Punch* looks to History to chronicle the effect it will produce:—

"For what purpose can such an artistic falsehood be perpetrated? Is it to excite a laugh on this side of the Straits of Dover, or hatred of us on the other? If the former be the object, it will be a failure, for we will venture to say, not a single man of ordinary good sense or good feeling has seen it who has not *blushed down into his boots* at its imbecility. If to excite animosity against us in France is the object, it may possibly succeed. If, as some people pretend to suspect, LOUIS NAPOLEON is designing to get up a war between the two countries, we know no means by which we could more effectually rouse an exasperated feeling of hatred among the French people than by importing a hundred thousand copies of this week's *Punch*, and distributing them among the *cafés* of Paris and the departments. If *Punch* should receive a large order from the French Government for his cartoon, we may look for war; if not, we shall hold it to be proof positive of the pacific designs of the French EMPEROR."

If *Punch* did not "blush," at any rate he tr-r-r-r-rembled "in his boots" on reading this. Little did he think when he knocked off his Cartoon that his "BOW-WOW" would most probably be sounded as a war-note, and his design be used for testing the designs of the French EMPEROR!

*** *Postscript* (*added for the benefit of nervous-minded readers*). Up to the hour of going to Press, *Punch* has only sold his usual million copies, and has NOT received the order for the extra "hundred thousand." This, then, is "proof positive" that the EMPEROR is pacific. Let England go to bed and get up again in peace! VIVANT REGINA, ET RIFLEMEN, ET PUNCH!!

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD AT ANDOVER.

A MOST outrageous trespass, involving the destruction of property to an immense amount, has been committed in the neighbourhood of Andover. The perpetrators of this enormity were the other day brought to justice at the tribunal of their county; present, according to the *Andover Advertiser*, SIR J. W. POLLEN, Bart., H. B. COLES, ESQ., and the REV. C. DODSON. The particulars of this aggravated case of extensive and wilful damage, are thus briefly stated by our Andover contemporary:—

"COMMITTING DAMAGE.

"ANN GOODALL and DIANA WITHERS, a girl about 14 years old, both of Charlton, were summoned by MR. GEORGE FRY, of Enham, for having on the 20th ult., committed damage and injury to certain underwood of his situate in Belgrave copse, to the value of 2*d*. Defendants pleaded guilty to being in the copse, but said they did no harm; the Magistrates, however, seemed to have a different opinion, and fined them 13*s*. being the costs, and damage to be paid between them."

When we seriously regard the amount of underwood represented by the value of 2*d*., and duly consider the size of the faggot which would be constituted by a quantity of twigs equivalent to that sum, we shall be enabled adequately to estimate the magnitude of the offence committed by these little but destructive girls, and, in some degree, to appreciate the lenity of the Magistrates in imposing the more than merited penalty of their probable crime. The juvenile and desperate offenders may think themselves well off to have escaped with costs amounting only to 13*s*. to pay for the tremendous and twopenny havoc which they committed in FRY'S copse. But the greatness of the judges' clemency, as well as that of the guilt of the criminals who experienced it, is especially apparent in the award which directed that the damage should be paid between them. A fine so heavy as twopence, in addition to 13*s*., would have been richly deserved, of course, by either culprit; but the considerate justices were content with sentencing them to halve it, and pay a penny a-piece.

This was tempering mercy with justice; yet the former virtue may very possibly enter in too large a proportion into a judicial sentence pronounced by the Great Unpaid, especially when their number includes a clergyman. We are by no means sure that ANN GOODALL and DIANA WITHERS, on suspicion of damaging underwood to the value of 2*d*., ought not to have been committed to the county gaol.

The Pope's Representative in Congress.

THE *Patrie* announces that CARDINAL ANTONELLI will represent his Holiness the POPE at the approaching Congress. This news wants confirmation. It is probable that *Punch* will represent the POPE, and that the representative of his Holiness will, in that case, be a prodigious Guy.

FAINT PRAISE.

JOHN (who has come for the Saddle and things). "*Yessir, there's Master—he is a Starin' hard, sure-ly* (a pause); *and there's t' old mare—and isn't she a Starin' !*"

ARTIST (nettled). "*Well, there's the dog, he's staring too, I suppose—*"

JOHN. "*Ay, Sir, that he be!*"

THE HOUSE-SURGEON IN SAMARIA.

MR. PUNCH has received the *Twelfth Annual Report of the Samaritan Free Hospital*, an excellent Institution, with some ridiculous rules for the guidance of its House-Surgeon, on which *Mr. Punch* animadverted in his penultimate number. The Report of the Hospital contains a list of the Committee of Management, consisting of the names of persons of honour, worship, reverence, and quality. That these gentlemen can have composed the rules which fell under the criticism and condemnation of *Mr. Punch*, is quite impossible. As gentlemen of education they must know that one great use of a Hospital is the promotion of Medical Science for the public good, and to that end that the office of House-Surgeon ought to be a remunerative one, and the prize of knowledge and ability.

Punch is glad to hear that the actual Matron of the Samaritan Free Hospital is not an old woman. So much the pleasanter for the House-Surgeon. But, if she is a widow, she may marry, and her successor may answer to the abstract idea of a Matron. Any body of gentlemen must see the propriety of allowing the member of a liberal profession to choose his company at his meals, or, if he likes better, to enjoy them alone.

In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* will take the opportunity to remark, on behalf of the Samaritan Free Hospital, that the smallest contributions will be thankfully received.

VERY GOOD COMPANY.

A various reading of BARRY CORNWALL.

SING, sing, who sings,
To the people who 've done with priestly kings?
And whose were these men of hopes?
The Pope's, boys, the Pope's;
They 've kicked him out as clean as can be;
And got SIGNOR BUONCOMPAGNI.

Drink, drink, who drinks
To the people who 've snapped a tyrant's links?
And where is the tyrant's home?
At Rome, boys, at Rome,
Where he sits and growls like a bear to see
They 've got SIGNOR BUONCOMPAGNI.

To the Wives of Would-be Farmers.

LADIES, believe (we're sure you will)
Amateur farming 's all our eye:
Make all your Husbands go to Drill,
That is the best Drill-Husbandry.

SENSE FROM SALOP.

MR. PUNCH always feels great pleasure in praising, and great pain in blaming, as must have been observed throughout his career. If he, therefore, blames a good many people, and praises a very few, it is because this is a world in which self-denial is a duty, and we ought to refuse ourselves many pleasures. He has, however, before him a case in which he intends to award decided praise. His eye is ubiquitous, and therefore it is not surprising that the luminary in question should light upon the remote but interesting Salopian borough of Oswestry. There, as elsewhere, a Mayor has just been chosen. *Mr. Punch* reads in the *Oswestry Advertiser* (which, if it have not the frantic genius of its Fleet Street namesake, is a precious deal more reliable than that impetuous organ) that the Mayor selected this year is a highly respectable tradesman of the name of PHILLIPS. Touching him, a Town-Councillor, MR. MINSHALL, seconding the nomination, remarked, with the most straightforward good sense:—

"Some persons may say—'What does a tradesman know about law?' Some people are ignorant of law, and not knowing it, make law for themselves; but MR. PHILLIPS knows that he does not know law, and when he needs it he will have the good sense to apply to the Town Clerk, who will always be able and ready to advise him. MR. PHILLIPS will look at facts with the eye of a man of business, and he will get his law from the Town Clerk. (*Cheers.*)"

Mr Punch would have been among the cheerers, had he been in the council of the town of the late KING OSWALD. But only imagine such a speech made on the nomination of a London Mayor, or any of the yet more bumptious municipal chiefs of our principal towns. Fancy telling PETER LAURIE, the ex-saddler, that he knew nothing about law, and that he must apply to MR. CHARLES PEARSON for some when he wanted it. Why, the roof of the Guildhall would have been blown clean off by his indignation. We shudder at the idea. But while imagination *is* on the wing, let her take the tremendously bold flight of conceiving PETER LAURIE, the ex-saddler, making such a rational answer as was made by MR. MAYOR PHILLIPS:—

"I will devote my time to the duties of the office, and I am sure I shall never fail to consult our worthy Town Clerk on any questions on which I have any doubts."

No, imagination has ventured on too daring a flight, and like Icarus comes tumbling down with melted wings. PETER could never have demeaned himself to speak so modestly and sensibly. There must be something like justice to be had at Oswestry, and we hardly believe that if a drunken fellow came before MAYOR PHILLIPS, and accused a well-conducted little boy of picking EBRIOSUS's pocket, simply because Boy was near EBRIOSUS, MR. PHILLIPS would propose to send Boy to Newgate until further notice, or, if he so threatened and were shamed into fair play, would blunder out that Boy's good character had "saved" him, when there was nothing to be saved from but a drunkard's mistake and a Magistrate's folly. We are sorry that our PETER is not a member of the Oswestry town council, though, to be sure, that is rather a spiteful thing to say of a borough that never did us any harm. *Mr Punch* amends his wish, and would be glad that as good sense were talked in KING LUD's town as in KING OSWALD's.

It Makes all the Difference.

Visitor. "Do you mean to say that you took your carriage out in that fearful fog the other day? Were you not afraid of injuring the horses?"—*Host.* "Oh, no! not in the least. We job our horses."

BOY. "*Little Britain! Do you mean to say that you've walked London* all these years, *and don't know Little Britain!*"

FAIR WORDS BY A FRENCHMAN.

MR. PUNCH last week gave a dozen lines of κῦδος to MONSIEUR MICHEL CHEVALIER, and he feels inclined this week to give a dozen more. MONS. CHEVALIER'S assertions so startled *Mr. Punch*, that *Mr. Punch* at first half doubted if he could believe his eyesight: and when his spectacles assured him the words *were* in real print, he felt more than half disposed to shake his faith in his optician. One no more expects just now to find a journalist in France writing sensibly of England, than to see a sweep in spectacles or a sailor in top-boots. When *Mr. Punch* therefore first saw what MONS. CHEVALIER had said of us, he thought he was a victim of some optical delusion, and he even now can scarcely believe that he is not so. However, here the words are, in very black and white, and *Mr. Punch* can see no cause why he should not put faith in them:—

"A State which sends abroad 3,000,000,000 f. (£120,000,000) worth of the products of her manufacturing industry, without counting a mass of foreign merchandise, in respect to which she acts as an intermediate agent—such a nation cannot do without the freedom of the seas. A State which receives from beyond the ocean for the food of its population 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 hectolitres (10,000,000 quarters) of grain, without speaking of the innumerable cargoes of live stock and salted meat, millions of quintals of sugar, tea, and coffee, indispensable for the well-being of its working as well as for its middle classes, capitalists, and nobility—such a State is bound to inquire every morning if something does not appear to be in preparation elsewhere which may some day acquire dominion on the seas. In a word, the statesmen of Great Britain, to whatever party they belong, ought to keep watch and guard that their country's navy may be never held in check. England would be gravely compromised even in the conditions of her existence the day when a coalition possible between the maritime Powers would render it possible to oppose her fleets with fleets superior or even equal. It is for her a question of life or death."

Stripped of pardonable verbiage, what does this amount to? Why, to what has been for years *King Punch's* message to his parliament: in brief, "My Lords and Gentlemen, keep up your Channel Fleet!"

And here again *King Punch* believes his words are echoed:

"Up to the present all that she has done has been purely defensive, nothing at which France can take offence.

"It should also be remarked, that the ardour with which England builds a fleet to-day is essentially temporary, for the object she pursues will be attained before long. The programme of England is to have, in ships of war, an effective force which shall equal that of other great maritime Powers, and even surpass it, counting the stations necessary for the protection of her possessions beyond the seas. But, in reality, what does that mean, if not that the English fleet ought to exceed the united fleets of France and Russia? For, unless that be done, to speak only of Europe, the display of that splendid and redoubtable show of political power must be renounced. But the moment that England wills such a result, it will be impossible that it can escape her. It is certainly easier for her to launch within a given time a hundred ships of the line than for France and Russia to build fifty; for here the ways and means are, money, dockyards, and factories for the construction of powerful steam engines. No man in his senses will contest that England can, if she likes, devote to her navy much more money than France and Russia together, and it is further notorious that the capabilities of the respective dockyards is at least in the same proportion to the advantage of England."

"*The English fleet ought to exceed the united fleets of France and Russia.*" Excellently said, good MONSIEUR CHEVALIER! Bravo, good MONSIEUR! *Punch* thanks you for the hint. The French and Russian fleets are not united now, but there's no knowing when they may be. And when they are, they "ought to find" themselves outnumbered by the English. LORD PALMERSTON, We trust that you will look to this.

Although our space, as correspondents keep on telling us, is "valuable," we really must find room for one short extract more:—

"It is not then to be presumed that any Power will essay with England an impossible struggle (*joute*)—I mean to say will try to equal her by the greatness of her fleets; for all the world knows that England would tire out whomsoever attempted to follow her. Whence it is apparently true that England will soon moderate her preparations, which, once again, are no more than defensive.

"There is a case where England would pass from the defensive to the offensive attitude, with that vigour which is in her temperament, and which is sufficiently well indicated in the name of JOHN BULL that the English people have assumed: that would be if one of the great Powers provoked or threatened her. It would be the same if, without being the object of open attack, she acquired proof that one of the great Powers had a previously concerted plan to keep her constantly in a state of alarm. We must be prepared, then, to see England, irritated by degrees, display some day her anger with effect, and strike, so far as it depends on her, like a thunderbolt. But according to the disposition I have been able to ascertain, and all the information I have been able to gather, she would not arrive at this terrible extremity until after deliberate examination, and with the conviction that her quiet and security were threatened. This is as much as to say, it appears to me, that it would be easy to avoid this collision, which will cause civilisation long to mourn; or, to speak better, it is to recognise that such a calamity will be prevented."

The more widely words like these are spread and read the better, and *Punch* therefore delights to put them in his world-perused and world-pervading print. That our warlike preparations "are no more than defensive," is a truth which clearly nobody who knows us can deny; and that, if provoked, we should *coûte qui coûte*, "with vigour," make ourselves offensive, is a fact which our provokers would speedily find out. The fact, too, that if kept in irritation and alarm we may some day "display our anger with effect" is a prospect which our neighbour would do well to keep in view. Between the best of friends it is well always to speak plainly. Words may be misconstrued, and so even may acts. Where no offence is meant none surely should be taken; but our dearest friends can't blame us for looking to our own. We mean no harm to any one, except if they provoke us. Bulls are slow to wrath, but when "gradually irritated" they behave with vigour; and when their anger once breaks loose, as ancient ÆSOP teaches, there's a bad look out for frogs.

THREE CHEERS FOR TYRWHITT.

MR. PUNCH writes the most exquisite poetry nearly as fast as he writes the most translucent prose; but there is a slight, very slight difference in the rate of progression in the two departments, and it is his impatience to do justice to the subject of this article that compels him to give it in prose instead of in verse. Else he had intended an Ode to MR. TYRWHITT, whose name, rhyming with Merit, offers every facility for just eulogy. But *Mr. Punch* cannot wait even for a rhyme to express his unqualified, untempered, unbounded admiration of the following sentiments recently delivered by that excellent Magistrate.

An Organ-Fiend was brought before him, charged with annoying a professional gentleman named MATHER, of Islington. (The *Morning Star*, with its usual vulgarity, calls this gentleman, who is a Surgeon, with a most respectable address, *a* MR. MATHER, because he very properly punished one of the vagabonds for whom the *Star* has a ridiculous sympathy; but an Article in the *Star* is not likely to do anybody much harm.) MR. TYRWHITT did not talk any maudlin nonsense about the brown beast being a poor foreigner, who knew no better, or about his own liking for music, or any other trash, but he fined the fellow twenty shillings. And then, addressing himself to the Padrone, or chief wretch who hires and sends round the nuisances, he said that the Padrone was—

"The fellow who had brought the prisoner from a distant country for his own profit and gain, and he was the man who ought to be fined if possible. Such fellows as the padroni were the cause of much mischief in England. Respectable people in this country were not to be annoyed by a parcel of low foreigners, and as far as he could he would prevent it. The country would not be worth living in if people were to be continually annoyed by such fellows. Some time since a measure was introduced into Parliament for putting an end to this nuisance. The remedy proposed was ill-advised and rash, and was such that it could not be expected to be passed, for by that measure it was stated that a man could not play his flute on Hampstead Heath. He was of opinion that when the men were brought before the Court, he should have the power to detain the organ for six months, and then the padrone would get tired, if he had twenty or thirty of them taken away, for the organs were expensive. If the inhabitants were to consider a measure of this kind, and were to petition Parliament, he had no doubt such a measure would pass."

MR. TYRWHITT talked good sense in straightforward English, and his advice is very sound. Let aggrieved localities—and where is a locality not aggrieved by these noisy fiends—at once agitate for the Act recommended. Tooterooeytooey TYRWHITT, and bravo!

Accident in the Fog.

IN the terrible fog of last week, VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, bewildered by the obscurity, ran bang up against a Pump. An equally bewildered policeman, coming up, observed, "Now then, move on, you Two."

A COMPETENT AUTHORITY.

A Café Chantant, Paris.—YOUNG ENGLISHMAN (*to his fellow-tourist*). "*'Ow uncommon well they 'it off the British Snob, don't they, Sam?*"

MR. TILBURY DENIES HIS DEMISE.

(*See Times, Nov.* 15.)

"Thou art not dead, thou art not dead,
No, dearest HARMODIUS, no."—*Greek Hymn.*

WHAT, TILBURY dead? See where he stands
A bishop all but lawn and bands,
With jolly cheeks and twinkling eye!
"We knew 'twas false, he could not die."

What baseborn scribbler dared to kill
Our TILBURY, whom his friends call TILL?
What, rob our till, presume to drive
Our TILBURY off while he 's alive!

His name 's TIL-BÙRY, true, but still
That gives no right to bury TILL:
Perdition catch the wight who buries
Before he 's dead our dear old HERRIES.

Because he looks so strong of frame,
Punch grants addition to his name.
In every place where men resort,
Let him be known as TILBURY-FORT.

HOMAGE TO GERMANY.

A GERMAN has succeeded MR. CIPRIANI POTTER at the English Royal Academy of Music. This election is only proper, as it is well known that the English know nothing at all about music, and the few Englishmen who follow it as a profession are not worth noticing. The German's name is HERR PAUER, and, without wishing to pay him a compliment, we dare say he is as well qualified for the post as any other foreigner. To be a foreigner is a great advantage sometimes, more especially if you happen to be a German. What first-rate composers some of our musicians would be considered, if they had only been Germans! It may be that we are both wrong and mean in our suspicions. Perhaps the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music were kind enough to take the German's musical attainments for granted, placing every trust in the old maxim that "Knowledge is PAUER."

AN ORGAN OF IRISH PATRIOTISM.

SERIOUS and consistent thinkers will admire the following portions of the programme of a newly-started Irish journal:—

"THE CONNAUGHT PATRIOT.—THOROUGHLY CATHOLIC.—ENTIRELY NATIONAL.

"The first number of 'The PATRIOT' appears this day, in the name of God, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and with the sanction of the venerated Prelates, and revered Catholic Clergy of Connaught. Its principles will be thoroughly national, uncompromisingly independent."

Thoroughly national and uncompromisingly independent;—that of course means ultramontane to the backbone, and entirely subservient to the "venerated Prelates and revered Catholic Clergy." This address is signed "MARTIN A. O'BRENNAN;" a name which, by the account of its bearer, passes in Connaught for much—if not, like that of another worthy, for more than it is worth. MR. O'BRENNAN says for himself that

"The name of the Editor is an evidence that no Catholic interest will be overlooked. The *Patriot* will be temperate in tone, but firm in purpose; its leading articles will be bold, but seasoned with prudence, and written in such a style as will be apt to improve literature."

They will be very apt to improve literature, if MR. O'BRENNAN goes on writing in the above style. The leading articles of his paper will, he says, be bold but seasoned with prudence. Perhaps he means what he says—and, if so, what he says is good English. But prudence is generally intended to constitute the substance of leading articles, and boldness only to form the seasoning. MR. O'BRENNAN may design to pursue the reverse of the ordinary practice in this respect. In this case his assertion to that effect is excellent Irish.

MR. O'BRENNAN, having stated his religious creed, goes on to profess the political faith which is in him:

"The Editor ought to have no need of making an act of political faith, in soliciting the support of the patriotic inhabitants of his native province, yet, however, as in these days of treachery and moral turpitude, men, who seek popular favour, should declare their policy, the Editor pledges himself to the following line of action:—"

PADDY BRENNAN seems to say that in these days, when treachery and moral turpitude are prevalent, men, who seek popular favour, should declare a policy of moral turpitude and treachery. Accordingly, he proceeds to state the policy which he is going to adopt in his paper, and which will include, among other objects, "Tenant Right," "The Destruction of the Temporalities of the Irish Church," and "The Right of Catholics to a system of Separate Education." Moreover, he announces that—

"Fraternity, Equality, Liberty, but no Ascendency, will be our motto. God having created man free, how dares one man enslave another, or throw chains around his mind or body? Religious toleration is the great—the grand bond of society—the strong lever to uplift a fallen nation, or preserve it from falling."

MR. O'BRENNAN should go and tell all that to the Marines—no, to the Ultramontanes, and the POPE, to reconcile the Holy Father to the abolition of the Inquisition by the subjects who object to wear his chains any longer around their minds and bodies.

However, adds our liberal Irish editor,—

"Whilst we will be true to the principles of liberty of conscience, we shall deem it a solemn duty to hold up to public execration, the unhallowed practice of proselytism."

And then he breaks out in the strain ensuing:—

"If on earth there be one wretch viler than another, it is the person who," &c. &c.

Having relieved his mind concerning the "Soupers," he thus resumes:—

"To narrow, not to widen, differences between all sections of Liberals will be one of our duties, and, therefore, all topics of an irritating character will find no place in our columns."

One would like to know, after reading MR. O'BRENNAN's animadversions on proselytism and the Soupers, what sort of topics those are which he considers really irritating. No doubt he will let us know in good time; and in the meanwhile we shall await with patience the mild abuse and the gentle invective against his Protestant fellow-subjects, and the government of the United Kingdom, which we expect will form the greater part of all his editorial effusions, substantially bold and seasoned with prudence. We anticipate much diversion from his future leading articles, which, whether they will be "apt to improve literature" or not, will, if they are as good as his prospectus, be very funny.

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HOW TO GET MONEY.

SEEDY PARTY. "*Eureka!—A great idea!—Advertise in the 'Times.'*—NEXT OF KIN. *All persons of the name of Smith may hear of something greatly to their advantage by addressing A. B.* (ENCLOSING TWO POSTAGE-STAMPS FOR REPLY), *Post Office, &c. &c.*"

SEEDIER PARTY. "*Figgins! you are a Genius!*"

GERMANY'S WELCOME TO PUNCH.

PUNCH has been readmitted to North Germany—after long banishment. The *Kladderadatsch*, our younger Berlin brother, welcomes us in accents, which we venture thus to render into our own English:

To my heart, long-banished brother!
Sadly parted from each other
Have we been this many a day!
Hard they strove thy laugh to smother—
Master mine in wit and play!

With his whinger bared for slitting,
The grim constable was sitting,
Keen thy merry blood to draw;—
Beaks about the frontier flitting,
Quick to swoop with censor-claw.

Angry Prussia and Westphalia,
Clenched their thunders to assail you,
On the threshold of our land;
We as brother could but hail you,
Gazing tow'rds your favoured strand!

Humour on thy curled lip sitting,
All unchecked we saw thee hitting
At the follies of the day—
In thy light bark fearless flitting,
O'er the shoals that barred *our* way.

There was freedom on *thy* borders;
While all cramped with laws and orders,
German wit must bear the yoke;
Our great Lords—the people's warders—
Then had little turn for joke!

But at last, new life revealing,
Head to heel, stir fire and feeling,
Where old FRITZ held rule of yore:
And on brilliant pinions wheeling
Wit comes flying back, once more.

Thou, too, oh glad resurrection!—
Tak'st our open door's direction,
Thou, my *Punch*, heart-welcome guest!
Censor, nor Police-inspection,
Troubling thee to thine unrest.

To my heart—unvexed of sentry—
Brother, make fraternal entry;
Laugh and sport and stay with me!
To the lists I vouch my century
Arm-in-arm, my *Punch*, with thee!

MONEY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Austrian Government is actually in receipt of twenty million florins, which it has just received in exchange for Lombardy! This is the first bit of ready money which the Vienna Bank has known for many a bankrupt year. The fact might be recorded under the heading of "STRANGE DISCOVERY OF COIN." We can imagine the astonishment of the Governor of the Bank, upon looking into his coffers, to find that there was anything in them; we wonder that the severity of the shock did not turn his hair white in a minute. Poor fellow, now that he has got the money, he won't know what to do with it; so little has he been accustomed to the use of it. As for the Viennese Government resuming cash payments, that is all nonsense; we will wager our next week's receipts, which is a liberal offer as pitted against so small a sum as twenty millions of florins (a beggarly £2,000,000!), that the government would not know how to set about it. No, they will keep the money, and hoard it, as boys do the first sovereign that is given to them, not liking to spend it, and knowing too well if they once part with it there is no likelihood of their ever seeing it back again. Occasionally grand entertainments will be given, and nobles and crowned heads will be allowed, as a great treat, to feast their eyes on the glittering hoard.

As for the mob, they may make their minds perfectly easy about the matter, for not a kreutzer of the twenty millions is clearly ever intended for them. However, every precaution has been taken in the metropolis to guard against any violent outbreak of curiosity on the part of the multitude. A strong military force is quartered round the Imperial treasury, and cannon have been planted in all the principal thoroughfares. The EMPEROR need not alarm himself. We are confident that if one of his loving subjects was to see a florin, that he would not know it. In fact a large sum of money might be made by showing one at first and explaining what it was. The novelty of the exhibition would be sure to make it pay. An Austrian peasant for a few pence would be able to purchase a new sensation, such as the Roman Emperor would willingly have given his entire fortune for.

The entire price to be given for Lombardy is a hundred millions of florins. The Lombards were the creators, we believe, of the pawnbroking system, and we certainly look upon this transaction as the largest bit of pawning on record. It does great credit, however, to the Lombard creation. Lombardy has been pledged for £10,000,000, and there is no chance of Austria being in a position to redeem it again. Besides the redemption of Italy is not such an easy thing.

In the meantime, Austria has eighty millions more of florins to receive. The sudden possession of so much money is more than sufficient to send it crazy. We are sure its head is not strong enough to stand the blow of such a fortune. Lombardy should only have paid it a few florins at a time.

Panic in the Nursery.

A PRECOCIOUS child, who has a good juvenile idea of the supreme power of Royalty, is in great tribulation at the fear of losing his long-promised Pantomime and plum-pudding that fall due in another month, because he has heard that the QUEEN intends to *keep Christmas* at Windsor this year.

BARON BRAMWELL'S BEST.

WHEN is a fraudulent debtor like a woodman?
When he puts his hand to a bill, and cuts his stick.

A QUESTION FOR THE JESUITS' COLLEGE.

DOES the "Holy Poker" form one of the Italian Irons, and is it used principally in stirring up the fires of religious discord?

A VENERABLE AND A NON-VENERABLE BEDE.

THERE was a pious as well as celebrated old divine named RICHARD BAXTER, whose death was as edifying as his life, and whose parting speeches to his sorrowing friends were justly esteemed so admirable that an excellent little book was made of them, and it was called *Last Words of Richard Baxter*. The book had an extraordinary success, so great that an ingenious bookseller, whose name may have been NEWBY for anything we know, conceived the brilliant idea of profiting by the fame of the memorial volume. So, with the aid of some Grub Street scribe, he issued another little volume (MR. PANIZZI doubtless has it), and this he entitled *More Last Words of Richard Baxter*.

There is an author of the present day (we will not say an authoress, firstly because there is no such word in the English language, and secondly because *Mr. Punch* does not know, in the way that gives him a right to affirm, that MISS EVANS is the writer of the most charming novel of the year) who has written *Adam Bede*. It is not exactly necessary for *Mr. Punch* to signify his decided approbation of that book, because it has been one of the Things of the year, and therefore would have been at once assailed and demolished utterly from off the face of the earth by him, had he seen any reason for putting an end to the admiration with which the tale has been received by all classes whose good opinion should be coveted. *Adam Bede* is a first class novel, and an ornament to English literature.

Now, there is one THOMAS CAUTLEY NEWBY, a publisher of books, whose shop is situate in Welbeck Street. It need scarcely be said that he was not the fortunate publisher of *Adam Bede*, seeing that the novels which usually proceed from his shop are not those to which the epithet "first class" rigidly appertains, but are, generally, if harmless in their way, not likely to cause a reader any intense desire to read them twice, even if he succeed in reading them once. When a humane person takes up a novel with MR. NEWBY's name on the title page, it is to that gentleman's credit that his name evokes in the bosom of the humane party the gentle feeling called Indulgence, and in this way MR. NEWBY is a civiliser and refiner of mankind, and deserves all laudation. *Adam Bede* came out of sterner hands, and is published by a Paternosteric firm, rather in the habit of considering how far a shrewd public will accord with it in its opinion of a book, and consequently when the names of MESSRS. WM. BLACKWOOD & Co. are upon a volume, even the exacting and terrible *Mr. Punch* takes it up with a certainty that he shall be repaid for bestowing upon it some of his golden minutes.

But MR. NEWBY, upon whom the mantle of the paulo-post Baxterian has alighted, does not see why something should not be done by which he may benefit from the notoriety attaching to the words *Adam Bede*. So he announces a work without an author's name (in imitation of the other *anonyme*), and he calls it a *Sequel to Adam Bede*.

Well, as we do not *know* that the writer of *Adam Bede* has not abandoned the celebrated and liberal publishers of that book, and deserted a house whose name gives a character to any book that bears it, and that such writer has not suddenly transferred his or her talents to the care of MR. NEWBY, and enrolled himself or herself among Mr. NEWBY's band of debilities, we are unable to say that the *Sequel* is not by the original hand. And that ignorance—which of course is shared by all who are not in the confidence of either MESSRS. BLACKWOOD, the Anonymous, or MR. NEWBY—is, we understand, the triumphant proposition urged by MR. NEWBY as a reason why his *Sequel* should be "subscribed" by the trade and read by the public. "How do you know," asks MR. NEWBY, "that my book is not written by the author of *Adam Bede?*"

And *Mr. Punch* does not know. But if *Mr. Punch* were to state his opinion, which is based upon his estimate of the sort of party who must have written *Adam Bede*, and upon a consideration of the other facts of the case, Newbyism inclusive, he would certainly say that he believes the author of *Adam Bede* has never seen a single line of the *Sequel*, and is as much disgusted with the tricky way in which it is sought to gain notoriety for the latter work as are *Mr. Punch* and all other real admirers of literature and fair play. And, proceeding upon the hypothesis that the writer of the novel and the writer of the *Sequel* are two persons, *Mr. Punch* would express in the blandest, but at the same time the most distinct manner, his infinite contempt for the order of mind that can stoop to seize the conceptions of another mind, and make (in all probability clumsy) spoil of them, for the sake of certain miserable shillings. But to touch upon the literary crime thus committed would be to appeal to canons whereof such a writer can never have heard. *Mr. Punch*—arguing, of course, on the hypothesis of there being two writers in the case—would only point out the uncleanliness of the trick of trade.

Now, if MR. NEWBY will come forward and state that the *Sequel to Adam Bede* is by the author of the original novel, *Mr. Punch* will also come forward and retract, with extra gracefulness, all that he has said on the subject. If MR. NEWBY will not, why that gentleman must rest content with having at last succeeded in publishing a book about which the public talks. How it talks is beside the question.

A WORD WITH BROTHER JONATHAN.

BY BROTHER PUNCH.

YANKEE DOODLE whips the world
('Specially the niggers),
For Progress and Enlightenment
Almighty tall he figgers:
But there's a spot upon his sun
That *Punch* can't shut his eyes to,
'Tis that a word in lightest fun
A duel may give rise to.
O Yankee Doodle, Doodle! do
Your rifle keep less handy:
And lay down your revolver too—
Friend *Punch* would fain command ye!

A Senator in Congress now,
A lawyer or physician,
Whoever haps to have a row,
Whate'er be his position,
In hot blood deems cold steel or lead
The means that row to settle,
And when his brother's blood is shed,
Thinks he has shown his mettle.
O Yankee Doodle, Doodle! do
Your rifle keep less handy,
And lay down your revolver too:
Friend *Punch* would fain command ye!

A bar'ster calls a judge a brute,
Straight, out come their revolvers:
In slightest wrangle or dispute
They're deemed the only solvers.
Two doctors chance to disagree,
A deathbed while they stand by:
To show their skill, they fight until
Each falls the other's hand by!
O Yankee Doodle, Doodle! do
Your rifle have less handy:
And give up your revolver too—
Friend *Punch* would fain command ye!

Americans! these deeds disgrace
A free enlightened nation:
The scroll of Honour they deface,
Such blots are degradation.
To check by force—be this your course,
For this your wills be banded:
Stern truth insists that duellists
As MURDERERS be branded!
Then, Yankee Doodle, Doodle! do
Your rifle keep less handy;
And lay down your revolver too—
Let *Punch*, let LAW command ye!

Interesting to Baron Bramwell and Sir Peter Laurie.

From a curious old Black-letter volume in the British Museum.

"IF ye Justice saieth or doeth a wytlesse or unryghtful thynge, let hym not stryve to screne his errour. Blounders on ye Benche are lyke sea-coales, ye more you screne them ye bygger they looke."—*Mirrour for Magistraytes.*

A WAY IN BASINGHALL STREET.

A FRAUDULENT Bankrupt generally adds to his other offences the crime of perjury, and it is not to be wondered at, when we take into consideration his great lie-abilities.

ANOTHER SHOT BY A NON-SHOOTING STAR.

WITH exquisite good taste a Correspondent of the *Star* endeavours to poke fun at gallant GENERAL HAY, who is twitted for "continually expressing his surprise" at the efficiency of the Rifle Corps which he is called on to inspect. The writer thinks it funny to pretend to feel afraid that this continual surprise will turn the General's brain: a fate which could not well befal the *Star*-writer himself, inasmuch as it is probable he has no brain to be turned. To give point to his letter the writer heads it with the paraphrase of "*Hay* was an Archer!" a bit of humour just about upon a level with his sense. As Rifle Corps are an abomination to the *Star*, of course such sneers as these find easy access to its columns. But however balefully the *Star* may try to shine on them, its light is quite put out by the sun of their success: and it is clear that "while their sun shines" they cannot well do better than "make HAY" come and look at them. Although the compliment sounds cockneyish, we mean it for a high one, when we say that GENERAL HAY in judging military matters is allowed to rank HAY 1.

WHO SHALL CRITICISE THE CRITICS?

THE *Saturday Review* is so critical a paper that it startles us a little to find it use bad language. Indeed, we own we felt it difficult to believe our eyes, when we saw in it an article last week beginning thus:—

"The opinion which MR. EDWIN JAMES and MR. ALLAN have given upon the case placed before them on behalf of the workmen on strike is a very remarkable document. It consists of three branches, of which the first two relate to the rules of various Trades Unions, and the third to a question whether the masters who joined in the lock-out have thereby rendered themselves liable to an indictment for conspiracy. The Member for Marylebone and his coadjutor are inclined to think it does."

Are they indeed? Well, before we can agree with them, we should like to know what "it" is, and what it is "it" does. It rather puzzled us to hear of "branches" of a document, and to be informed that branches could "relate to" rules and questions. We swallowed this, however, with a struggle and a gasp, but when we tried to gulp the "it" it very nearly choked us. In fact the query "it" suggests to us is "What does what?" and till this be clearly answered, we cannot possibly endorse the learned gentlemen's opinion, and say if they be right in thinking that "it does."

ROMANCE BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

IN the course of an interesting lecture delivered the other evening, at a Meeting of the Society of Arts, on China, SIR JOHN BOWRING took occasion to deny the immorality of the trade in opium, and the injurious effects which that drug has been said to produce. In one especially important particular, by his account, the most cruel injustice had been done to opium, inasmuch as

"It had been stated, as one of the evil consequences of the encouragement of opium-eating, that it prevented the diffusion of Christianity; but this was so far from being the case, that in one district into which opium had been introduced as a substitute for intoxicating drinks, the people had been found particularly willing to receive Christian Missionaries, and had become ready converts."

Come, SIR JOHN BOWRING, this is the flight of an arrow shot a little too far. It is notorious that Missionaries, wherever they go, excite an awakening. How could the narcotic influence of opium have prepared the minds of the drug's consumers for that? Sermons certainly do sometimes produce an effect resembling that of opium; but coma must not be confounded with conversion.

A CONUNDRUM TO FILL UP A GAP IN THE CONVERSATION.

WHY is a person older than yourself like food for cattle?
Because he 's past your age (*pasturage*).

DR. CULLEN'S CHAFF.

THE Irish papers have just published another Pastoral, signed by DR. CULLEN and several other bishops of the Roman Catholic persuasion. The subject of this address is the Irish "Catholic University," for which it is said those prelates propose asking the grant of a charter, which they affect to entertain an idea that they have some chance of getting. On this point they observe:—

"It is so just to grant a charter to our university, we cannot easily believe that upon reflection it will be denied."

Do these titular gentlemen really give the British Government credit for being likely to concede their demand in consideration of its justice? Surely, then, they are too charitable. A ministry composed of heretics cannot, of course, have any idea of what justice means, in common, at least with the only true believers in mysteries and morals. The holy fathers must be joking, after the abuse with which they have so long been pelting their Protestant rulers, when they impute any the slightest possibility of a virtue to those enemies of the faith; those impious blasphemers, fiends, demons, &c.

More seriously, they proceed:—

"But even without a charter, the university will, to a large extent, realise the advantages we expect. We do not deem the charter so absolutely indispensable as some seem to imagine."

To be sure. In short what you intend to say, most reverend gentlemen, is that you do not want a charter at all. A Protestant charter begged for a Catholic University!—you spurn the base suggestion. A Protestant charter—faugh! it smells like tinder and carrion. You would not touch it with a pair of tongs. Saving your sacred prisince, the divil fly away with the dhirty charter!

Such, doubtless, are the real sentiments of DR. CULLEN and the Irish hierarchy of his denomination. "Here 's the health of his Holiness the POPE; and then that of QUEEN VICTORIA; and as for you, PALMERSTON and RUSSELL, you wicked haythen, bad luck to ye. You must know we have founded a Catholic University to teach the youth of Ireland devotion and loyalty to the POPE, and detestation of heresy and the Saxon. So now, ye blackguards and thieves of the world, be civil, and do us the justice of coaxing HER MAJESTY (conversion and salvation to her!) to hand us over a charter."

To such chaff as this the only possible, and doubtless the only expected, reply would be "Don't you wish you may get it?"

THE GREAT CIRCULATION.

BY the account of the *Morning Post*,

"So great has been the demand for DR. CUMMING'S remarkable book, *The Great Tribulation*, that upwards of 4,000 copies were immediately sold, and the demand for it increases every day."

Long live DR. CUMMING! Should this wish be fulfilled, and should a long series of years of prosperity immediately succeed this troublous time, and should DR. CUMMING at the end of them publish another book, announcing the instant arrival of the Millennium, or the approaching conflagration of the universe, then his new work, likewise, will no doubt immediately sell to the number of 4000 copies or more, and go on selling. Such works are sure to sell, in the ordinary as well as in the slang sense of the word, and those who are sold by them, no matter how often, continue buying similar productions to the end of the chapter. DR. CUMMING, therefore, may rest in the assurance that though his prophecies may fail him, he will always be sure of his profits.

A Pious Hoax.

ONE of REUTER'S Telegrams, the other day, announced that—

"The *Patrie* of this evening asserts:—The letter published in the *Ami de la Réligion*, alleged to be an answer by the KING OF SARDINIA to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, bears the full character of an apocryphal document."

The *Ami de la Réligion* holds the Apocrypha to be canonical; no wonder, therefore, that all that it says is not Gospel.

Fas ab Hoste.

O VICTOR-EMMANUEL, oh, why should you scatter all
Hopes that were centred on you by four nations;
Why not be entrenched in your own Quadrilateral,
Tuscany, Modena, Parma, Legations?

TRY IT ON.

IT has been proposed (very properly) to give poor MONS. JULLIEN a testimonial, as an expression of condolence for his many misfortunes. Perhaps, for a man who has gone to the wall so often, a suitable sort of thing would be a Mural crown.

YOUNG NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Master Harry (*loq.*). "QUICK THING, THAT! DID YOU FELLOWS SEE IT? *I* GOT POUNDED?"

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMAN'S WORK.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"REALLY, I *can't* think what MISS BESSIE PARKES and the *gentlemen* of the Social Science Association who *patronise* her, *mean*, when they *talk* about the *narrow field of employment for women*. I'm a woman, and *I* have always found *plenty* to do, I'm sure; and looking round me, I *think* I may say the same thing of *all* the *women* of my *acquaintance*.

"I *must* tell you, first, that I'm just *twenty-one*—I won't say *anything* about *looks*—because my *friends*—I don't mean my *lady* friends, you *know*—say I'm so *very* like one of MR. LEECH'S *illustrations*. I *suppose* by the *way* they say it, they mean this for a *compliment*; but I don't *mention* it to *you*, on *that* account, but because it will *save* me from any *attempt* at *describing* myself; and I don't *think* any *girl* ever succeeded in doing *that*—I meant to *try*, but after *sitting three-quarters of an hour* before my dressing-glass, I *gave it up* in *despair*.

"Well—so much for my *appearance*. As to my *position* in *life*, I'm exactly one of the girls MISS PARKES seems to *allude* to in her *paper*. Papa can't give me any *fortune*, he says; and I *suppose* I must look to being *married some day* as the best thing that can happen to me. I'm sure *I've* no objection to take my *chance*—and I had far rather be *employed* in fitting myself for a wife than as articled clerk to a solicitor like my brother CHARLEY, or as an apprentice to a surgeon, like my cousin BOB, or in a telegraph office, or as a book-keeper, or a *wood-engraver*, or anything of that kind. Of course *after* I'm married I shall have *plenty* to do.

"But just now, only think how much there is! First, there's *dressing*,—that's two hours a-day *hard work*, merely for *putting on* one's things, to say nothing of all the *hard work* beforehand,—of making up one's *mind* what one will *look* best in; of buying it—and I'm sure *you'll* admit that *shopping* is *dreadfully hard* work (at least, *I know* all the gentlemen of my *acquaintance* complain *dreadfully* of it, and say it's *worse* than the *treadmill*). And then there's the *making up*,—and I hardly know, I'm sure, whether *that's harder work* when one does it at home or when one *employs* a dress-maker,—and the altering, and the *trimming*, and a hundred *things* besides. I'm sure, if a woman had *nothing* to do but *dress*, she could find *plenty* of employment all the *year* round. But *dressing's* only *one* item in woman's *work*. There's calling,—now only think what *hard* work *that* is; and *chatting* over one's acquaintance; and then there's going out to balls, and dinners, and picnics, and dancing, and driving, and *making* one's self generally *agreeable*. Indeed, for *six months of the year*, at least, a poor *girl's* life, if she does what *other people* do, is *downright hard labour*, with hardly time for *eating* and *sleeping*. And all this time I've said nothing about improving one's mind. What with music, and drawing, and French and German, and *crochet* and worsted-work,—even if one don't do anything like leather-work, or *wood-carving*, or *embroidering* altar-cloths, or *illuminating*,—and keeping up with MUDIE'S and the *Reviews*, I *wonder* how any *girl* can find time for *anything* but improving her mind.

"Now *only* just *think*, *Mr. Punch*, what a number of serious *female occupations* I've put down, *just* as they *came* into my *head*, and then say if the *field* of woman's *employment* isn't quite *wide enough*. I don't *know* whether MISS BESSIE PARKES has a husband in her *eye*. I *suppose* she *despises* such *things*; but if ever she *sets* herself to *try* for one, she 'd find it *hard* enough, I can tell her, let her *work* ever so *diligently*.

"I say, for my part, that so long as girls have *husbands* to get they want no *other field* of employment. *That's* quite as much as any ordinary young woman can get through. Indeed *ordinary* young women *seldom* can manage it at all, *the young men* of the *present* day are so *dreadfully hard* to please.

"No, *Mr. Punch*, don't *you believe* MISS BESSIE PARKES. Poor *women* are quite *hard-worked* enough as it is—at least such is the opinion founded on *four seasons'* experience of

"Your constant reader

"FANNY HOOKER."

The Largest Harbour of Refuge in the World.

OLD ENGLAND! It can be entered at all times with safety, and in the stormiest weather. LOUIS NAPOLEON once took refuge in its Harbour, and it is open to him again, providing he comes alone and does not bring any of his French craft with him.

THE NEXT REFUGEE, OR A "DRHEAM OF THE FUTUR."

PIO NONO. "I WANT-A, TO GO TO LEY-CHESTERRA SQUARRA!"

THE QUEEN AND MR. PUNCH.

State Audience and Presentation of the Cross of Valour.

THURSDAY morning last, a most affecting ceremony took place at Windsor Castle, which *Mr. Punch* will now delight the universe by chronicling. The cause why the *Court Circular* has not recorded the event simply was that *Mr. Punch* preferred to be his own reporter; and although all other writers would have given their best pens to have narrated the occurrence, *Mr. Punch* obtained the privilege of exclusively reporting it.

It having been announced that *Mr. Punch* was to be honoured with an audience by his QUEEN, and to receive from her a Royal recognition of his services, all the joy-bells in the kingdom began ringing at daybreak, and a million tons of gunpowder were blazed off in salutes. *Mr. Punch* having arrived by early train from his own Palace (which inquiring-minded Cherokees may be informed is placed in Fleet-street) had the honour and delight of taking breakfast with his Sovereign, who with her own hand poured his coffee out and cut his bread and butter. The meal being concluded, and *Mr. Punch* having enjoyed his cigar upon the Slopes (the QUEEN observing graciously that all great thinkers must smoke), the Royal party were at once conducted to the Throne Room, and the Audience and form of Presentation then took place. With a grand flourish of trumpets the great doors were thrown open, and, preceded by a walking Stick (either gold or silver, *Mr. Punch* quite forgets which), the CONQUERING HERO of the PRESS was bowed into the presence of his Royal Mistress, to receive from her the honour which in justice was his due. When the cheering had subsided, and the State Usher had restored perfect "silence in the Court," the QUEEN, rising from her seat, delivered a set speech, which *Mr. Punch* wishes he had the pen of HOMER (if HOMER had a pen) to hand down to posterity. As it is, posterity must be content with learning that *Mr. Punch* received the highest praise which Royal lips could utter: HER MAJESTY, proclaiming in her silveriest of tones, that he had won golden opinions from Her and from Her Ministers, of whom She should, as She had ever done, regard him as the chief. (*Here* LORDS PALMERSTON *and* RUSSELL *were observed to bow obeisance.*) In especial She would thank him for his last week's great Cartoon; which, as some, however slight, recognition of its merits, She had ordered to be treasured with the Cartoons in Her Commons House, where History demanded that it should have a place. For his distinguished act of bravery in putting forth this picture, which in Her belief had saved Her country from attack, She had determined to present the heroic *Mr. Punch* with the laurel-crown of Victory, and with it Her Victoria Cross.

Mr. Punch, who had been kneeling upon one knee all this time, in token of his graceful submission to his Sovereign, here rose, and having assumed the attitude of CICERO, in which that orator delivered his most impressive speeches, said that perfectly accustomed as he was to public compliment, he felt somewhat overpowered by the eulogy and honour which his QUEEN had just conferred on him. Praise from Royal lips in England was now of no slight value; and if he did not, as his friend the *Morning Star* would have done, "blush down into his boots" at Her Majesty's laudation, the omission showed no lack of loyalty on his part, but merely a less degree of sensitiveness in his cutaneous membrane. With regard to the slight service which he had done the State, it was reward enough for him to know his Sovereign applauded it. Some of his aristocratic friends who could not roll their "r's" well, had accused him of endeavouring to make a "wow with Fwance." Now this absurd assertion was perfectly unfounded. He (*Mr. Punch*) had never meant to make a "wow" with France. All that he designed was just to make a "Bow-wow!" As his friend DR. JOHNSON had once similarly said (he, *Mr. Punch*, felt sure the Doctor *would* have been his friend, had the world been only able to contain a couple of such great men together), as DR. JOHNSON had once said, when BOZZY could not comprehend his jokes, "Sir, I find you wit, but I am not bound to find you brains to understand it;" so he (*Mr. Punch*) when he gave out his great cuts could not be called upon to give people the wit to comprehend them. The French press-writers had long been barking at Great Britain, and *Mr. Punch's* "*Bow-wow!*" was put forward just to muzzle them. That the cut had done its work there was the amplest proof to show.

It was patent to the world that, directly the Cartoon was laid before the EMPEROR, he had instantly put forth his instructions to his prefects to stop the cur-like snappings and snarlings which had worried us. That the cut had been complained of, *Mr. Punch* did not deny; but the complaints had come from quarters whose censure he considered the best κῦδος they could give him. He was told, that on the Stock Exchange the cut had caused a panic, and that several of the jobbers who were speculating for a rise had, in City slang, been "much depressed" by *Mr. Punch*. Their depression had, however, given him but slight concern; for he (*Mr. Punch*) had always hated speculation, and he rejoiced when he enjoyed the opportunity of checking it. In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* begged leave, in all humility, to assure HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY that (except, of course, his *Judy**) there was no one in the kingdom dearer to him than Herself; and, *coûte qui coûte*, or cut *qui* cut, so long as England, as it did, expected *Punch* to do his duty, *Punch* would never flinch from going in and doing it.

Mr. Punch then, having kissed the Royal hand, and approvingly been glanced at by the Royal eyes, left the Royal presence attended by his *suite*,—his Sweet consisting of a lump of Royal sugar-candy, which one of the Royal Children (*Punch* will not make others envious by proclaiming which) had with Royal generosity bestowed on him to suck.

* I should think so, indeed!—*Judy*.

RIFLEMEN BOTH SIDES THE BORDER.

DRILL, drill, London and Manchester,
Shoulder your Enfields and shoot in good order:
Drill, drill, Glasgow and Edinburgh;
Don't be behind us, on *your* side the border.
Foreigners oft have said BRITAIN's old fire is dead,
Let your array tell a different story:
Arm and make ready then, Squires, Shop, and Warehousemen,
Scotchman and Englishman, Lib'ral and Tory.

Come from the shops, where your goods you are praising,
Come from your moors, from the red-deer and roe:
Come to the ground where the targets they're raising,
Come from your ledgers, per contra, and Co.
Bugles are sounding, drill-serjeants grounding,
Practise your wind in loose skirmishing order,
Foes will think twice, I lay, 'ere they provoke a fray—
Once Britain stands in arms, both sides the Border.

REFORM IN THE HAREM.

ACCORDING to recent telegraphic advices from Constantinople,—

"A decree has been published in which the sumptuary life, the luxury, and the corruption of the women is censured, and wherein certain changes regarding their costume are ordered."

For sumptuary, by your leave, telegraph, we will read sumptuous. The decree censuring the women's expensive life, and prescribing changes of their costume, is sumptuary if you like, and summary also. The power that can compel the alteration of female fashions by its mere mandate, must be great. The sick man cannot be so very bad if he is able to exert all this authority over the women. What the prescribed changes regarding ladies' costume are, the telegraph does not state; but they probably relate principally to poll-bonnets, hooped petticoats, and high-heeled ancle-jacks; revived barbarisms of the last century, crowned with an additional folly of this, which are too bad for the intelligent and civilised Turks, and have disgusted their rational and enlightened SULTAN. It is to be hoped that English women will shake off the yoke of French milliners, and follow the example of their Constantinopolitan sisters, so as to combine, as the advertising tailors say, economy with elegance, instead of combining extravagance with awkwardness and absurdity.

Charity begins Abroad.

WE read this in the *Morning Chronicle* last week:—

"A subscription has been set on foot in Lisbon for the benefit of JOSÉ ROGERO, the Portuguese seaman who courageously landed the rope from the *Royal Charter*."

The reader will perceive there is an error of the press in this. "Lisbon" is of course a misprint for "Bondon." We never could allow the man who risked his life to save *our* countrymen to be first subscribed for and rewarded by his own.

THE PIPER AT COMPIÈGNE.

DAILY chronicle of the acts of the superior classes, records these:—

"The MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD have left Stafford House for Lilleshall, Salop. On the recent visit of the Marquis and Marchioness to the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH at Compiègne, the Marchioness was accompanied by her piper, M'ALISTER, who had several opportunities of displaying his musical and terpsichorean talents before the Imperial Court. M'ALISTER has brought home with him a valuable gold watch, presented to him by the EMPEROR in acknowledgment of the amusement he afforded the Court."

This new feather in the cap of M'ALISTER is an event in the History of Scotland which ought not to be unsung; and is accordingly commemorated in the following—

ADDRESS TO M'ALISTER.

Oh, ALISTER, M'ALISTER,
A proud and happy chiel,
Before the Gallic EMPEROR,
To dance the Scottish reel!
Wi' nimble shankies a' sae bare,
Wi' tae an' heel, an' spring,
Nae doot ye gar'd EUGÉNIE stare,
To see a Hieland fling.

The French may cut their capers hie,
An' light their steps may fa',
But whiles ye thirled the tunefu' key,
Ye loupt abune them a';
Ye warked the drone, the pipes ye blew,
Wi' cheeks o' muckle size;
Ye maun hae had eneuch to do,
An' 'maist puffed out your eyes.

Nae mountain stag e'er skipped sae quick,
Nae jenny faster span,
There 's nocht on earth at hop and kick
That dings a Hielandman.
Hard wark must sic a dancer's be,
Himsel' that plays the tune,
I'm bail your face waxed red a wee,
An' shone e'er ye had dune.

Between twa crossed claymores to dance,
An' never cut your shin,
Gude faith! might weel astonish France,
An' gowden ticker win.
Oh, ALISTER, M'ALISTER,
Noo cut sic steps for me,
Wi' hoch! an' squirl; an' I'll confer
On you a braw bawbee.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CANARDIER.)

Niagara Falls.

BARNUM has bought up BLONDIN, ropes and all, and takes him to Europe to show him the ropes there, and to let him wander upon foreign strands (as the poet says) till he gets a good balance at his banker's, and of course a man who can keep his balance anywhere will have no difficulty in doing that. BLONDIN'S last tight-rope feat may be new to you. He had a cat-gut rope, made of second-hand fiddle-strings from the great HANDEL festival, and they strained this rope so tight that the breeze played a tune upon it. Something like a stretcher this, you will say. BLONDIN undertook to walk to the middle of this cord and with a horsehair bow—a very long bow as you may suppose—to perform a concerto *à la* PAGANINI on one string. The vibration nearly cost the intrepid fellow his life; for just as he was bowing his foot slipped, but with great presence of mind he managed to fall in a sitting position. The people rent the air with their acclamations. BLONDIN merely rent his trousers, and with vast tact and delicacy walked backwards to the Canada side, and retired for a fresh pair. Afterwards BLONDIN passed over on stilts, and upon this performance being encored the daring artist actually sharpened the feet of his stilts, thrust the stumps into two soda-water bottles, and, thus shod, again traversed the cord! During the last trip the excitement was awful. The sun broke out and sparkled on the bottles, and through a thousand telescopes was the steel-nerved hero seen to falter in his tread. Five to one that he tumbled went begging. BLONDIN took a pinch of snuff, and the betting was even directly. Twenty thousand spectators held their breath till they were nearly suffocated. A hurricane of shouts announced the brave man's success, and a sporting Judge who had laid heavily against him fell in a fit. Most opportunely a medical man from the South opened a vein with a sharp bowie-knife which he luckily had brought with him instead of his revolver, and the Judge recovered, but will have to sell niggers to settle up.

You may expect BLONDIN in the big balloon. About an acre of its skin is yet to be varnished, so, to fill up time, B. will go into severe training for his European performances—say about an hour's brisk walking on a telegraph wire four times a day. There is a report here that the old transatlantic telegraph cable has been sold to a marine store dealer, to be taken on the ground with all faults; also, that the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER has compounded with his creditors; but we receive these loose rumours with some distrust.

GENTLEMEN RIFLEMEN.

WE have good reason for announcing that the aristocracy of Hampshire have agreed amongst themselves that membership of a Volunteer Rifle Corps shall be held and deemed a sufficient passport for admission to every county or other public ball. All the young ladies of the high territorial families seated in that advanced bucolic and agricultural county, have consented to give their hands as partners to any well-conducted young Rifleman; the fact of his being a linendraper's or grocer's assistant notwithstanding. Of course this partnership arrangement only contemplates the dance; but there is no saying that it may not in some fortunate instances, extend farther. The spirited example of Hampshire will no doubt be followed by every other county; and the universal landed interest will, in fraternising with the mercantile, make a tremendous sacrifice of pride on the altar of patriotism.

THE FAGGOTS OF THE MAN IN THE MOON.

MAN in the moon—brought down by charm—
What are those faggots under your arm?
"Faggots they are that themselves have sold,
Bartered their British rights for gold."

Man in the Moon, did they cost you dear?
"Some of them rather; as you shall hear:
Twenty, and thirty, and forty pounds;
Desperate bribery knows no bounds."

Man in the Moon, now tell me, pray,
Did you buy them up in an open way?
"No; for we beat, to pick up our sticks,
About the bush in politics."

Man in the Moon, how was it done?
"Oh! I went and bought a ham of one,
At about three guineas or so a pound,
And otherwise wriggled the rest around."

Man in the Moon, oh! tell me where?
"Wakefield; I buy my faggots there.
I wish I could sell them for what I gave;
But every one is a worthless knave."

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH, "*November*, 1859.

"AN eminent Tragedian, who lately terminated his career as manager of a highly popular theatre, observed on that interesting occasion that 'the Pitcher goes often to the well, but the Pitcher at last may be broken.' What this talented gentleman remarked with reference to his own mug, is no less applicable to the humbler clay of your obedient servant. Fatigued by my arduous labours in the cause of art, and (between ourselves) somewhat disgusted with a Continental life, I returned not long ago to my native land, and after paying a short visit to my beloved Aunt (who, you will be glad to hear, is in excellent preservation), I have been endeavouring for some days past to recruit my health and spirits at that most favoured and fascinating of all watering-places—the breezy, brilliant, bustling Brighton. You, my dear *Punch*, who have seen and done everything that should be seen and done by everybody under every variety of circumstance, will readily understand how welcome the sight of my native shores must have been to me after such a long absence, and appreciate the honest emotion which filled my breast on beholding so many of my dear fellow country-women. I allude especially to the Ladies—not only because they ought, of course, to occupy our first attention, but because at the present moment they literally form the principal part of the Brighton population. Just fancy sixty thousand visitors (not including the 'Talking Fish') and the greater part of them in Crinoline! Only think of a French invasion—(the coast seems very much exposed)—say that ten thousand ladies with strong constitutions and stout parasols could take care of themselves—what would become of the rest? to say nothing of the Talking Fish who would, doubtless, take a mean advantage of the confusion, and escape to his native element.

"Let me turn from such a terrible contemplation. Of course I have met a great many old friends. There are some people, my dear *Punch*, whom one sees *everywhere*. Take SLOPER for instance (a fellow of Quodham, Oxbridge), I was down at the lakes some time ago, and met him *there*. I went to hear SPURGEON preach and saw SLOPER taking notes. Looked in at EVANS'S the following evening, and found him before a tumbler of gin sling. Caught him again attempting the 'cancan' at Château-Rouge. Came across him once more in the Catacombs. Saw him last on Mount Athos smoking a short clay—and by Jove, I hadn't been a week at Brighton, before he walked out of the 'Bedford' as coolly as if he had lived there all his life.

"'Hullo! how do, EASEL—you here—Gad—'strawney f'lar you are—ponsole—meet you everywhere—which way are you going?—come and do some lunch,' &c. &c.

"Having finished our repast at MUTTON'S celebrated establishment, we adjourned to that rendezvous of rank and fashion—the Pavilion.

"As we entered the chaste but imposing portico which leads to the spot, I could not help reflecting on the happy accident which induced the erection of this wondrous building so near the coast. If our Gallic neighbours fresh from Versailles and the Louvre are not awed into utter helplessness by the sight of this miracle of palatial architecture, I don't know what *will* frighten them. For my part I feel grateful to the master mind which designed and raised the noble pile, and only feel surprised that no fresco perpetuates the memory of its illustrious founder, and that we stretch our necks to the ceiling in vain for the apotheosis of GEORGIUS REX.

"As we gaze on its chaste proportions—rich in many a sculptured onion and oriental chimney-pot—how the visions of the Past rise up before us. There stood the First Gentleman of England, cane in hand, smiling at poor BRUMMEL from behind his fair cravat, or turning the back of his creaseless coat upon him. The very ground we tread on was once pressed by his Hessian boots—which now—

"*Heu mihi! væ vectis!*—man is but mortal. Charon cares little for deportment in his boat, nor will canes avail us much beyond the Styx.

* * * * * *

"SLOPER is a bore—I say it with deliberate purpose. This is the third opportunity which I have lost of renewing my acquaintance with the WINSOMES, uncommonly jolly girls whom I met last winter in Rome,* and who were also in the Pavilion Gardens, where the band was playing. The wretch (SLOPER) *would* stick close to me all the afternoon. It was in vain I endeavoured to shake him off. If I had walked up and joined them, he would have asked to be introduced, I feel an inward conviction of the fact. He's such a *deucedly* cool hand.

"Yesterday I went to see the Talking Fish. *Entre nous* it is neither a fish, nor does it talk, and how the British Public could allow a Seal to make such an impression, I am at a loss to conceive. By the way, what is that ejaculation which its foreign custode uses when the animal begins to snort?

"It appears to be a word of three syllables, and sounds like 'OLDCHERNIZE.' I have searched TRENCH'S book in vain for an explanation, and am thinking of writing to *Notes and Queries* on the subject.†

"An awkward accident occurred while I was there. A scientific lady of a certain age appeared much interested in the matter, and leaning over the side of the tub—note book in hand—was about to make a sketch of the Seal, when, prompted by some sudden impulse, the sagacious creature floundered towards her, sprang up and snapped its huge jaws in her face, exclaiming emphatically at the same time, 'Mam—ma, Mam—ma!' I need scarcely add that the scientific lady was carried out in hysterics.

"I am getting rather tired of Brighton. I have 'done' the Pavilion and used up the Chain Pier. I have been out with the harriers five times, and lunched at MUTTON'S every day. The sad sea waves no longer charm me—and as for the Talking Fish, I wish it was boiled and eaten.

"*Dulce est desipere in loco.* But the time has arrived when I must return to my duties. Hence, vain deluding jo——

* * *

"Hurray! I have been writing this at my window and have just seen HER walking towards the cliffs. 'Go on! I'll follow thee!' SLOPER is in bed with a sore throat—Now, or never!—where *are* my boots?

"Yours in haste, JACK EASEL."

* Our correspondent here describes at some length the romantic details of his first interview with the ladies in question, which it appears took place at the Coliseum by moonlight. We consider however that we exercise a proper discretion in withholding this portion of his letter.

† A horrible suspicion has just flashed across me that it may be intended for "hold your noise." If so, the Seal must be an intelligent animal.

FRENCH SUPERIORITY.—The French do not beat us on many points, but with regard to theatres, it must be confessed they do *manage* those things better in France than we do in England.

A VERY HAPPY IDEA.

KEEPER. *"Had ever a run, Sir?"*

GENT. *"No! But I will though, if you'll be kind enough to watch my float for a minute or two; for it's precious cold standing here, I can tell you."*

UNIFORMS NOT UNIFORM.

THERE has been a tedious amount of discussion about the most appropriate uniform for the Volunteer Corps. Different bodies have assumed different colours. It seems that there abounds as many Greys as there were once in a Whig Administration, whilst the Greens are almost as numerous, giving this branch of our national defences quite a leafy look. They are living lanes of warriors. The latter colour appears entitled to the preference, for it comes naturally within the duty of a Rifleman to practise largely on the Green. The question, however, is a very simple one. To our mind, the best colours for English regiments are those which they are in the habit of taking from the enemy.

UNFEELING PRACTICAL JOKE.

OFFERING SIR ROBERT CARDEN a fine bit of "Gloucester," and extolling it very highly to his notice on account of its very advanced stage of corruption. We doubt if SIR ROBERT, with all his love for a joke, would think it quite the cheese.

A MAN OF SHORT MEMORY.

FEW of our readers probably ever saw a more remarkable advertisement than the subjoined:—

TO HOTEL-KEEPERS and CABMEN.—LOST, the NAME of an HOTEL (supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Bond Street), by a gentleman who arrived shortly after 12 on the night of Saturday, 19th, and went out the next morning at about 10. Left luggage consisting of a portmanteau, carpet-bag, hatbox, and small deal box. Being a stranger in London, and unacquainted with the name of the hotel, he has been unable to find it himself, and will feel much obliged if the proprietor or the cabman who brought him will assist him.—Address T. P., 15, Ebury Street, Pimlico.

One naturally wonders how the gentleman arrived at the Hotel the name of which he has forgotten; that is, if he ever knew it. If he told the Cabman to drive there he must have known it, unless he gave him a mere direction to stop at the first Hotel. His oblivion might be accounted for by the supposition that the Cabman had picked up his fare in a state of insensibility, and considerately conveyed the unconscious being to a place at which he would be taken care of. In that case, it would be necessary further to suppose that the gentleman who had been drunk and incapable over night, had not got quite right the next morning; for even then he seems to have been in such a mental condition as not to have thought of the expediency of ascertaining where he was and had passed the night. If he is really a person whose memory is apt utterly to fail him, it is fortunate that he has been able to direct that answers to his advertisement should be addressed to "T. P.," if those are his true initials. He may not always be able at need to make so great a mnemonic effort; and he should tattoo the letters in question on the back of his hand, where he will frequently see them: otherwise, one of these days, he will assuredly forget his own name.

Numismatic Curiosity.

THE most extraordinary coin *Mr. Punch* ever heard of is, according to a Birmingham contemporary, now in circulation. That journal, cautioning the public against taking a franc for a shilling, states that the difference may easily be known—the edge of the shilling being milled "while the rim of the other coin is the Reverse." We hope the Museum will secure a specimen.

A THIRSTY SOUL.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"As Drinking-Fountains are running all over the country, couldn't you get one established for my own particular benefit? It is so very long since I tasted a glass of pure fresh water, that I should like to know again what the taste of it was like. I would give anything for a good draught of the New River. I am heartily sick and tired of the poisonous stuff that I have been for years condemned to swallow. The wonder is, how I have been able to keep up my head at all.

"Therefore, dear *Punch*, I do beg of you, as a favour, to exert your influence with MR. GURNEY, or MR. MELLY of Liverpool, or MR. LIVESEY of Preston, and see whether a Drinking-Fountain cannot be laid on for my own especial use. The nearer it is erected to my mouth, of course, the better. I remain, dear *Punch*,

"Yours, very low and confined to my bed,

"OLD FATHER THAMES."

"If something is not done for me, I am sure I shall do something desperate. I have a good mind to take to drinking African Port, even though it should be the death of me. Do you think it is as nasty as the water I am compelled to drink?"

An Irish Rifle Brigade!

A LOYAL proposal from the *Nation* newspaper will be hailed with enthusiasm. The organ of Irish Ultramontanism would have young Ireland arm to defend the British constitution! It demands that the formation of Volunteer Rifle Corps in Ireland shall be encouraged by the Government. Of course the PREMIER will not hesitate a moment to gratify so innocent and ingenuous a request. The noble Lord is no weasel; and the *Nation* will find no obstacle to its admirable suggestion from PALMERSTON's suspicious vigilance.

FROM LAST NIGHT'S FLEET STREET GAZETTE.

PROMOTION.

To *Punch's* Pet Donkey Corps—The *Morning Star*, vice the *Morning Advertiser*, sacked.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 3, 1859.

This is Young Dawdlemore, the artist. Not that he is idle, O dear, no, "but he is obliged to think a great deal before he begins to work."

N.B. It is 6 P.M., *and he has been thinking ever since he got up at* 11 A.M., *and now thinks he should dress for dinner.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHY do all the foreign nations
Rage so loud against our own,
Loading us with execrations,
When we let them all alone,
Whilst we hail their rare advances
In the path that's good and true,
And lament the sad mischances
They are always coming to?

Victims of their mad distractions
Here, in turn, asylum find,
Exiles of all foreign factions,
Refugees of every kind;
Forced from home by revolutions,
British liberties they share,
Under British institutions,
Dwelling safe in Leicester-square.

What can be their great objection
To the Island of the Free,
Which affords them all protection,
Shows them hospitality?
Evil they for good return us,
And with curses kindness pay,
Want to rob, lay waste, and burn us,
Why and wherefore who can say?

We decline their lead to follow
Through the fog, and mud, and fire,
They think fine what we think hollow,
We despise what they admire.
Of the monstrous creed which bridles
Them, derision we avow,
Laugh aloud at all the idols
Which command at least their bow.

They detest our cool sedateness,
Envy our Constitution's health,
And the evergrowing greatness
Of our mere material wealth,
Hate us for the scorn of trifles
Which they value, or adore;
Therefore need we muster rifles,
From them to defend our shore.

SHALL OUR VISCOUNT HAVE A STATUE?

Too long have we waited for some worthier pen than ours to be nibbed and dipped to moot this most momentous question. We can wait no longer. Our feelings fairly overcome us. We have bottled them down somehow for we can't tell how long; but we feel our bosom bursting, and we must give them vent. *Shall our Viscount have a Statue!* There! The cork's out now, and we can calmly breathe again.

Would the public wish to know whence comes this sudden outburst, we refer them to the speech delivered last week to his constituents by the noble, because not ennobled, Member for Lambeth? The speech was made at the Horns Tavern; and it was in this way that the speaker blew his trumpet:—

"MR. WILLIAMS (who was warmly received) said he had no doubt that his constituents looked pretty sharply after him, and he wished the constituencies of England would do the same with regard to every member, for depend upon it this was the way to keep them honest and to make them discharge their duty. He attended the House of Commons throughout the whole of last Session, without the omission of a single day or night; and no question of the least importance was brought before the House in which he did not take part."

Hearing this affecting flourish, who will say that WILLIAMS should not have a Statue? *Dulce et decorum est*, and so forth, we all know; but the patriot who lives such a life as has our Viscount has made more sacrifice for his country than he who merely dies for it. Just conceive the mental bore, not to say a word of the personal fatigue, of sitting day and night on the stuffed seats of St. Stephen's, listening to the ceaseless stream of talk which flows there.

"WILLIAMS expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis HANSARD."

Full sure the labour is as great, in hearing speeches as to speak; and we wonder the fine mind and the fine person of our Viscount could have survived the torture to which they were self-doomed.

It remains now for the country to recognise his services, in a manner that shall be befitting to the man. As he has not spared himself in his labours for the nation, there is nothing which the nation ought not cheerfully to spare for him. *Contentus parvo* is however probably his motto. Let then a subscription be commenced, in sums of not more than one penny, as the Economist would doubtless prefer such small amounts. It can be no slight task to sit for days and nights with one's face turned to the Speaker, *Nocturnâ versare manu, versare diurnâ.** One good turn proverbially deserves another. Let us statuefy the patriot, if we can't ennoble him. But who is there can design a *pose* that shall befit him? There is but one mind equal to it. The nation points to *Punch*. In the name then of the nation, *Punch* says let the statue of our VISCOUNT WILLIAMS be carved after the thought of him called the "Divine WILLIAMS." Let us chisel him as Patience sitting in a Parliament, and sadly smiling at the grief to which his patriotism has brought him. Be the motto underwritten: "*Sedet æternumque sedebit Infelix Williams*," until by hook and crook he can catch the Speaker's eye. Being as he is by far too venerable a bird to be caught with the chaff of the offer of a title, his statue clearly should be modelled after the antique. We would have him represented wrapped up in his virtue (the "Wiscount Wirtue Wrapper" would sell well, MESSIEURS MOSES), and holding in his hand the mouthpiece of Fame's trumpet, which, in his own praise he has shown how he can blow. *Kismet!* We have spoken. Be his Horns exalted! May the shadow of his Statue be cast ere next Recess!

* We really must apologise for these hackneyed old quotations. From parliamentary associations we somehow can't help using them. By the way, what a number our Viscount must have heard last Session, sitting as he did daily and nightly in the thick of them!

Novel Eclipse of the Moon.

SIR FRANCIS GRAHAM MOON has been receiving from the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH some fresh decoration, connected this time with the Legion of Honour. If it goes on at this rate, our gentle MOON promises to be totally eclipsed in time by a quantity of stars.

AN ODD FELLOW.—Morpheus, for he is undeniably a Nod fellow.

ANOTHER SMASH FOR A STARTELLER.

IN His national capacity of Protector of the Public, *Mr. Punch* had recently to smash a MR. SMITH, who having assumed the more imposing *alias* of "*Zadkiel*," had endeavoured to palm off a certain sham-prophetic Almanack, containing what he called the "Revelations" of the stars. *Mr. Protector Punch* convicted this offender of a fraudulent attempt to impose upon the public, and sentenced him to public condemnation for the act. For having thus discharged what he conceived to be his duty, *Mr. Punch* was assaulted with a sheetful of abuse, wherein it was asserted, with more emphasis than grammar, that *Mr. Punch* was plainly doomed either to commit suicide, bigamy, or murder, *Mr. Punch* at this moment forgets precisely which. What yet more horrid horror Fate may have in store for him, *Mr. Punch* may be expecting in a post or two to learn: inasmuch as he is now about to smash another Starteller, whose first impulse most probably, on reading this annihilating notice of his work, will be to pick the choicest words that Billingsgate can offer, and hurl them in his wrath at the much-suffering *Mr. Punch*.

The Starteller, or story-teller, whom *Mr. Punch* means now to smash, assumes the *alias* of "RAPHAEL" to assist him in his fraudulent design upon the public: his design being simply to extract as many half-crowns as he can from people's pockets, by means of certain blasphemies, absurdities, and lies, which are collectively entitled RAPHAEL'S *Prophetic Messenger*. It would appear that this sham literary coinage has been in circulation for nearly half a century, the present being said to be its fortieth yearly issue. If this statement be by any accidental slip the truth, it certainly reflects small credit on the country. It may, however, serve by way of proof, to those who need one, that the race of fools is by no means yet extinct; and that although the age of so-called "golden simplicity" has passed, there must be lots of silver simplicity still current, or MR. RAPHAEL would not have sacked so many half-crowns as he hints he has. Here are some random specimens of RAPHAEL'S advice, from his *Table of Celestial Influences*, and which is prefaced by the statement that each day in the year is affected by some lunar or planetary aspect:—

"*January* 19. Ask favours of aged persons, but avoid contracts.
"*July* 27. Travel, ask favours, deal with Solar and Jovial persons.
"*August* 18. Deal with things and in persons under Venus and Mars, but marry not.
"*August* 25. Deal in Saturnine things; ask favours towards night.
"*September* 1. Deal with surgeons and Mars men. A.M. Good for Chemists.
"*September* 20. Deal in things and with persons under Venus. Until 4 P.M. good for Surgeons, afterwards uncertain. After 7 favourable.
"*November* 23. Untoward for Martial men and things; travel; ask favours.
"*December* 29. Deal in Saturnine things, and with Martial men."

This instruction might be headed "MORALITY FOR MAIDSERVANTS," as it is to them that it is obviously addressed. And it is specially for them no doubt that there is added this delicious bit of kitchen composition.

With regard to the prophetic (!) portion of the work, the following may be cited as fair illustrative samples:—

"At the Meeting of Parliament some antagonisms arise, and a conflict of parties results. . . *A distinguished Lady labours under malign influences*. . . The POPE has difficulty to retain the Papal chair. . . The influence of Uranus is most inimical to the connubial happiness of those whose luminaries are affected by his stationary position in the early degrees of Gemini. . . Persons having their luminaries in or near 15 or 16 degrees of Cancer, or any sign of the watery trigon, bask under the benefic smiles of Jupiter. . . The Sun in this scheme signifying the Parliament, afflicted by Uranus, is indicative of the possibility of a dissolution—*it may be on the question of Reform*. . . The conjunction of Venus and Herschel is of peculiar import, and has reference to very remarkable and uncommon conduct of a female of note and high rank. . . Railway casualties are portended. . . The head of the noble house of STANLEY suffers grief. . . An untoward period for lawyers and literary men, one of whom suffers misfortune or disgrace. . . Jupiter is very near the opposition of the moon in LORD PALMERSTON'S nativity, which will produce adverse circumstances, but not perhaps drive him from power. Of this we cannot feel certain, not having knowledge of the hour of his birth."

"Stuff and nonsense!" *Mr. Punch* hears some reader exclaim. "What's the good of making so much fuss about such gibberish? Who the Blank can put an atom of belief in such unmitigated bosh and balderdash as this?" Whereto *Mr. Punch* replieth with that calmness which distinguishes great minds. Your questions, courteous reader, seem fairly enough founded. Nevertheless you must admit that you are not Everybody, and that Everybody is not quite so knowing as yourself. There are men and women; and all are not so clever as a *Saturday Reviewer*, or (pray excuse the anti-climax) as yourself. We *Punch*, who write for Everybody, must of course write for the Nobodies as well as for the Somebodies; and for the warning of the former, We must expose this humbug RAPHAEL, although the latter may consider it a waste of space to do so. A quack-hunt is, We own, not half so good fun as a duck-hunt. But, fun or not, it is Our duty, as Protector of the Public, to hunt down all such quacks as RAPHAEL until we make gone geese of them.

NUMBER ONE AND TWO.

SOME fine moral principles, mingled with a few commercial fallacies, were enunciated the other day by a worthy ship-owner, MR. DUNBAR, to the assembly of the distressed shipping interest, convened in the London Tavern. MR. DUNBAR said,—

"Gentlemen, I wish we had the good old times of OLIVER CROMWELL back again, and then we should know how to deal with foreigners. . . . But I do hope you will go to your homes, and lay aside the feeling we have of loving foreigners. (*Laughter.*) An honest man loves himself first; and the great principle is, that we should take care of ourselves first, and if we have anything to spare, give it to our neighbours. (*Hear, hear, and laughter.*)"

Our Cromwellian forefathers are not perhaps the models whose examples we should wisely follow in our mercantile dealings with other nations. But MR. DUNBAR was quite right in protesting against "the feeling we have of loving foreigners," although perhaps the British ship owners whom he was addressing had not very much of that weakness to lay aside. He propounded a grand truth in laying down the axioms that "an honest man loves himself first," and that "we should take care of ourselves first, and if we have anything to spare, give it to our neighbours." If a man does not love himself first, he will certainly not love anybody else afterwards, how much soever he may love his neighbour as himself. He that does not take care of Number One will not have the means to take care of Number Two. You may move the world if you have the where to stand on; you may exercise boundless benevolence if you have the needful; not otherwise. If we practise generosity, we must practise it either at our own expense or at that of somebody else. In the latter case we are humbugs. MR. DUNBAR'S maxims on the subject of self-love afford a pleasing contrast to the prevalent cant about self-sacrifice. People who sacrifice themselves sacrifice others; and they who talk much of doing the former, very commonly content themselves with doing the latter. When men often accuse other men of selfishness, the fact generally is that they have failed in attemping to cheat those whom they malign. He that pretends to be unselfish is always unscrupulous. The domestic relations of the pure philanthropist are frequently shameful; and if anybody professes not to take care of himself, depend upon it that his munificence will be imaginary and insolvent.

GARIBALDI'S LOGIC.

THE reasons why the Italians should choose their rulers for themselves are not perhaps at present sufficiently numerous. GARIBALDI very wisely tells the Podesta of Milan, that "the subscription for 1,000,000 muskets must not only not be suspended, but, on the contrary, promoted as much as possible." Muskets, of course, mean rifles. Rifles are the reasons required. At present, the late subjects of the Dukes and the POPE have not apparently provided themselves with so ample an array of these reasons as may be requisite to confute all who may dispute their right to govern themselves. A million rifles, in hands trained to use them, are arms of logical precision which carry conviction to any breast at nearly half a mile. If the Italian peoples will only enable themselves to advance that number of those arguments against any conclusion which may be pressed upon them by foreign bayonets, they may depend upon it that no attempt will be made to dispute the position which they will be so well prepared to maintain.

A Point in Favour of America.

IN England there are certain periods of the year specially put aside for shooting, but in America, if we are to judge from the numerous duels and savage assaults that are almost daily taking place with pistols and revolvers, the shooting season seems to continue pretty nearly all the year round.

MITCHEL AND MAGUIRE.

MITCHEL, the convict, writes from Paris a letter which has been published in a low Irish newspaper. On the cool proposal, made by certain scoundrels who sympathise with him, to ask the QUEEN to grant him an amnesty, the fellow thus speaks for himself:—

"I do not know whether my two friends and comrades now in the United States would avail themselves of the 'amnesty' if granted. For my part I certainly would not. I hope, indeed, to go to Ireland again, but never by the QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S good-will."

MR. MITCHEL hopes to accompany an invading army to Ireland; and if an enemy ever should venture to land on that part of the United Kingdom, it is indeed to be hoped that the traitor will accompany the foe. The rifle in that case will await the one; for the other will be reserved the rope. MITCHEL proceeds:—

"It would be impossible for me to live there under her Government without endeavouring to overthrow it. I should instantly conspire, confederate, and combine, with person and persons, once more, against the peace of our said Lady the now QUEEN, her crown and dignity, and so forth: whereupon she would again pack a jury of true-blue Castle Protestants, again steal my letters in the post-office, again set BARON LEFROY upon my track (does the Baron still live?) and all the detectives and suborners, again seize my person and plunder my children, under a false pretence of law. Oh no! I cannot go back to live in Ireland under her dominion; yet I hope to go back and live in Ireland."

MR. MITCHEL says too much and too little. If he were contemptuously pardoned, or granted a ticket-of-leave, and suffered to return to Ireland, and, when he had got there, were to act as he says he would, he would be simply taken up again, and tried for high-treason without much of the ceremony which he anticipates. He would then be convicted and hanged. It may be possible that he will return to Ireland according to his expectation, but if his return takes place under the conditions, or with the intentions, which he contemplates, it will not be to live there very long, but to die there speedily: and to die in his shoes unless he kicks them off, in order to falsify, as far as possible, the predictions of his friends.

The consequence of which this despicable villain imagines himself is something comical. His idea of BARON LEFROY "set upon" his "track," and that by the QUEEN, would make it seem that he flatters himself with the supposition that he is as it were, royal game; some noble animal of prey, no meaner at least than a wolf, whereas the truth is, that he corresponds to a rat, and to the nasty venomous kind of rat which infests sewers, and whose mouth is poisonous with the filth that it devours there. He talks, indeed, of the QUEEN stealing his letters, setting BARON LEFROY after him, seizing his person, and plundering his children, much as ÆSOP might represent a rat complaining of the housekeeper who cut off its communications, put a terrier on its scent, sent a ferret into its hole, and routed out its nest. To complete the absurdity of his conceited self-measurement, he says that HER MAJESTY would do these things "under a false pretence of law," he, MITCHEL, in the case he supposes, having, on his own supposition, committed high-treason.

But the funniest point in the above quoted balderdash, is the apparent fancy, on the part of its infamous author, that the observance of some legality is due to him in dealing with him. Legality, no doubt, would be regarded in prosecuting him and punishing him. If caught to-morrow, he would be dealt with as an escaped convict, strictly according to law. But his idea of being actually entitled to legal consideration is absurd. It is laughable to find an unrestrained miscreant, who sets not only law, but honour, justice, and common humanity at defiance, expecting that any measure should be observed towards him in the endeavour to get rid of him. It would be ridiculous of a rat to hope for law, although British fair-play might accord law even to a rat.

MITCHEL is ludicrously unconscious that his relation to the United Kingdom is simply that of a banished vermin. The country has banished him; if he returns, it will bane him. Meanwhile the question for the Government to consider is, whether or no they will move the House of Commons for the expulsion of any Member of it who may have been guilty of showing overt sympathy with MR. MITCHEL.

STRANGE TASTE.

WE were startled off our chair the other morning, by reading the following paragraph in the *Morning Star*:—

"We publish *interesting* news from Hayti. Some twenty persons had been convicted of engaging in the late conspiracy against the Government, and sixteen of them were executed."

And this is from our morbid contemporary, who is supposed to entertain such an acute horror of slaughter that it is said the Editor objects even to killing a flea, inasmuch as the sanguinary act would be prompted by no other than the old revengeful law of taking blood for blood! If the execution of some sixteen unfortunate devils comes under the denomination of "interesting news," we wonder what endearing epithet would be applied to a *coup d'état*, or a Perugian massacre, or any of the numerous little rencontres with revolvers that are continually taking place in Congress and the best society in America? A boiler explosion, we suppose, would be classified as "cheerful news;" a colliery accident would be doubtlessly denominated "refreshing;" whilst a ship on fire, in which all lives were lost, would be probably alluded to as "the most gratifying intelligence that has reached us for some time." A new edition of the *Newgate Calendar*, sprinkled profusely with these admiring adjectives, would create a new sensation. Might we, with all possible respect, recommend the notion to the Editor of the *Morning Star?* His talents seem to qualify him admirably for so congenial a task.

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE!—GROSS ASSAULT ON MR. PUNCH!

THE world will learn with mingled pain and indignation, that *Mr. Punch* last week was the victim of a brutal and quite unprovoked attack, from the effects of which he still is mentally a sufferer. It appears that *Mr. Punch* was (as usual) in his study, engaged (as usual) in settling the affairs of the nation, and just then deciding upon Whom to send to Congress, when the smallest of his errand-boys timidly approached him, and kneeling on one knee in token of submission, said—

"Please, Sir, why may we expect that mice will next week be made nervous?"

To have collared the small miscreant, to have partially undressed him, and administered that punishment which justly was his due, would have been to *Mr. Punch* but half an instant's work. But with him invariably mercy tempers justice; and so, with the air of one of Fox's Martyrs, he leaned back in his chair, resigned to bear the worst. Emboldened by the attitude the Great Man had assumed, the small boy grinned and chuckled, and, with fiendish malice, completed his assault by exclaiming,—

"Please, Sir, it's because there'll be a Cat'll Show!"

HEAVY AND MELANCHOLY MENDELSSOHN.

THE Programme of the Promenade Concerts at Drury Lane, the other day, contained the announcement that—

"The first part is selected entirely from the works of MENDELSSOHN."

Whereunto was added the notification following:—

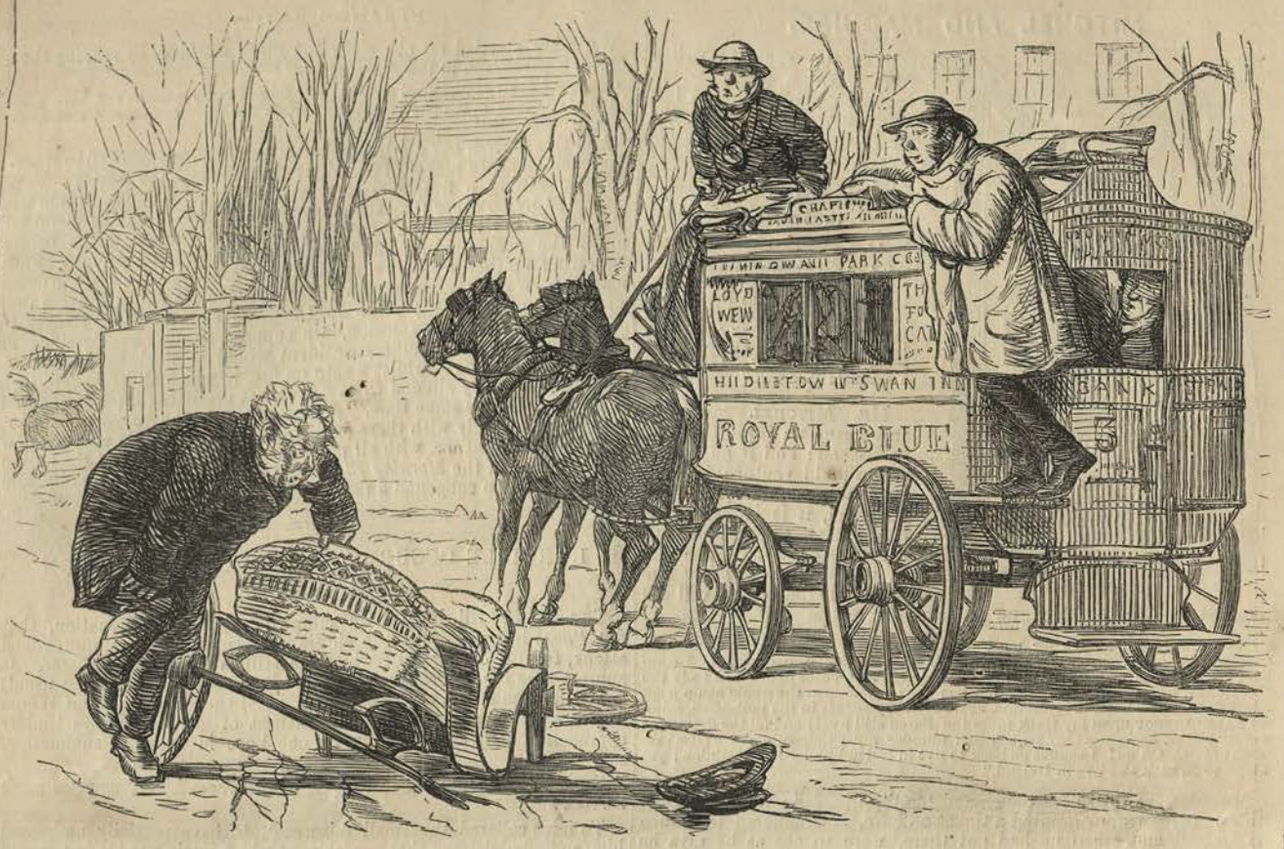
"The second part will consist of light and cheerful music."

The author of the antithesis may appear to have regarded the music of MENDELSSOHN as heavy and melancholy. Perhaps, however, he employed those epithets simply with a view to attract the gents whom a whole evening of any composer of genius would have repelled from the Promenade Concerts to the Casino. By music the opposite of light and cheerful, he probably meant music requiring attention and interesting the nobler feelings. What he intended by light and cheerful music, most likely was music requiring no effort to understand it, and exciting only the animal spirits of those who are incapable of any more spiritual excitement. Joy of heart is heaviness, and elation of soul is gloom, to the poor gent who has neither heart nor soul.

Liberal and Conservative Loyalty.

THE Man in the Moon may boldly defend his proceedings at Wakefield, and perhaps also the majority of the Members of the House of Commons may justify the means whereby they have obtained their seats, by alleging that in what is vulgarly called practising bribery and corruption, they have only exercised the legitimate influence of the Sovereign.

SEVERITY OF THE SEASON.—MR. W. WILLIAMS met his Constituents last week, and spoke for nearly two hours.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

BUS DRIVER (*after taking the old gentleman's wheel off, &c.*) "*Well, you are a funny Driver. Never mind, Sir, jump inside; we'll h'ist the P'ramb'lator onto the Roof, and ketch the pony in no time.*"

EYES RIGHT!—DRESS!—WORD OF COMMAND.

MR. PUNCH is, of course, a Rifleman. In the exuberance of his loyalty, and the intensity of his determination to fight for his *ara et focus*, he has become a member of more Volunteer Corps than he can exactly remember. His attendance at drills is continuous, and all but ubiquitous. He may be found at one moment in Lincoln's Inn Hall,—the next, with LORD RANELAGH and the South Middlesex at Beaufort House; and anon with the smart young fellows of the Civil Service Brigade between half-past four and six in Westminster Hall, practising extension motions,—as far as his *à priori* and *à posteriori* protuberances will allow him,—and taking the most alarmingly long shots at imaginary Frenchmen in aiming-drill, and butt-practice.

Of course, as he belongs to so many corps, he has a fine field of choice before him as to which he will actually serve with; and in making up his mind on this point, the consideration of uniform weighs with him considerably. He has naturally determined to countenance no trumpery of cocks' feathers, lace, and ornamental buttons—*cela va sans dire*. His uniform must be *plain*, cheap, and serviceable. But among the many competing uniforms that combine these conditions, he has felt a difficulty in the choice of colour. *Mrs. Punch*, of course, recommends "invisible" grey, out of wifely consideration—poor dear—of her *P.'s* bodily safety, and *Mr. P.*, from his purely patriotic desire to be spared for his country's service as long as possible, had hitherto agreed with her that the best colour was that which was least likely to present a mark to the enemy.

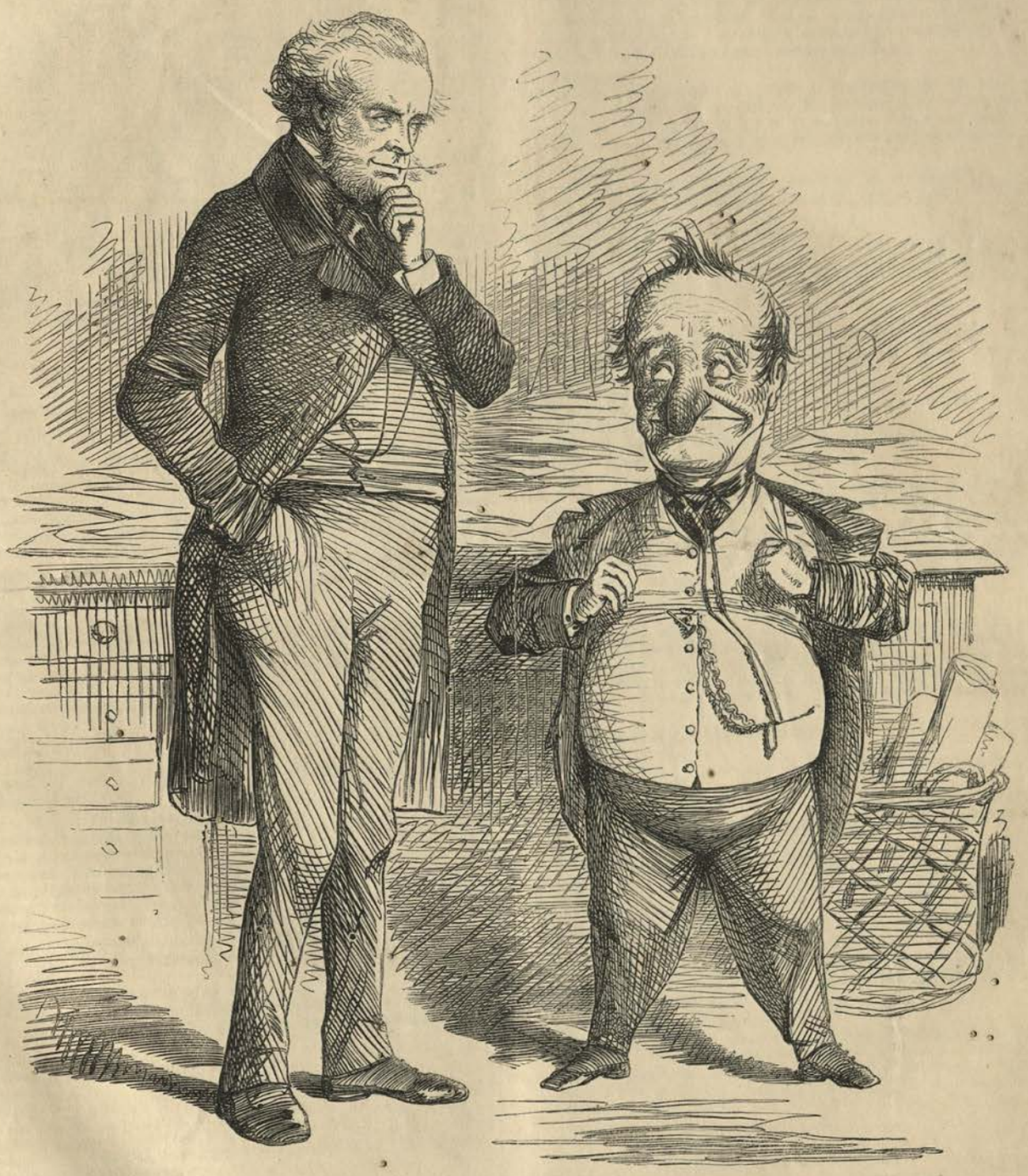
But, lo, the shortsightedness of the unprofessional soldier! He now learns from a military correspondent of the *Times* (who dates from the Junior United Service Club), that the more conspicuous the colour he chooses, the better chance for him of carrying a whole skin out of the field. Blazing scarlet is the best; rifle-green the next best.

His real danger (it appears from this skilled witness) is not from the enemy in his front, but from his comrades in the rear. He is much more likely to be potted *à tergo*, at long range, by a friend who mistakes him for an enemy, than in the face, by an enemy who blazes at him for what he is—the truest of Britons. This has led to an entire *bouleversement* of *Mr. Punch's* notions on the subject of uniform altogether; and has set him considering whether he cannot devise some dress which shall combine the double advantage of presenting the most conspicuous beacon for avoidance to his friends, and the least visible target for hitting to his foes.

He believes that at last he has discovered this desideratum. He would respectfully submit that our Volunteer uniforms should be parti-coloured—the hinder part of the most blazing and far-resplendent colour that can be contrived, the fore part of the most misty and undistinguishable of grays, or heather mixtures, or whatever else most confounds men with earth, twigs, or stones. Observe the great benefit of this contrivance. It will not merely tend to the saving of life, but will furnish the Volunteer with the strongest inducement not to turn tail. So long as he keeps his face to the foe his blazing back will be safe from his friends' bullets, while his indistinct front will present the worst possible mark to the enemy's fire. But once let him turn his back, and the Briton will take him for a gray-coated *Chasseur de Vincennes*, while the Frenchman will have the blazing British behind for the most hittable of targets. The recreant turn-tail will thus be punished for his cowardice by being placed between two fires, out of which his chances of escaping scot-free are reduced to a minimum. *Mr. Punch* begs to submit his idea to the National Rifle Association, and to suggest that a corps should be raised to wear this parti-coloured uniform, and to be styled the "Punch's Reversible Rifles."

The Latest from Osborne.

"I SAY," said WILLIAMS to OSBORNE, "what is meant by this term I am always meeting in the French papers, '*un succès d'estime?*'" "It is difficult to explain," said the incorrigible BERNAL, in the gravest manner, "but I will give you an example—the railway engine, my boy, was *un grand succès de steam*. You'll find the fact recorded in the second volume of SMILES' *Life of George Stephenson*." Dear WILLIAMS was perfectly satisfied.



WHO GOES TO CONGRESS?

MR. P. TO LORD P. "IF YOU DON'T GO, I MUST."

GOOD ADVICE.

FRENCH paper, the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, has published the following eighteen golden rules for the guidance of the troops going to Canton, to which *Mr. Punch* begs to append Full Private JEAN TOULOUROU'S comment.

1. *Have warm clothing in winter.*
[With great pleasure, if the Government will supply me with it. I would suggest at the same time the propriety of serving out foot-warmers to stand-at-ease in, hot-water tins for our beds, carpets for our tents, and camp-stools, with cushions for us to sit down upon.]

2. *Never remain in damp or wet clothes, unless you are at work or on the march.*
[I would much rather not. In order to enable me to follow this excellent direction, I should be extremely obliged by the Government serving out to me a complete change of upper and under-clothing, with the means of conveying them otherwise than upon my back, which has to support more than it can comfortably carry already.]

3. *In summer wear light clothing of soft wool, or Urtica nivea linen. Be careful to wash this clothing when it is soaked with perspiration.*
[Nothing could be more comfortable, if the Government will be kind enough to provide me with the soft and light woollen clothing. As to the *Urtica nivea* linen, I should be obliged by information what it is, and where and how it is to be come by. The recommendation as to washing has my approval, and I trust will be followed by the requisite allowance of soap, the proper facilities for a supply of hot-water, and an allotment of washerwomen to each regiment.]

4. *Wear flannel, both as a waistcoat and round the abdomen. Never leave it off.*
[I won't, if once I can get it on. *En attendant*, I can only wish I *may* get it.]

5. *Never sleep on the bare ground.*
[I solemnly promise never to do so, if I can get anything softer and pleasanter to sleep upon.]
Put a plank under your feet when you stand still.
[Two, if the Government will oblige me with them, and inform me how I am to get 'em along with my knapsack, musket, ammunition, provisions, cooking utensils, and *tente d'abri*.]

6. *In summer put a little straw upon your plank.*
["A Little!" I will invest it with a layer a foot deep,—given the straw.]
And cover it with a matting of rope-yarn or bamboo.
[Ah—Messieurs of the Sanitary Commission, when you *are* about it, couldn't you make it a spring mattrass or an *édredon?*]

7. *Never drink water—*
[Never, if I can get anything stronger.]
Always tea.
[*Corbleu!* I am not prepared to give this undertaking, unless the tea be properly corrected with *eau-de-vie, rhum, kirsch*, or other means of quenching thirst known to the soldier. *Thé au naturel* is a British beverage, and as such distasteful to every true soldier of France.]

8. *Clarify your water, when it is muddy, with rock-alum.*
[Why rock-alum? I shall be perfectly satisfied with the clarifying powers of cognac. Nay, I prefer that fluid to rock-alum, if a paternal Government will permit me a choice.]

9. *Drink in moderation the spirits of the country, taking care to warm them first.*
[I will. I respect the institutions of a *ponche flamboyante*, or a *grog chaud*. If the Government wish me to abstain altogether from the spirits of the country, they have but to serve me out a sufficient ration of the *eau-de-vie* of our beloved France, which is, I am satisfied, better suited to my constitution.]
The best spirits are those made from Sorgho (Kuo-lyang), or wheat.
[I thank the Government for the information, the accuracy of which I shall lose no opportunity of testing. Among 360 millions of people there must be a vast variety of drinks, as to which—the Government will pardon me for observing—science can as yet be but imperfectly informed. It shall be my object to submit all the fermented liquors I meet with to quantitative and qualitative analysis, for the information of the Government.]

10. *Eat moderately.*
[A paternal Government has placed any infraction of this most valuable rule out of my power. My rations are by no means excessive; and my *sou* a day of pocket-money does not enable me to overload the stomach by any dangerous addition to them.]

11. *Never eat ducks.*
[I never do—they are a delicacy reserved for my superiors. I have seen them in CHEVET'S windows, and in those of the *restaurants*.]
The best meat is that of Tonquin, when not too fat.
[This observation is valuable; but I have never yet met with any meat to which I could conscientiously apply the epithet "too fat" or "too lean" either. The soldier's *pot au feu*, like death, levels all distinctions.]

12. *Eat but sparingly of sweets and fruits.*
[Such is my practice, as these luxuries can only be procured by plunder, and plunder is abhorrent to the heart of the French soldier.]
The sugar-cane is almost the only wholesome sweet thing.
[Ah, *Messieurs de la Commission Sanitaire*, make a reservation in favour of *sucre de pomme!*]
All others are either too heating, or sit cold on the stomach.
[I have not found this borne out in practice.]
Never eat fruit too ripe.
[I never will; but till now I cannot recal any instance in which I have found fruit in this condition. It may be different in China.]

13. *As soon as you arrive in the country, acquire the habit of eating rice as the natives cook it.*
[This will cost me no trouble. Consider the habit acquired, Messieurs. I will not only eat it *as* the natives cook it, but insist on their cooking it, that I may acquire the habit of eating it.]
Their rice is much better than bread, which is always heating.
[Thanks for the information. As I said, with regard to fruit, I have never found myself heated by any quantity of bread I could procure. I submit myself for any experiment *Messieurs de la Commission Sanitaire* may wish to institute upon me, as to the allowance of bread necessary to produce the alleged heating effect.]

14. *When you smoke spit as little as possible.*
[I never spit at all.]

15. *At night, take care to cover your head well, more particularly your eyes.*
[I demand 26,000 *bonnets de coton*. Consecrated as that article has hitherto been to the *Epicier*, the French soldier will not refuse to wear it at the demand of the EMPEROR.]

16. *In hot weather avoid cold places; draughts are always dangerous.*
[I request to be informed if this refer to "draughts to be drunk," or "draughts to be played"? If the former, I admit the danger—and, as a French soldier, I fly to meet it. If the latter, I wish to know whether the remark extends to dominoes—my favourite game.]

17. *In spring and autumn take care never to get wet-footed in the morning.*
[How, if my boots wear out, or the enemy be stationed on the other side of a stream, or a mud-flat?]

18. *Never take a nap in the day-time.*
[The old *troupier* never sleeps—unless like the weasel, with one eye open. But let *Messieurs les Officiers* take care I have my regular night's rest unbroken, and I promise not to close even one eye during the day. On any other condition I am compelled to demur to this rule.]

Sympathy with the Pope.

THE Government of the POPE must be unpopular indeed, when the very ROMANS themselves are crying out "No Popery!" The title of his Sacred Highness, when he has received his papal *congé*, might be conveniently altered to "PIO NO-NO POPE." His temporal power seems now to be so very short-lived, that his rule, instead of temporal, might be appropriately designated as *pro-tempore*.

ALDERMANIC VACANCY.—SIR ROBERT CARDEN opening his mind.

THE MANNSTER CONCERTS.

NOVEMBER scarcely seems to be a November without JULLIEN. But as we cannot have our Mons., we of course must do the best we can without him; and the best thing we can do is to go to Drury Lane, and hear the Mannster Concerts.

Readers in the country, and those from it for the Cattle Show, may wonder very possibly what the Mannster Concerts are, and will naturally ask *Punch* for instruction on the point. Now, *Punch's* chief aim and delight always being to enlighten, *Punch* informs the world with pleasure that he has christened the Mannster Concerts from the name of their Conductor. As the Mons-ter Concerts were so called because conducted by the Mons., so *Punch* names the Mannster Concerts thus, because conducted by HERR MANNS.

HERR MANNS—or MR. MANNS, as he prefers to call himself, showing thereby a commendable desire to sink the foreigner, notwithstanding that, as far as concerts are concerned, foreign names strangely tickle the long-eared British Public—MR. MANNS is a conductor who knows how to conduct himself, and moreover knows how to conduct good music. Whether he can conduct bad music as well as he can good, is a point which at his Concerts there is small chance of deciding. The music there selected is nightly of the best, and the sounds which are emitted serve to show that MR. MANNS is a good sound conductor.

To the eye of the philosopher who looks into the past, there is of course one shade of gloom upon the Mannster Concerts. It is true the brilliant shirt front of our JULLIEN is absent, and our eyes are no more dazzled by his spotlessly white waistcoat. Nor is our bump of veneration excited, as of yore, by that sacrifice of kids, which in his palmy days our JULLIEN had nightly on his hands. But what is lacking now in brilliancy of waistcoat is made up for amply in brilliancy of music. If they appeal less to the eye, they appeal more to the ear, and this surely is no fault in a musical performance. There is more music and less row than in the Jullienic era, and one may hear the Mannster Concerts without cotton in one's ears, which is more than could be said of certain of the Monster ones.

ASTOUNDING NEWS FROM ROME.

THE following terrific announcement appeared last week in the *Freeman's Journal*, a great Irish Catholic organ:—

"We understand an autograph letter from his Holiness has reached Ireland. We are not yet at liberty to communicate the recipient of this momentous document—for momentous it is, and calculated to produce the most profound effect on the Catholic world; but that it has actually been written by POPE PIUS, and transmitted to this country, we are at liberty to state on very high authority."

The following soothing announcement appeared three days later in the same journal:—

"We regret to have been led into an error relative to the supposed receipt of an autograph letter from his Holiness the POPE. We are requested to state that the document on which we commented did not emanate from his Holiness, or from any official source, but was a communication from a party resident in Rome, conveying his opinions on the present posture of affairs. We thought the gentleman on whose information we relied was accurate in his statement, but it appears he was mistaken."

And then these Irish complain that the Saxon does not put implicit trust and confidence in all they say, or entertain any very high respect for their way of doing business!

But this is not all. The *Freeman's Journal* only pleads guilty to having made an elaborate and extraordinary blunder. *Mr. Punch* is in a position to state that the *Journal* spoke the truth in the first instance, and that such a letter from the POPE has been received in Ireland, and a duplicate thereof has been seen by *Mr. Punch* himself. And the momentous announcement contained in that document is—and we have no doubt that it will produce a most profound effect on the Catholic world—that

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE IS ABOUT TO ABDICATE, IN FAVOUR OF YOUNG MORTARA.

The *Freeman's Journal* was only indiscreet in prematurely publishing the fact, and was therefore ordered to deny it; but the matter need be a secret no longer. It is a long time since Rome has had a Jew Pope, and almost as long since she has had a Christian Pope; but now she gets both in one. *Vive* PIO NONO!

HUNTING INTELLIGENCE IN HAMPSHIRE.

A NIMROD of the New Forest forwarded the other day to the *Hampshire Advertiser* a highly technical account of a fox-hunt; whereof the commencement is subjoined:—

"*Lyndhurst, November* 26.

"THREE DAYS WITH THE NEW FOREST HOUNDS.—Saturday, November 19th, the meet was at Hill-top Gate, and punctual to a minute HAWTIN and his famous bitch pack made their appearance, followed shortly after by the worthy master, E. TIMSON, ESQ. There was a good muster of red and black coats, among whom were SIR HENRY PAULET, BART., CAPTAINS HEATH, TIMSON, and M. POWELL, MESSRS. B. POWELL, GORE, MUDGE, ST. BARBE, C. and J. SHRUBB, EVERITT, PALMER, STRIDE, FLETCHER, ASHBY, CARTER, CURN, MULTIS, and ALUS."

It is to be presumed that MESSIEURS CURN, MULTIS, and ALUS are local celebrities—mighty hunters in the New Forest. Not for a moment can we suppose that they are no other than our old acquaintances in the *Propria Quæ Maribus* of the Eton Latin grammar, "*Cum multis aliis*," implying the additional presence of those other well-known sportsmen and hard riders, "*quæ nunc perscribere longum est.*" The New Forest Pony must not be mistaken for the Pony of Jerusalem.

The Currency.

THE circulation of *Punch* was 93,456 greater last week than the week before. The money was paid the moment it was received into the Treasury, that is to say, into *Mr. Punch's* till. It is all for the home-market, not a farthing of it being intended for the Continent, with the exception of a French bonnet, which *Mr. Punch*, in the expansive joy of the moment, was weak enough to promise his wife.

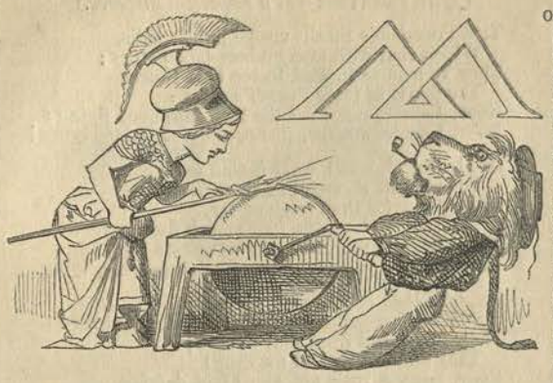
Impromptu.

On Seeing the two MISSES WILTON *at the Strand Theatre.*

How happy could I be with IDA,
Were MARIE, dear charmer, away!

NOT "(T)RIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."—Our Volunteer Corps, as any invader will find to his cost, who ventures to consider them as such by landing on the British shore.

ADVICE GRATIS.



SUNDAY'S *Moniteur de l'Armée* contains "official advice to the troops about to embark for China." As the article has been translated in the *Times*, our gallant soldiers will also have had an opportunity of laying to heart the thoughtfully matured counsels of the *Moniteur*, anent not sitting in draughts or over-eating themselves, &c. That our brave fellows should, however, start equally well stocked with sound and seasonable monitions, *Mr. Punch* has put together a dozen brief hints which may be easily committed to memory, and which are fully as pertinent and needful as those of his contemporary.

1. Take a slate and pencil on board ship to play "oughts and crosses," and acquire a knowledge of strategic combinations.
2. If you begin to weary of the salt junk at sea, think of the rich prize junk that may await you in the Peiho.
3. Avoid heavy food in China. The natives prefer a light diet, and even on festive occasions indulge in nothing beyond a Feast of Lanterns.
4. Eat sparingly of unripe fruit, especially the big sort represented on the dinner-plates.
5. Never eat a steak with a chop-stick.
6. In taking bird's-nest soup, be careful not to swallow the twigs and straws.
7. Don't run up scores at the public-houses for pots of tea and pickled ginger.
8. If you are fond of green tea, buy it on market days fresh in from the country. If you like it very green, gather it off the bush yourself.
9. Throw a few thirteen-inch shells into Pekin and you may puzzle the conchologists.
10. Should you get hold of the EMPEROR, the best thing to do with him is to Rareyfy him.
11. Pepper the Chinamen well, and make them pay costs of the action.
12. Should you observe any figures skulking about the Peiho forts in flat caps and Noah's-Ark coats, shoot down one or two of them to see what they are.

When we may Expect the Reform Bill.

WHEN Westminster Bridge is completed; when the City coal-tax is abolished; when there is not a turnpike within twenty miles of London; when SIR PETER LAURIE has put down everything, including himself, the National Debt, and the organ-boys; when dramatic authors write original pieces; when vestrymen talk English; when playbills, and low comedians, and Irish priests speak the truth;—then, and not a day before, we may expect the long-promised Reform Bill. Let us express the fervent wish that the fond reader may live to see it, for we have strong doubts ourselves, whether we ever shall.

JOKING IN A CIRCLE.

MISS ELLA, the celebrated horse-woman, is now playing at the Circus, Leicester Square, and the performances may, in consequence (at least so says the ever facetious BARON BRAMWELL), be called *Miss Ella-neous*.

A LAW-SUIT AND A LOVE-SUIT.

"Myrtle Cottage, Mitcham. Prince of Wales's Birthday.

"O MY DEAR DARLING MR. PUNCH,

"I've *such* a piece of news for you! At least, I can't quite call it *news*, for it's been in all the papers, and as you read *everything* I make no doubt you've seen it. However, if you have, you'll find it *quite* worth re-perusing, and I'm sure your lady readers will be charmed *immensely* with it. What with all your horrid *politics* and stuff, it's seldom that you editors print *anything* to interest us. It's only when that nasty Parliament is 'up' that one ever finds a scrap worth reading in the newspapers; and yet I'm sure those horrid speeches don't do a *bit* of good, and they are not *half* so entertaining or *instructive* as such dear delightful little paragraphs as this:—

"THE POWER OF BEAUTY.—In a village near Yvetot, some short time back (says the *Abeille Cauchoise*), a case was to be argued before the *juge de paix*, and just as that functionary had given notice that he was ready to hear the particulars, the defendant, a pretty young female entered. On seeing her, the plaintiff, (a lawyer in good practice) rose and said, 'Mademoiselle, I have not courage to plead against you, and am sorry to have given you the trouble to come here. I abandon the case, and will pay all the costs! deign to accept my arm!' The proposition was accepted. The acquaintance thus commenced has produced its fruits, as three days back, the banns of marriage between the two were duly published."

"There now, isn't that a sweetly pretty story! At least, I shouldn't say a *story*, because of course it's *true*. But truth, you know, is sometimes *much* more strange than fiction. If I hadn't seen this statement I never should have *dreamed* of lawyers making love in this way. I'm sure it's quite *romantic*, and would make a charming novel. Of course you haven't time to write novels yourself, but you really should get some one of your *lady friends* to write it. I declare it would be just the very thing for the *Penny Parlour Startler*, or any other one of those nice *story telling* newspapers which one is pretty sure to see when one peeps into one's kitchen. I think if I were her, I'd call it '*Love and Law, or the Young Lady's Revenge!*' Only think now of a *lawyer* falling over head and ears in love at the first sight! I'm sure it's quite *delicious*, and some one ought to write about it. Lawyers are, you know, such horrid *cautious* creatures that in general it takes *weeks* to get them to propose to one. I've heard Mamma say that it took her *all the Long Vacation* to get Papa to make a declaration, as he called it; and my AUGUSTUS seems so terribly afraid he may commit himself that I don't a bit expect he'll pop the question before *Christmas*. As for lawyers being *ever* smitten at first sight, if this Frenchman had not been so I *never could* have fancied it. I should as soon have thought to hear of bishops learning *crochet*, or of boa-constrictors being taught to dance the polka!

"No, no, *Mr. Punch*. The story *may* be true, but for my part, I confess, I don't believe a word of it. At first, I own I rather did; but that, you know, was only the impulse of the moment. It seemed *so* nice for a *slice-eater* (that's the same as *lawyer*, isn't it? AUGUSTUS told me once he was in training for a 'slice-eater'*) to be love-struck at first sight, and at once to make an offer *such as could not be misconstrued*, that I declare I felt my heart quite *beat* for the *dear* man; and if I'd been in Court, I do believe I should have *kissed* him. But this, you know, was *childish* impulse, and would, of course, have been improper for a grown-up girl like me. (I shall be sixteen my next birthday.) And so, on second thoughts, I have taken what Pa calls a *common sense* view of the matter, and I now feel quite convinced that this lawyer had some *motive* for acting as he did. Depend on it he knew that the girl had *something else* besides her prettiness to boast of. It was the power of *Booty*, not of *Beauty*, that attracted him.

"At least, so thinks your sincere friend,

"GEORGIANA GUSHINGTON."

"P.S. Wouldn't it be *nice*, now, if this French system were followed here, and all our nasty *law-suits* were to end by being *love-suits!* Only think what *loads* of girls would love to go to law then, and what a lot of business there would be for our young *slice-eaters*. But I don't believe you Englishmen are half so *gallant* as your neighbours. It's quite hard enough to catch you, without your having to *pay costs* for us!

"P.P.S. I do *so* hope AUGUSTUS will *chance*† to read this letter—especially the *postscript!*"

* We presume he meant "Solicitor," which *is* in some degree a synonym for "lawyer," Miss.—*Punch.*

† Chance, Miss! Why, of course he will. Every man, that is if he be sensible, reads *Punch*. You know that well enough, or you never would have written.—*Punch.*

THE VALUE OF A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.

A HIGH Idea of the House of Commons is likely to be diffused by the following advertisement, which lately appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

TO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT and Parliamentary Agents.—WANTED, one or two M.P.s as DIRECTORS to an important PUBLIC COMPANY, limited. Qualification small, no risk incurred, and a handsome consideration will be offered.—Address, in confidence, with real name, to N. T., Esq., News Rooms, 76, Strand, W.C.

What are Members of Parliament a-piece? appears now to have become the question in market overt. The above advertisement is so far satisfactory, that it tends to explain the seemingly unaccountable fact that Honourable Gentlemen will spend five thousand pounds to obtain the privilege of working for their country night and day, by assiduous attendance on dry debates, and self-devotion to unremunerated service on Committees.

TRUE COURAGE.

THE LEGATE'S SONG.

(*After* TENNYSON—*at a respectful distance.*)

THE Popedom's thralls crowd public halls,
Which ring with many a bare-faced story;
They're mad as snakes, to see how shakes
The fabric of their Pontiff's glory:
Roar, Legate, roar; set the loud falsehood flying;
Roar, Legate, answer, Bishops—lying, lying, lying!

Oh, hark! oh hear! what fiction mere!
The merest, sheerest, farthest going;
Oh, blacker far than pitch or tar,
The slander from the foul mouth flowing!
Roar, Legate, roar, thy furious priests replying,
Roar, Legate, answer, Bishops—lying, lying, lying.

Oh, how they lie, beneath yon sky,
Where they maintain this world moves never!
Their fables roll from soul to soul;
They lie for ever and for ever!
Roar, Legate, roar, notorious fact defying,
Roar, Legate, answer, Bishops—lying, lying, lying.

CLOSE COMPANIONSHIP.

THE following is part of a dialogue which took place the other day before the LORD MAYOR, between a fellow had up for stealing a watch, and PARTRIDGE the gaoler, who had stated that the prisoner had already been sentenced to seven years' transportation:—

"Prisoner. You have known me for eight years, but how do you know I have been transported?

"PARTRIDGE. Because I know you as well as I know myself."

This is a very close intimacy. If it existed during the whole period of the prisoner's transportation, then, all that time where was MR. PARTRIDGE?

SANITARY TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—"The Deodorisation of Sewage!"

THE MILKY WAY.—The Chalk Pits of England.

A BIT OF BALDERDASH.

THE Professor, whose name is omitted in the following *Times* advertisement, is apparently a candid fellow:—

AUT CÆSAR aut NULLUS.—Professor ———'s celebrated TOILET GEM, a Luxuriant and Oriental Preparation for the Hair. Prepared and sold, &c.

As a scholar, the Professor knows that the name of Cæsar signifies, etymologically, a man with a bushy head of hair, a thing which, by a natural confusion of names and persons, is popularly called a Brutus. By "*Aut Cæsar aut Nullus*," he of course means to say, only in happier diction, "*Aut Cæsaries aut nulla*," or "either a Brutus or a bald head." This is a very honest way of advertising a pomatum or hair-wash; it amounts to a plain profession that, as regards the hair, the article recommended is a remedy of the sort called "kill or cure." Any gentleman using the Professor's "luxuriant and Oriental preparation," may therefore confidently expect, either, on the one hand, a "Gentleman's Real Head of Hair," or, on the other, what may be truly described as an "Invisible Peruke."

A Bill Long Due, but not Honoured yet.

IT seems to be the general opinion, as well as the opinion of MR. ROEBUCK, that there will be no Reform Bill next year, on account of the public mind being so much absorbed by the apprehensions of an invasion. LORD PALMERSTON will perhaps smile at the Reform bubble being pricked by a French bayonet. It is really too bad of these Frenchmen! If they have no craving for liberty themselves, they need not do all they can to stifle what aspirations we may have. Since they can have no freedom at home, they seem determined that there shall be as little of it as possible abroad. It is petty spite arising from the meanest jealousy.

HOW TO KEEP POLICEMEN OUT OF YOUR KITCHEN.—Hire a cook whose husband is a Policeman. He will take good care that no other Policeman is admitted to partake of the good things of your establishment.

BRAVO, IPSWICH!

IT gave *Mr. Punch* a fresh relish for his rasher, to read at breakfast-time the following, in the *Times* of Friday last:—

"VOLUNTEER CORPS.—Ipswich.—The Members of this Club have agreed to receive volunteers unable to pay for their own outfit, on their being nominated by gentlemen who have already contributed to the funds of the corps."

The good sense and the common sense of this speaks for itself, and needs not many words from *Mr. Punch* to speak for it. To make our Rifle Clubs effective, we of course must make them national; and to do this, we must throw them open to the nation. There must be no exclusiveness or snobbism about them. A Rifleman, when serving, is nothing but a Rifleman. Be he gentleman or gent he sinks it in the Volunteer, and his social rank in no way raises or degrades him.

So if our poorer neighbours wish to join a corps, there should be neither bar of money nor of modesty to hinder them. Those of us who cannot serve should pay for those who can. Let the rich contribute money while the poor contribute muscle. Their contributions then may be considered pretty equal, and neither of them will need to feel indebted to the other. They will take rank side by side as defenders of their country, for while the one supplies the funds which are the sinews of war, the other will be able to provide the muscles for it.

The Calculator's Assistant.

THIS valuable contrivance is a musical instrument, which plays a variety of common tunes when turned by a handle. In the hands of a dirty and verminous foreigner it affords a singular help to persons engaged in abstruse mathematical calculations. Strongly recommended by DR. BABBAGE, the celebrated author of the Calculating Machine.

OPERATIONS OF THE BOARD OF WORKS.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works is a body which does not bear a very good name. A Board which makes a mistake in its accounts, involving a leakage of several thousand pounds to the advantage of private parties, ought rather, perhaps, to be called the Board of Jobs.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 10, 1859.

HOW WE CAME TO WRITE TO THE EMPEROR.

THE following account of the circumstances which led to the application of MESSRS. SHAW, MELLOR, IRVING, and BLACKWELL, the four celebrated brokers of Liverpool, to LOUIS NAPOLEON, by letter, demanding to know what were his intentions with regard to England, is supposed to have proceeded from the mouth of one of the parties:—

"Me and MELLOR and HIRVING and BLACKWELL ad been dinin together at the White Art, and after dinner we ad some wine and then brandy-and-water and cigars. What with one thing another, at last we got rayther jolly, and I should say was a little sprung. Well we got a talkin about the fear of invasion, and the commercial injury it was doing, and all that sort of thing; and at last I says, 'I wonder if LEWIS NAPOLEON does mean mischief?' 'I wonder if he does?' says MELLOR; 'suppose he don't, what a thing it would be for bisnis if we could only ascertain!' 'What if he was asked?' says HIRVING. 'Who's to ask him?' says BLACKWELL. 'Why shouldn't we?' says I. 'Capital suggestion,' says BLACKWELL. 'My eye,' says MELLOR, 'what a lark!' HIRVING, he bust out larfin. Well, so, just as it were on the spur of the moment, and by way of a spree, we calls for pen, hink, and paper, and writes the EMPEROR a note—short and sweet. 'We the undersigned, having been alarmed by a report that your IMPERIAL MAJESTY intends to invade England, hereby take the liberty of asking, What's your intentions?' So then we signed it and sealed it, and put it into a hangvelop, and stuck a ned on it, and put it into the Post. Lo and beold you, two days after comes the note in answer to it from MOCKHARD! We'd forgot all about it—expectin in course it would be treated as an oaks, and wasn't we astonished a few at receivin a hanswer! Well, there, all's well that ends well; but 'twas a plucky thing to do, mind yer; only I don't think we should ever have done it excep for the brandy-and-water."

"THE DANGERS OF A VIS-A-VIS."

(By a Family Man with a Season-Ticket.)

OH, all you single gentlemen,
Who live just out of town,
And travel by the Railway,
Mornings "up," and Evenings "down."
If a lady's in the carriage,
Think—ere you take a petting tone,
Of the REVEREND R. MAGUIRE
And MISS LOUISA LETTINGTON.

All innocent of evil thoughts,
This Reverend Gent he goes,
And in a railway carriage
Disposes of his toes.
Little he thought of Crinoline,
And the steel employed in setting 't on,
Or he had giv'n a wider berth
To MISS LOUISA LETTINGTON!

Three feet of breadth between the seats—
And in that narrow space,
A Crinoline to stow away,
And a pair of legs find place!
With sparest figure, greatest care
The carriage seat in getting 't on—
Still LETTINGTON must squeeze MAGUIRE,
Or MAGUIRE encroach on LETTINGTON!

Let us grant the fair LOUISA
Was all a girl should be,
(Though lodging in the Mint, and used
With gin to lace her tea,)
Still with virtues so ferocious,
And Crinoline's besetting *ton*,
Who might *not* be a MAGUIRE
Were his *vis-à-vis* a LETTINGTON?

But if this sort of peril
Is to haunt each railway line,
We dwellers in the Suburbs
Must in self-defence combine:
By an Anti-Crinoline Bill
To put down these steel and netting tuns,
And save possible MAGUIRES
From probable MISS LETTINGTONS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR ADMIRAL BOWLES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"DON'T you think that some sort of testimonial is due to old ADMIRAL BOWLES, Port-Admiral of Portsmouth, for the service which he rendered the British Navy the other day by revoking the leave he had given those sailors of the *Princess Royal* to go ashore, and turning them, for no apparent reason, back to their ship? Of course he was aware that this treatment of men, who had just returned from a long cruise, was certain to drive them mad, and create a mutiny. His courage, therefore, in determining to provoke them was admirable; and his wisdom is justified by the event. Is it not attested by the fact that there are now some 100 A. B.'s in Winchester gaol? Perhaps you will think that the gallant old gentleman requires no other testimonial.

"I submit, however, that his judicious and meritorious conduct is deserving of some public recognition. Consider its probable effect on the affair of manning the fleet. We shall probably have to thank ADMIRAL BOWLES for an economy of public money, consequent on the discouragement to enter the Navy, which his late exploit will have afforded seamen. There will be the fewer hands, by many, to pay. Let me, then, suggest that some token of the estimation which he has fairly earned should be presented to him by a grateful nation. The gift which I propose is an emblem of rest and retirement, and of something else which is better symbolised than named. A handsomely embroidered nightcap is the present I would have made to ADMIRAL BOWLES. Especial care should be taken that the cap should have a splendid tassel, and, to render it still more ornamental and significant, it might also be decorated with two lateral appendages in the shape of ears of a certain zoological type.

"This appropriate crown of glory should be worked and presented by the hands of ladies, the fair sex being especially interested in all conduct and behaviour affecting the efficiency of the fleet which protects Beauty from invasion. Give this proposal a lift with your stick, *Mr. Punch*, and also try to knock into the heads of the Admiralty the propriety of promoting CAPTAIN BAILLIE and COMMANDER JOSLING for desert of an opposite description to that for which I advocate the coronation of ADMIRAL BOWLES.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"SUUM CUIQUE."

"P.S. If the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has really any 'intentions' which a powerful Channel Fleet would be required to baffle, he ought to send ADMIRAL BOWLES the Cross of the Legion of Honour."

Quadrille for County Balls.

IN Connection with the Baker Street Exhibition of the Smithfield Club, we felt constrained this year to lament the departure of M. JULLIEN. Had the Mons remained with us a little longer, he would assuredly have composed a Cattle Show Quadrille; perhaps also an Ox Waltz or two, and a Pig Polka, or porker dance. But he is gone; and that unhappily being the case, cannot some native musical genius take up the subject, and treat it in the more national and perhaps more suitable style of a country dance?

THE FOUR BROKERS OF LIVERPOOL.—From the style of their correspondence, one would take them to be "Underwriters." These brokers ought to do a good business with the lots of "assurance" they have.

GOOD NEWS FOR GOOD FIGURES.

OUR delight is to interest the ladies, and we now transcribe for them a most momentous piece of news, which has within the last few days been wafted here from Paris:—

"The most important Fashion news at present is the positive decline in the amount of Crinoline, which is threatened in high quarters to be abandoned altogether, as well as the long dresses, already shortening in front, so that graceful figures and pretty feet (which have so long been masked by their ferruginous *entourage*) will be restored to their rightful dominion."

We tremble to contemplate the effect which these few words may be expected to produce on womankind in general, and on the less fair of the fair sex in particular. Strain our fancy as we may, it refuses to imagine the alarm and agitation into which the MISSES SKYNNYE must infallibly be thrown, on being told that Crinoline is "threatened in high quarters," and that probably ere long it will be utterly "abandoned." Still less can we conceive the state of desperation to which the MISSES SPLAYEFOOTTE will most likely be reduced, when they learn, alas! that dresses are "shortening in front," and that concealment by long skirts will no longer be permitted them. Whether the aggrieved ones will forthwith unite their forces, and make common cause against the enemies of Crinoline, is a matter which remains for history to chronicle. But knowing to what lengths ladies lately have been going in the matter of their dresses, it would not at all surprise us to be told that some such warlike course as this had been agreed upon, and that the SKYNNYES and the SPLAYFOOTTES had boldly thrown off their allegiance to the Empress of the Fashions, or, to give her her other title, the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. But while we contemplate with terror the *æva indignatio* which will seize our lankey Junos, when they learn the brutal threat of thus exposing their defects, we cannot but congratulate the better favoured of the sex on their freedom from the tyranny to which they have been subjected, and which has far too long, we fancy, robbed them of their rights. We rejoice that "graceful figures" will no longer be concealed by their "ferruginous entourage;" and we are glad that "pretty feet" will be "restored to their dominion," from which they have so wrongfully, we take it, been deposed. As the "female form divine" is in our eyes much more beautiful than any form of ironwork, we shall delight to see it stripped of its ferruginous surroundings, and its lower half reduced to its more natural proportions. Crinoline, like death, levels all distinctions between ugliness and beauty; and while lovely woman stoops to the folly of wide petticoats, it is impossible to praise her for the beauty of the figure. She *may* have pretty feet, but nobody can see them; and nobody of sense would take such gifts for granted. *Desinit in Crinoline mulier formosa supernè*: and though her face and form be as beauteous as a mermaid's, her extremities, for ought that we can tell, may be as fishy.

THE following frightful attempt at wit was perpetrated this morning, just after breakfast, by that man JONES, whilst waiting with a few friends for the conveyance to Town:—

Q. When our vehicle is in sight, what river does it remind you of?

A. Why the Buss for us, to be sure.

As we believe JONES meant the Bosphorus, we don't intend to ride with him again.

CROSS AND DAGGER.

THE ardent devotion of the faithful Irish Ribbonman is beautifully exemplified in a minatory missive, addressed to a gentleman, and published in the *Belfast News Letter*. This edifying composition thus commences:—

"PREPARE YOUR SHEET AND COFFIN.

"take Notice that for the Abuse you have Poowered on our Beloved Clergy in comparing them to turkey Cocks I will Make a turkey cock of your Brains and A scullabogue of your devils dens at No 10 Bridge-Street for you done all you could whin My Poor sons were in prison But in spite of you and old white livered —— and Berdy —— your Heretic government had to set them free—for the dare do nothing Else—wheres your ten years transportation Now A fig for Whitesid's Big speach, our Clargey Must Be Respected and the demands of our Beloved and Apostolic Bishops Must Be granted with Al due Honours to his Holiness Christs vicker on Earth"

His Holiness, &c. is perhaps sensible of the honour which he derives from the circumstance of having so zealous a disciple as the author of the foregoing denunciation, and of that which follows:—

"you think that old Blood hound—has one of our Respected Clergy in A fix But Never Mind if I dont fix him yet for I will Make Another Wild Goose Lodge of him and old —— the old Rober Who But a Short time ago took three Pounds off A Poor Man Because he would (not) go down on his Nees and Let a Party of Sandy Row Blood hounds tramp over him And as I have got Everything settled and in Readyness in the South I am determined to Make some of the orange Blood hounds of the North Curse the day the were Born and old —— the old traitor of —— shall share the same fate for these Monsters are not fit to be on A Bench Why not such Gentlemen as —— or —— or —— one of the greatest ornaments in Belfast I Know you are fond of this Kind of Music on the other sid so you can Just Clean your teeth on it don't wonder at this for you shall have more"

What this pious Catholic means by the "music on the other sid" is a copy of verses addressed to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, inviting that sovereign to invade Ireland, and detach that jewel of an island from the British crown. The religious earnestness of the writer breaks out no less in poetry than in prose, as, for example, in these pretty lines:—

"May Holy MARY guard thy sleep
direct thy Path while on the deep
o Come and here My Children weep
that prays for thee NAPOLIEN."

LOUIS NAPOLEON, having accepted the invitation thus delivered:—

"the say to land is quite Absurd
Come Right Across then from Cherbourg"

—notwithstanding the slight geographical difficulty he would encounter in so doing; having then marched without much further impediment into the bowels of the land, and driven his bayonets into those of the Saxon, the consequence according to this religious poet, will be that—

"then down will go great Englands Queen
No more again shel Er Be seen"

and Irish loyalty to the POPE having thus accomplished its purpose; Irish zeal for the Catholic Faith will enjoy free agency, to the following effect—

"then Sandy Row shall get her du
for she has murdred Not a few
Wel Massacree this orange Crew
or die for Great NAPOLIEN"

Alas! the alternative is the more probable event. It is but too likely that this model native of the Island of Saints will come to be martyred—in a nightcap. These verses are signed "MOLLY MAGUIRE." —no relative, possibly, of the Hon. Member for Dungarvan?

This orthodox menace, which is dated, "Head-quarters Belfast 1859," concludes with the following postscript:—

"Turn over

"this is to Let you see what Road the Wind Blows.

"I know I should have sent this to another quarter But least it would not have get your length I send to you for I dont Care you Put it up at the Exchange I fearlessly tell you that my Sons are Ready for the day that happy day down goes English Saxon Tyrene "M. MAGUIRE †"

It will be observed that a peculiar sign is appended to the name of MAGUIRE. A like mark is prefixed to the signatures of "M. MAGUIRE"'s "Beloved and Apostolic Bishops;" and, from some of the recent Pastorals and speeches of those right reverend but furious prelates, it would be natural to conjecture that the two similar marks mean the same thing.

THE MISER'S SUM OF HAPPINESS.—Addition.

THE MONEYMOON.

THE First Month after marriage of a man who marries for money, should not be called the Honeymoon, but, by rights, the Moneymoon. It is during those four weeks that he begins to realise what must be his position. He finds his "better half" intends to get the better of him, and to treat him just as though he were her flunkey and inferior. Of the so-called "happy couple" he discovers that she views him as by far the lesser moiety. *Her* happiness must always be the first consideration with him, and till *her* wishes be attended to, it will be no use for him to think about his own. To wait on her must be the business of his life, and though he do that "business first," he finds she will allow him little "pleasure afterwards." With dragonlike sharpsightedness she will watch his every movement, and keep an eye upon his outgoings as well as his incomings. Her wants must be satisfied without regard to his, and if she think of his at all it will be only to prohibit them. She will cut him off his club, his claret, and cigars, and make him live on toast and water to reduce him to submission. If he venture to remonstrate he will but put her on her mettle, and have her gold flung in his teeth, which will effectually silence him. It is of little use his threatening to sue for a divorce, for she knows well enough that her money is tied up to her, and that there 's no law as yet in this unhappy land by which a husband may prefer a claim for separate maintenance.

All this, and much more, the man who weds for money finds out in the Moneymoon. The fancied sweets of married life turn acid on his stomach, and, in nine cases in ten, quite sour him for life. Before the end of the first week the Honeymoon has set, and the Moneymoon has risen and shed its lurid light on him. It is by it that he first sees that he is mated to what MR. T. CARLYLE would call a Money-bag, which, wherever he may go, he will find a constant clog to him. And what makes his burden still heavier to bear is, that nobody will give him the least sympathy to lighten it. If he ever venture to complain of his hard trial, the universal verdict is, "It Serves him Right!"

FUNNY BUNNY MONEY.

MEN who fancy they know everything might perhaps be posed and puzzled, were they asked to mention where and when, within the last five years, penny buns were used as a circulating medium. We would wager that not one in ten of the Knoweverythings would be able to reply that the place in point was Jacobstad, and that the time was during that of the last monetary crisis. Writing from Helsingfors, a correspondent of the *Daily News* says of the famous Fifty-seven pressure:—

"Copper coinage was made use of as far as it went; but I know for a fact that at a fair held at Jacobstad, in the Gulf of Bothnia, the tradespepple and peasantry were so inconvenienced by the want of small coins that they employed penny buns in giving change, and these circulated as copecks, from man to man, during the days of the fair."

To the monetary mind there are several reflections suggested by this statement, and when he writes again the *Daily Newsman* would do well to clear up a few points in it which at present somewhat puzzle us. We are curious to learn how long the Jacobstad Fair lasted, and whether the penny buns, which were employed in giving change, were subjected to any fluctuation in their value. Judging from one's own experience in buns, one would imagine that their staleness would depreciate the worth of them; and the buns which were baked at the beginning of the fair, one would fancy, must have fallen much in value by the end of it. In England buns of yesterday are procurable at 50 per cent. under their first price, and if four-and-twenty hours thus depreciate their value, it is difficult to fancy what forty-eight or more might do. Moreover, buns are not improved by being passed "from man to man;" and if the fair at Jacobstad lasted a whole week, we should think the buns first issued were long before the close of it considered not negotiable.

Inquiring-minded persons might also like to know, if the penny buns at Jacobstad were ever halved by those who held them, so as to do duty for, and take the place of, half-pennies. If so, it might be asked how this process was effected; and whether, in clenching a close bargain, the buyer ever stood out for having the first bite. We can imagine how a holder of this new kind of cash would inquire every day into the state of the bunny market, and ascertain if buns were "tighter" or "easier" than last quoted. But it is difficult to conceive how he at lunch-time could restrain himself from eating up his capital, so long as the bun-coinage continued to be currant.

"THE BELLS I'VE SHAMM'D ON."

AIR—"*Groves of Blarney.*"

THE Bells I've Shamm'd on,
This town so grand on,
Have made me famous among greater names.
Though silent swinging,
Nor proudly ringing,
They've sent no music over Father Thames.

I've stood all tremblin',
Neath the vaulted Kremlin,
While aisles vibrated with a solemn hum.
But what's all *their* mettle
To Westminster's kettle?
That gave one bang out, and then was dumb!

Men were well wearied
Of chimes so varied,
And longed some simple song to hear;
And *my* cracked pitcher,
If it were not richer,
At least was newer to the world's ear.

At midnight waking,
And thro' silence breaking,
Some bells would seem a solemn sound to tell;
A song of nations,
In the deep vibrations,
Sending the echo, thro' many a far-off dell.

But *my* harsh screamer,
With the shrill cry of steamer,
Awakes no memory of distant times,
Nor rings a benizon,
But the knell of DENISON,
Who first invented these cruel chimes.

THE RING IN HYDE PARK.

UNDER the head of "Want Places" in the *Times*, there occurred, the other day, the partly subjoined very striking advertisement:—

COACHMAN.—Light weight. Knows Town well.

The advertiser probably has an eye to the coach-box of some fast and aristocratic patron of a certain Noble Art. He is likely to attain to that position. Nobody, on reading his own description of himself would be disposed to exclaim, "That cock won't fight."

A "SEA OF TROUBLES."—The Holy See.

OUR 'BUS DRIVER ON FEMALE COSTUME.

"And the Bonnets.—Now just look at this Young Woman a comin' along 'ere o' the near side. Now, do you mean to tell me she wouldn't look a deal better in 'Blinkers?'"

AN AIR FOR THE POPE'S BRASS BAND.

SPOUT, MURPHY and MITCHEL, and FOX and MAGUIRE,
And you, bould POPE HENESSY, help stir the fire!
While the black bloody Saxon allows us the rope,
We 'll cry, "Down with ould England and up wid the POPE!"

There's PALMERSTON laygued 'gin that pious ould man,
Wid CARLISLE and RUSSELL—bad cess to their clan!—
They grudge the sweet Saint his poor thousand a year—
For that 's all he sacks from his subjects—the dear!

They complain of the Cardinals, ranged round his throne,
When their cardinal vartues is mighty well known:
And divil a one by the year can affoord
To spind more than three hundred for lodgin' and booard.

As a Tyrant his Holiness' self they miscall,
Though divil a wrong thing can *he* do at all;
'Gin his kindness to that young MORTARA they howls,
As if Popes mayn't nab bodies, for saving o' sowls.

They complain that he gags—won't let folks speak their mind:
But blasphemers and thraytors to gag, sure, is kind:
He won't stand conthradiction—Ah thin, sure small blame
To his Holy Infallible self for that same.

They tell us, if *we* was in Rome we 'd be made
To do as Rome does, or in chains we 'd be laid;
Whereas, 'neath the rule of the Saxon we 're free,
To spout thrayson, or nonsinse,—both M. and P. P.

Well, boys, sure that 's thrue, and as thanks for that same,
We 'll spit froth and venom, we 'll slander and schame;
And so long as the Saxon allows us the rope,
We 'll cry, "Down with ould England, and up wid the POPE!"

A VERY PROPER DEMAND.

SCENE—Highbury Terrace, or anywhere else.

"WILLIAM, my love, I declare I want a new dress. Take me out and buy me one."

"With pleasure, dearest ADELAIDE, conditionally."

"What condition, darling?"

"That, my heart's duck, you first produce to me your dressmaker's receipt to her bill for making the last."

[*Wife either does so, radiantly, and gets her new dress, or bursts into tears, as her conscience reminds her that some poor* MRS. DYER *has begged twice a week for ten months for payment.*

A Disagreeable Bed for the Prince Consort.

WE were very sorry to learn from the *Times'* Cattle Correspondent's account of the Smithfield Club Show this year, that His R. H. F. M. PRINCE ALBERT—not having been successful with his horned stock—has been forced "to fall back on his pigs."

We trust that neither the pigs nor His R. H. were injured in the execution of this manœuvre; but considering His R. H.'s substantial figure, we should fear the pigs had the worst of it.

An Incident in the Life of a Tailor.

SCENE:—A Cheap Shop in Regent Street.

Shopman, holding up Paletot (*loq.*). Here 's a sweet pretty thing, Sir. I can assure you it 's very much worn, Sir.

Country Cousin, indignantly. Hang its being very much worn! I want something that 's quite new.

AMERICAN PROVERB.—Sherry-cobbler mends no shoes.

SCENE FROM THE NEW PANTOMIME.

CLOWN (TO BRITANNIA, A WEALTHY LADY). "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT! MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY HONOURABLE!!"

A HINT TO A HORSE-TAMER.

GOOD MR. J. RAREY,
his labours to vary,
Having quite tamed the horse, without using brute force,
Means his system to try on the Groom now:
And 'twill be his best deed if he can but succeed,
For they're mostly such brutes, that no one disputes
For improvement they've plenty of room now.

The old-fangled course in breaking a horse
Is to bang him and beat him, and cruelly treat him,
Till he's driven well nigh to insanity;
But you know, MR. RAREY acts *tout au contraire*, he
Cures vicious tricks by kindness, not kicks:
And to this may he tame down Groomanity!

THE SENTINEL AND THE CROWNED HEADS.

IT has been said that no Englishman ever wrote good French verses. The following *neat* lines, from an English pen, seem to *Mr. Punch* to prove the contrary. They were written soon after the Peace of Villafranca, but they are as germane to the Italian question now, as they were then. The reader is requested to supply the scene and personages. Italy, armed, stands sentinel on the banks of the Mincio. To her enter the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, the KAISER OF AUSTRIA, and the KING OF SARDINIA.

The Sentinel challenges on the approach of the *trio*.

Sentinel. Qui vive?
Louis Napoleon. Un Empereur ami de l'Italie.
Sentinel. Lequel des deux?
Louis Napoleon. La France!
Sentinel. Et l'autre, à qui se lie
Ce bras armé?
Louis Napoleon. L'Autriche!
Sentinel. Et l'autre, au front soumis?
Louis Napoleon. Sardaigne!
Sentinel. Au large, tous! Nous n'avons point d'amis.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Allons, Soldat! accepte la victoire;
Ensemble, hier, nous bravions le feu:
Et sur ces champs, dont j'ai doublé la gloire,
(*Bis*) On voit de qui je dois être neveu.

SENTINEL.

Vos faits, du moins, sont bien de la famille;
Je reconnais la trace de ses pas.
Il nous sauva, ce vainqueur trop habile,
(*Bis*) Puis il vendit, ce qu'il ne garda pas.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

J'ai donné tout, ingrat; qu'il t'en souvienne;
Pour notre part les coups seuls sont comptés.

SENTINEL.

Aussi, dit-on, que vous allez à Vienne,
(*Bis*) Y recevoir le prix de vos bontés.

A duc et roi vous donnez la puissance:
Au fond du sac KOSSUTH est rejetté;
Nous vous devons une vaine espérance,
(*Bis*) Le Pape seul vous doit la liberté.

Au large, donc, ami de l'Italie!
Allez chez vous raconter vos exploits.
J'attends le jour pour créer ma patrie
Qui vous mettra dans le tombeau des Rois!

CULSHAW, THE TOWNELY HERDSMAN, TO BEAUTY'S BUTTERFLY.

AIR—"*She 's all my fancy painted her.*"

BEAUTY, and MASTER BUTTERFLY,
Your daughter is divine;
There 's but one tiny crumple,
From her huggins to her chine:
There 's few can show the calves I can,
Yet few dare feed so high;
Has RICHARD BOOTH a thing like you,
My Beauty's Butterfly!

Your neck-vein knows no equal,
Your bone and offal 's light;
Your horns are sweet and waxy,
Your eye is soft and bright.
It still will look its love for me;
Let Steers and Devons die,
No Christmas knife will touch the throat,
Of Beauty's Butterfly.

My Butterflies in summer bloom,
And neath the winter's blast;
You've won the two gold medals,
And railroad toils are past:
For years, mid happy pastures,
You 'll own your JOSEPH nigh,
And plant soft kisses on his cheeks,
My Beauty's Butterfly.

THE BOARD OF WORKS AT THEIR WORK.

THAT industrious, useful, and economical public body, the Board of Works, held a meeting on Friday last week, in the Council Chamber, Guildhall, MR. J. THWAITES in the Chair, when the following vast amount of important business was transacted. First, the financial statement, showing a net balance of £60,551 17*s.* 4*d.* was presented. Next, the Members resolved themselves into a select committee with closed doors, and consumed only three hours in the clandestine discussion of the new arrangements which would be required on account of the appointment of MR. WOOLRYCH as standing counsel to the Board, at a salary of £800 a year. Then, at the instance of MR. D'IFFANGER, a long discussion took place on the following question of immense practical importance, whether considered in reference to the health of the population, or the pockets of the ratepayers:—Whether, at a meeting of the Lambeth vestry, MR. DEPUTY HARRISON had or had not made these remarks in reference to the Board:—

"He (Deputy HARRISON) said he could tell the vestry that the Metropolitan Board of Works was governed by the Chairman; that no proposal was made in Committee, but at his option. Did the Deputy use these words?"

MR. DEPUTY HARRISON said that his language had been misreported, and in answer to various pressing invitations to be more explicit, and repeat what he did say, persisted in simply denying that he had used the words ascribed to him. This denial constituted the end, as it had formed the beginning, of the whole debate, which having come to this satisfactory conclusion, the matter dropped.

The great public question respecting the observations which MR. DEPUTY HARRISON had made in a vestry having thus been settled, the Board devoted its energies to receiving communications from several parishes disapproving of the appointment of its legal adviser. This onerous duty having been accomplished, the active and most efficient Council girded themselves to the trying task of receiving a report from a committee, consisting of themselves (a committee of the whole Board), relative to the duties to be performed, and salary to be received by their future clerk, and nominating a person for appointment to that office. That fortunate gentleman having been then called in before them, they discharged the arduous function of receiving his thanks for the situation which they had given him. "The other business," says the report of these weighty transactions, "was of a routine character, and the meeting then adjourned." The routine business got over by the Metropolitan Board of Works, was doubtless too difficult for description, if not for despatch. Perhaps it consisted in the auditing of accounts, that is to say, overlooking them, possibly mistakes and all.

Sympathy with the Pope.

IN confirmation of one of the most wonderful of the alleged facts of Mesmerism, it is stated that the sympathy of DR. CULLEN with the POPE is so strong, that he can always tell if anybody is venerating his Holiness by a pleasurable tingling sensation which he feels in his own great toe.

THE FOUR FISHERS.

(WHO CAUGHT NOTHING.)

FOUR Merchants who thought themselves wisest and best
Of all the folks in Liverpool town,
To the EMPEROR LOOEY a letter addressed,
Intended to do him uncommonly brown:
"We'll sound his plans so dark and so deep,
From Liverpool brokers no secret he'll keep,"
Said they, in their Lancashire toning.

Four Boobies went sniggering round all day
Among the folks in Liverpool town,
And thinking that none were so clever as they,
And how they should come to a great renown:
"We'll strike LORD PALMERSTON all of a heap,
And show we can catch a French weazel asleep,"
Said they, their impertinence owning.

Four Asses they hung down their lollopping ears,
When the post came in to Liverpool town,
And brought them a letter whereof it appears
Those donkeys couldn't translate a noun.
For LOOEY knows well how his secrets to keep,
And the Liverpool brokers unluckily reap
A harvest of jeering and groaning.

A PRESENT TO MR. NEWBY.

THE time for making presents being unfortunately near at hand, *Mr. Punch* has been looking up everything that is not of the least use to himself, in order to do his duty in the way of generosity. Among other things which he proposes to give away is the following dozen of Suggestions for Sequels, which he respectfully presents to the publisher of *Adam Bede Junior*, or a *Sequel to Adam Bede*, or by whatever other title it was sought to make persons think that another work was ready from the pen of the author of *Adam Bede*.

The Little Tribulation Coming on the Earth, being a Sequel to the Great Ditto by DR. CUMMING.

Thirty Years in the Chapel, being a Sequel to "Twenty Years in the Church."

Our Field of Five Acres, and What we didn't do with it; being a Sequel to "Our Farm of Four Acres, and What we did with it."

Hymns of the Zed, being a Sequel to "Songs of the Wye."

Idols of the Queen, being a Sequel to "Idylls of the King."

The Knave of Diamonds, being a Sequel to "The Queen of Hearts."

The Minister's Wedding, being a Sequel to "The Minister's Wooing."

Some More Tangles, being a Sequel to "The Gordian Knot."

The Ugliness of Vice, being a Sequel to "The Beauty of Holiness."

Old Virginny Never Tire, being a Sequel to "The Virginians."

Christian Cornplasters, being a Sequel to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Baden-Baden Towels, being a Sequel to "Soapey Sponge."

PICKED UP AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

WHY is a sovereign like a pig?
Because it 's all the better for having a ring in it.

COMPLAISANCE AND RIFLES.

To HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

MY LORD DUKE,

IN proposing "The Army and Navy," at the Annual Dinner of the Leicestershire Agricultural Society, at Leicester, on Friday last, your Grace is reported to have made a speech with some sense in it, but also containing the passage following:—

"Circumstances, time, steam, and science have swept away our defences. (*Hear, hear.*) Formerly it was impossible for an army to land here without having to encounter, in a naval engagement, a superior fleet. That is no longer necessary. It is now possible in a few hours to land an enormous army in this country. (*Hear, hear.*) But, gentlemen, when I say therefore, for God's sake let us put this country in an efficient state of defence—let us call out the militia, encourage the rifle corps, and do all we can to make ourselves safe—I say also, let us not, in the same breath—which is not necessary—abuse the ruler whom the French people have chosen, *or run down the Church which they choose to support.* (*Cheers.*)"

If the British Navy is really the nullity which your Grace represents it to be—if there exists the possibility of landing an enormous army on the coast of England in a few hours—then, my Lord Duke, don't you think that the Channel Fleet is a humbug, and, seeing that it is, if a humbug, a very expensive humbug, are you not further of opinion that we had better instantly break it up and abolish it, and employ the money saved by that operation in maintaining a standing army to afford us that protection which we can now no longer hope for from our wooden walls?

In a subsequent portion of your speech, your Grace appears to have criticised, at some length, the financial and republican principles of MR. BRIGHT. There are, however, some views which that gentleman, in common with the Peace Society, is supposed to entertain, and which also seem to coincide with the sentiments of your Grace. The impropriety of abusing the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, wantonly and maliciously, is manifest. Such abuse, however, is improper surely because it is malicious and wanton, not because it is dangerous. Does your Grace mean to say that abstinence from criticism of the conduct of powerful foreign princes ought, for the future, to form an important element in our precautions for the defence of the nation? By way of security against invasion, would you have our naval deficiency supplied by obsequious silence?

Such really appears to be the course of policy which your Grace would recommend your countrymen to follow: for not only do you advise them to abstain from abuse of the ruler whom the French people have chosen, but also to desist from running down the religion which they choose to support. We are not only, at that rate, to respect any despot whom the French may please to serve, but also any nonsense which they may think proper to maintain. The French are ready to invade us for an Idea, let us, therefore, defer to the theological Idea which they propose to our veneration. Your Grace believes this compound Idea to consist, in as far as it differs from your own, of absurdities and falsehoods; but you say, let us not run it down, for fear lest the bayonets which uphold it should run us through.

In the mean time, for your Grace's comfort, let me remind your Grace that the papers which have been now for some time principally engaged in maligning LOUIS NAPOLEON are those of the Ultramontane Irish Press. For instance the *Freeman*, which vindicates its name by opposing the political emancipation of the Italians, has recently been vehemently attacking the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. In one of the late numbers of this truly Irish advocate of freedom, occur the following slaps at his Imperial Majesty:—

"Why should history be falsified to humour Emperor or State? France has done more injury to the Holy See than any other State in Europe. . . . We have not an opinion or word to retract relative to the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON. . . . The French bishops arraign the policy of the Empire in Italy. We have done no more."

Thus your Grace will see that the Church which the French choose to support is itself actually engaged in running down the ruler whom they have chosen. Take up the *Tablet*, and you will find the same fact exemplified. The organs of the POPE are vituperating LOUIS NAPOLEON just now as venomously as they assail the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. I do not think that their object, in traducing and denouncing him, is to provoke him to invade their native country, simply because they know that to make him their enemy is to constitute him the friend of the British people at large. Your Grace will perhaps not much longer be alarmed by abuse of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH now that the British Public are aware of the circumstance that LOUIS NAPOLEON, just at present, has the distinguished honour of being the special object of the hatred and invective of fanatical Irish titular ecclesiastics. I, in the meanwhile, enjoy that of remaining

Your Grace's most obedient humble Servant,

PUNCH.

A New Turn to an Old Question.

THERE is a brisk fire of letter-writing just now about "Works of Art found in the Drift." The question we should feel inclined to ask is not, "Are there many Works of Art in the Drift;" but "Is there a Drift in many Works of Art?"

CRIMINALINE.

WHAT is she, look at her; there she goes!
What a fine lady 'midst all those clothes,
Why can't she pay for them what she owes?

There 's the poor creature those things that made,
Starving because she has not been paid,
By that selfish dishonest unfeeling jade.

Can't work, for means to buy cloth she lacks,
Needles and thread to get, tape and wax,
To cover proud ladies' expensive backs:

What will she do?—her resources fail—
Labour and toil are of no avail:
Why, she will steal, and be sent to gaol.

There shows her debtor teeth white with milk,
Madam, with satin spread round, and silk,
Shames not that famishing wretch to bilk.

What shall we call those prodigious things,
Stretchers, and steel frames, and hoops, and springs,
Whereupon JEZEBEL'S finery swings?

Caging the form of a cozening quean,
Crime who enforces by swindling mean,
Let it henceforth be named Criminaline!

Financial Reform.

A LAW is strongly wanted to punish very severely the Waiters in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, who make a practice of giving you in change francs for shillings. It is always a mistake, and they are always extremely sorry, but the mistake is invariably in their favour. Let you by accident make the same mistake, and you will see how very quickly the Waiter will find it out.

LETTER FROM AN ACTOR.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "*Saturday.*

"As it might injure me in my profession if it were supposed that I ever went to Church to make a disturbance, I beg to say that I am not the 'very zealous lad named SELBY' who was yesterday charged before MR. YARDLEY with misconducting himself in St. George's Church in the East. Persons of my profession, Sir, are always male if actors, but seldom malefactors.

"Yours perpetually,
"CHARLES SELBY."

"*Theatre Royal, Adelphi.*"

EXCHANGE OF SEATS.

IT would be a curious, and withal a moving sight to see the POPE leave St. Peter's chair, and take up his future residence on the Blarney Stone in Ireland. Pilgrims and devotees might kiss the POPE'S toe and the Blarney Stone at the same time, thereby enjoying a double blessing. More improbable things may occur than PIUS removing his Court to the Green Isle, where, if he could only succeed in making the natives happy and contented, it would be the grandest miracle his Church has ever accomplished. In our opinion, the Blarney Stone would make a capital seat of Roman Catholicism. With WISEMAN on one side, and BOWYER on the other, and the POPE in the middle, the *tableau* would be complete.

"PREMIER BLACKING."—Defaming LORD PALMERSTON.

MOPS AND BROOMS.

SOME considerable excitement was occasioned, we believe, in the fashionable world, by the letter-press attached to a recent cut in *Punch*, wherein a gentleman was spoken of as being "Mops and Brooms." "Mopth and Broomth!" exclaimed MISS SIMPERTON. "Now, what can *Mithter Punth'th* artitht mean by 'Mopth and Broomth?' I can't gueth what it ith. I mutht athk Couthin AUGUTHTUTH. Couthin AUGUTHTUTH, can you tell me what ith meant by 'Broomth and Mopth?'" And Cousin AUGUSTUS, when appealed to, doubtless made the sage reply that it was meawly—aw—slang phwase, with which—aw—gyurls of course were not expected to be conversant. Then, on being further questioned (MISS SIMPERTON declaring that she does "*tho* love thlang phwatheth"), Cousin AUGUSTUS, it is probable, explained that "Mops and Brooms" was an equivalent expression for getting "tight" or "scwewed," or whatever term be used to signify inebriated.

Another meaning is, however, attached to the word "mops," of which young lady-readers are no doubt in equal ignorance, and it is therefore our delight to explain it and enlighten them. A "mop" is, in some counties, a synonym for "fair," and is used to denote a hiring place for farm-servants. Whether "mops" be worth preserving for the queerness of their name, just as certain dogs are kept for the queerness of their looks, is a question which we leave philosophers to argue. That there is any other reason which can plead for their retention, is a point, we apprehend, which admits of no dispute. At a meeting held at Worcester, the speakers, speaking from experience, averred that Statute fairs, or "mops," were mischievous, and needless, and unprofitable nuisances; and that the best thing to be done with them was, to trundle them away into the dust-hole of disuse.

Said LORD LYTTELTON, the chairman:—

"That these mops were evils was beyond controversy; the only question was whether they were necessary evils, or were counterbalanced by attendant advantages. Looking at these mops as applicable for the object which they professed—the engagement of agricultural servants—he could not see that they were either convenient or desirable means to the end. The relations between master and servant ought to be commenced on a different footing; there should be some previous mutual acquaintance, and some knowledge of the respective character of both master and servant, which could not exist under a system of hiring at mops. All must depend, as it were, on an engagement at first sight, and dependent upon the physical qualities of the servant. But, beyond this, there must be an evil in the promiscuous gathering together of young persons of both sexes without control, and there was with mops an evil which did not necessarily attend other public gatherings for a particular object. Why should the assembling together of farmers and their servants for the purpose of hiring entail these evils? The answer given was that it was not necessary at all, but that the collecting together of large numbers of persons attracted others for the sake of profit."

Sufficient reasons these why mops should be mopped out, and their stains be wiped away from the face of rural England. There is one point, however, to be thought of ere discarding them, which LORD LYTTELTON proceeded to dispose of thus:—

"With regard to the question of providing some recreation and amusement for the labourers in lieu of the mops, he was aware that that point had been discussed, but it was not intended to propose at this meeting any organised system of recreation for those classes. He thought that was a subject that might safely be left to take its natural course. It was a subject which was very much thought of in these days, and he thought that the employers of labour, under the advice of the clergy and gentry resident around them, would be found willing and ready to provide a better and a far more unobjectionable mode of amusement than that afforded by the mops for those whom they employed. (*Hear, hear.*)"

Whether or no "hops" might, under due restrictions, be held instead of "mops," is a point which may be argued by those who like to do so. Dancing is, by many, thought a healthy, wholesome exercise, and under proper supervision, it might not only improve the deportment of our clod-hoppers, but also, very possibly, amend their moral bearing. Rifle practice too would be a "far more unobjectionable mode of amusement" than that which is at present afforded by a "mop;" and although the wives and sweethearts could not take such active steps in it as they would do in the dancing, they might perform the looking-on part, as their sisters do in Switzerland, and stimulate the shooters without giving them strong drinks. But be this done or not, it is at any rate high time that the "Statutes" be repealed; and whatever recreation be established in their stead, there must clearly be some brooms found to sweep away the "mops."

Beware of that confounded Mediæval Knocker that Flamboy brought from Belgium, and put on the door of his Chambers, which opens outwards, or you'll get a Black Eye as we did.

PARTANT POUR LA RUE BAKER.

It was BILL NOYES, the yeoman brave,
Was in the tillage line,
But first he set his heart upon
His stock of beeves and swine;
His mind to cattle most was given,
And "darn," he swore, "my wig!
But I will breed the hugest ox,
And rear the fattest pig."

This point of honour, weight of swine,
And ox as highly scored,
He proved it at the Smithfield Club,
Before both squire and lord,
And cried as to the judges' view
He bore the monsters big.
"Now bain't this here the hugest ox?
That there the fattest pig?"

They owned his victory—due the palm—
And then the chairman said:
"The ox that is for honour grown,
On oilcake must be fed;
On barley-meal hog, boar, or sow,
And tubs of wash to swig;
That's how you cram the hugest ox,
And stuff the fattest pig."

So round his neck the prize was tied,
And then they went to dine,
Which makes a farmer's heaven on earth,
When beef and beer combine;
And every yeoman, lord, and 'squire,
Conservative and Whig,
Drank "Honour to the hugest ox,
Be praised the fattest pig!"

The Hills that Rome is Heir to.

ROME is seated on seven hills. There is another hill, also, connected with Roman foundations, and that is the Ultramontane. It is an ugly black-browed hill that holds its head very high indeed, and is extremely difficult to get over. However, this hill (round which donkeys are fond of gathering in great numbers), is not near the Vatican; the exact latitude of the Ultramontane is to lie far beyond Rome.

TAILORS OF THE FRENCH TOOLEY STREET.

WE are requested by VISCOUNT PALMERSTON to publish the following letter, which was addressed to HER MAJESTY by four Merchants of Marseilles, and the reply.

"MADAME, "*Marseilles, Dec.* 15th, 1859.

"THE EMPEROR of this country is an impenetrable mystery, and his ministers are slaves. It is of no use, therefore, for us to apply to them for information as to probable events in Europe. We should receive an invitation to mind our own business. Under these circumstances, we take the liberty of requesting your MAJESTY to favour us with a little news. We learn that England is arming from end to end, that from John Grouts to Silly Isle, from Osbon to Berric, the bugle calls the riflemen to drill, that many millions of these *Voluntaires* are enregistered, and that they are full of the martial spirit.

"Manifestly, Madame, there is but one nation of the world that is worth the enmity of England. She has chastised other nations, but as one chastises a child for his good, and with no particle of hate. But France she hates, as her superior, with a fierce and an undying hatred. England thirsts to renew the glory of Agincourt and Poictiers, of Malplaquet and Blenheim, of Salamanca and Waterloo. She asks once more to see her coarse-fed legionaries rampant in the Champs Elysées. We need hardly say, Madame, that we do not hold you responsible for the evil hearts of your people. It is your misfortune to be Queen of such a race, and you have our sympathy.

"But, Madame, as business is very much interfered with by the reports of war, and as we have no burning desire to purchase costly fabrics of cloth and velvet to be the spoil of British cruisers, we take the liberty of asking your MAJESTY what your Councillors design to do. Is this mighty force of Rifles intended for the invasion of France, or is your ferocious Army to be used for that malignity, while the *Voluntaires* protect the coast from the avenging fury of our troops? We shall be much obliged by a reply by return of post. We enclose a postage-stamp, and are,

"Madame,
"Yours very truly,

"DUBOIS,
BLANC,
SANTERRE,
NÈGUS, } *Merchants.*

"*To H.M. the* QUEEN;
"*England*
"(*near* FRANCE).

"P.S.—If you are going to invade, be so good as to mention in your reply where the landing will be attempted."

ANSWER.

"*Downing Street, Dec.* 16.

"LORD PALMERSTON presents his best compliments to MM. DUBOIS, BLANC, SANTERRE, and NÈGUS, and has just had the pleasure of handing their letter to the French Ambassador in England. LORD PALMERSTON wishes them excessively nice weather on their voyage to Cayenne."

A Smash Among the South American Crockery.

OUR old friend "The Plate," of which we had heard nothing for some time, has turned up again, and with such news of row, skrimmage, battle, burning, and destruction—what with URQUIZA and his army, Buenos Ayres and her soldiers, LOPEZ and Paraguay, Montevideo and her President—all jostling, buffetting, rebelling, and revolutionising, that the wonder would be if the "Plate" were not—not that it is—"cracked" beyond all hope of mending.

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OBSERVANT STREET BOY. *"There's a couple o' Prize 'uns—they wasn't fed upon 'taturs."*

THE MOTHER'S SATURDAY REVIEW.

To examine the linen when it comes home from the wash, and take care that the same is properly aired and mended before distributed to its respective owners; to take the circuit of the tradesmen, and pay all the weekly bills; to take stock of the larder, and see what is wanted in the house for the ensuing week; to make a rigorous journey of inspection round the kitchen, and examine whether the cook keeps her pots and pans in a proper state of cleanliness, and if the copper kettle is as bright as it can be made; to look into the scullery and satisfy oneself that no undue quantity of rubbish is allowed to accumulate in the sink or elsewhere; to give out clean towels and sheets and table-cloths and dusters to housemaids and servants: to count over the plate with the footman, checking each item with the duplicate list given to him when the plate-basket was first confided to his care; to have the parlour thoroughly cleaned, and the mahogany table properly oiled and rubbed, in anticipation of the morrow's dinner; to make liberal preparations for the same, and ascertain how many are coming, leaving one or two vacant seats in the hope of a married son or daughter, or some welcome dropper-in, taking them by surprise; to get out best bonnet for church the following day; to collect all accounts and make up housekeeping book before submitting it, properly vouched and balanced, to one's lord and master; to go into the nursery after dinner, and observe with one's own maternal eyes that the young olive-branches in the tub have their usual scrubbing and small toothcombing once every seven days; to drill the younger children in their catechism before kissing them, and tucking them up in bed; to see that the house is closed, and every one between the sheets, before twelve o'clock; and to do all this in the gentlest, kindliest, most methodical, and yet dignified and matronly manner, exacting obedience, and yet winning respect from all.

Quite to be Expected.

IF an octogenarian admiral go
A hundred brave sailors in limbo to pack,
Why should folks be surprised, when we all of us know,
That the whole game of *Bowles* lies in hitting the *Jack?*

THE SUEZ CANARD.

CONSIDERABLE astonishment has been caused by the fact that France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia, have united in a demand calling on the Sublime Porte to authorise the project of M. DE LESSEPS for cutting through the Isthmus of Suez. The scheme, if carried into execution, would shorten the way to India. What is that to any other European Power than England? is the natural question of people who are not generally considered particularly green and innocent. But it is not everybody that can see into the heart of a millstone. We do not hesitate to say, that we are endowed with the faculty of thorough clairvoyance, because we are, as we have demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody many thousands of times.

We now proceed to afford one more proof of the lucidity which we enjoy always, and not merely at intervals, like some seers. The five nations above-named, have conspired to destroy the greatness of England. Their little game is to acquire the control of the Company which is to execute the proposed undertaking. When the Ship Canal shall have been completed, and shall divide the Isthmus, and connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, they intend to throw across it two large toll-bars; one at the hither end, and the other at the farther extremity. They will thus establish two ocean-turnpikes, through which will lie the nearest way to the East.

Having completed this arrangement, they will immediately proceed to put in act, for the ruin of British commerce, an ingenious expedient of that system of protection, which continental nations have already so greatly enriched themselves by pursuing. They will levy a prohibitive toll on British shipping, allowing the vessels of all the rest of the world to pass at moderate rates, so as to have the start of our merchant ships, and forestall our traffic. We, they reckon, shall, if they will not let us through the Suez Canal, be obliged quietly to turn back, and creep our old way round the Cape of Good Hope. They will, of course, appoint for turnpike-men two famous admirals, each in command of a vast fleet, in case a British captain should make any mad attempt to break the bar, or force his way through without paying.

This deep-laid plot will be crowned with success; for how will Great Britain be able to withstand it? Great Britain will, indeed, become Little Britain; her Eastern commerce will be annihilated; and her Indian empire will pass into the hands of rulers, who not only know how to govern foreign dependencies, but also how to keep their own people in order. The sun of England will set for ever; and Europe be, consequently, a little in the dark. Then will the five great Powers, who will have accomplished the overthrow of perfidious Albion, quarrel among themselves: there will be a struggle: the event whereof will be, that France will get the upper hand; and finally, for the happiness of all mankind, the Indian Ocean will be converted into a French Lake!

THE TUSCAN STRAW STIRRED.

'TIS well that NAPOLEON should bluster and grumble,
And Austria her protest should maunder and mumble,
When Sardinia, to right Central Italy's jumble,
Sends down BUONCOMPAGNI, her Regent to be—
But that Tuscans should suffer the man thus selected
To be snubbed and cold-shouldered and all but rejected,
Is what *Mr. Punch* would have never expected
From a people so FOND of "good-companiè!"

To RICĀSŌLI, then, SALVAGNŌLI & Co.,
Mr. Punch drops a hint—of course, whispering low,—
They may find they 'll fare worse, if farther they go,
(Since the will to do right won't prevent getting wrong)
For surely 'twere folly, superlative—sad,
For folks, when Good-Company *is* to be had,
To show such a strange predilection for bad,
As, to snub BUONCOMPAGNI, and come to *Plon-Plon!*

Important to Next of Kin.

WHEN a man intends to marry a widow, his friends, if they cannot prove him a lunatic, should, if possible, take care that he settles very little of his property on the lady of his choice; for the obvious reason, that a second-hand wife ought to be cheap, since her new husband can hardly expect to be dear.

ROYAL CHILD'S PLAY IN SPAIN.

EE how pretty all this is!

"The Madrid journals of the 10th say that on the preceding day two flags, offered by the Queen and King to the army in Morocco, were solemnly consecrated in the Royal Chapel, in presence of their Majesties. One of these flags, that offered by the Queen, has embroidered on one side an image of the Immaculate Conception, and on the other the Royal arms; the flag offered by the King bears on one side the images of Our Lady of Forgetfulness, Our Lady of Triumph, and Our Lady of Mercy; and on the other a crucifix."

The picture, presented in the above extract from recent foreign intelligence, of the QUEEN and KING OF SPAIN united in playing at religion and soldiers, must be contemplated with pleasure by every amiable mind. Joining their little flags, all worked in fine colours, as a present to their little army, they seem to resemble a little brother and sister rather than a man and wife, and exhibit an edifying spectacle of innocence. What delightful unsuspicion of the horrors and atrocities of war is betokened in the standards embroidered with images of the "Immaculate Conception" and "Our Lady!" What a truly lady-like idea of things of that sort—things the least horrible of which is the death of men who are lucky enough to have their brains dashed to atoms by a cannon-ball. What would her Spanish Majesty say to "Our Lady of Amputation?" The pretty pictures are funny as well as pretty—funny, of course, only in a lovely infantile way. What sort of an image that of the "Immaculate Conception" can be, it is hard to conjecture, since what is meant by the words is itself entirely inconceivable in any physical form. The symbol is probably some plaything which the QUEEN OF SPAIN was pleased, in giving it that title, to christen by one of those odd names which we are wont to hear our youthful daughters or nieces give their toys. The images on her Royal Consort's flag are also delightfully funny, regarded as ornamental figures chosen to decorate a bawble by a great baby. Their names also appear to be the inventions of undeveloped intellect. "Our Lady of Mercy" is charmingly out of place on the banner under which the Spanish forces will march to slaughter the Moors if successful, and, if not, perhaps to fall into the hands of their enemies. "Our Lady of Triumph" may prove an emblem of reckoning chickens before they are hatched. What "Our Lady of Forgetfulness" may be supposed to mean, we are at a loss to divine. "Our Lady of Remembrance" would be more to the purpose of recalling the glories of Spanish chivalry. "Let by-gones be by-gones," is a very Christian sentiment; but one does not see what it can have to do on his Spanish Majesty's war-flag. If the KING OF SPAIN were a great man, of course we should say that he is the best judge of his own colours; and but that he is manifestly a nice little man, and his spouse a sweet little woman, there would not perhaps be wanting those who might suggest that "Our Lady of Forgetfulness" may be considered as synonymous with "Our Lady of Condonation."

SETTLERS FOR SHAKESPEARIANS.

Is it reasonable to suppose that *Othello* was out fishing when he remarked to *Desdemona*, "Perdition catch thy sole"?

"Then let the kettle to the trumpet speak!" Is this reading correct? Should it not be rather, "Then let the trumpet to the kettle speak!" Speaking-trumpets are, and long have been, quite common. But what grounds have we for believing that in the time when SHAKESPEARE wrote, any more than in our own, there was such an instrument as a speaking kettle?

"My tables! meat it is, I set it down." May this be cited as a proof that *Hamlet* was a butcher?

What authorities can you quote for the popular belief that the man *Macbeth* called "whey-face" was in reality a Kurd?

CONSOLATION UNDER CRITICISM. (*By a pachydermatous author.*)—After all, according to SIR EMERSON TENNENT, the elephant has no real enemy but the fly.

A COUGH IN THE HOUSE.

A-HACK! That cough! Ack-ack! That cough again!
Oh, how it tears through my distracted brain!
Yack! Mercy Heaven! how can I read or write!
Ack-kack-kack-kack! noise seems made out of spite.
Ahacka—hash! mine ear what tortures rack!
My shattered nerves! their tender threads will crack.
A-hawk! Oh, don't! Those thorns mine ear-drums prick.
Yawk! Ack! Yaw—hawk! Forbear! I shall be sick!
Ahawm! Ahack! This torment is too bad!
Ahash! Hack! Hash! That row will drive me mad!

So it goes on. I stamp—I tear my hair—
I yell—I shriek—forgive me, if I swear!
My groans and cries, if heard my room without,
Pass for the screams of toothache or the gout,
Or by the hearer are perchance divined
To speak mysterious agonies of mind.
What if their cause my fell tormentor knows?
I'm sure she could control it if she chose:
Thought, if allowed, to fury which will lash
Mine irritated soul! Another crash!
My senses whirl. Ye Powers, preserve my wits,
And let me not be worried into fits:
Oh spare my reason!—take me to your care,
Or else I shall be goaded to despair!

I stop mine ears with cotton to exclude
Those dreadful sounds which still, alas! intrude;
I bind my kerchief round my throbbing brow,
And tighten it in vain—I hear them now!—
Ah! blessed are the Deaf, I moan, with tears,
And wish I had old SURD's unfeeling ears.
Oh, I exclaim, for some less painful sound
Wherein those hideous noises might be drowned!
Oh, for the crowing of a neighbour's fowl!
Oh, for ten thousand mongrel dogs to howl!
Oh, for *that greatly preferable* bore,
A knocking carpenter at work next door!
For some harmonious blacksmith o'er the way,
Pig killed close by, or hungry donkey's bray,
E'en for an organ-grinder, I could pray,
Out in the street to stand before my house, and play.

"Pulmonic Wafers" I would fain implore
To stay that plague, or stuff called "Cough No More;"
A doctor, nay, a quack, I'd richly fee
From such a nuisance to deliver me.
Oh, you who may these frantic verses scan,
And have a cough—restrain it if you can.
Sad is a sore affection of the chest,
As sad are peace disturbed, and broken rest.
Expectoration's grievous need I know:
But think, oh, think upon the hearer's woe!
Relieve the bosom with an effort mild:
Drive not your nervous fellow-creature wild.

THE BELLS ON BIG BEN.

BIG BEN's case looks scaly, say the bells of Old Bailey;
His voice is quite gone, say the bells of St. John;
He's chock full of holes, peal the bells of All Souls;
Must go to the forge, chime the bells of St. George;
Even my voice is sweeter, sneer the bells of St. Peter;
He ain't worth two fardens, snarl the bells of St. Martin's;
Case of too many cooks, growl the bells of St. Luke's;
Don't know what they're about, howls St. Botolph Without;
MEARS, DENISON chides, say the bells of St. Bride's;
Well, d'ye think MEARS is wrong? asks St. Mary's ding-dong;
I don't, if you do, says the belfry at Kew;
It's a great waste of tin, tolls St. Botolph Within;
And the cash must come from us, growl the bells of St. Thomas;
Aye, every shilling, add the bells of St. Helen;
And we're not over-rich, groan the bells of Shoreditch;
It makes one feel ranc'rous, say the bells of St. Pancras;
Yes, that's for sartin, again rings St. Martin;
But what's to be done, once more peals St. John;
Bang'd if I know, tolls the big bell of Bow.

WHAT THE ITALIAN BOOT DOES NOT WANT.—More Austrian welting or new French binding.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

LORD PALMERSTON. THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Lord P. WELL, SIR RICHARD, how are you? Deuced cold weather. Come near the fire. And now, Who 's to be our new Solicitor?

Att.-G. My dear LORD PALMERSTON, all my information on the subject is derived from the columns of the *Times* newspaper. There I see mentioned the names of certain gentlemen, any one of whom would make a more or less desirable successor to my talented friend SIR HENRY KEATING.

Lord P. Rather less than more, eh?

Att.-G. I am not prepared to say that. Indeed I am not prepared to say anything on the subject. I have given it no consideration. If I had, I might possibly have suggested that—where is the journal in question (*takes it up*)—that those who—where is it, here—that those who "mention the name" of MR. EDWIN JAMES, mention the name of a gentleman of—of considerable success.

Lord P. Well, we all know all about him. If he were Member for anywhere else but Marylebone, the thing would be well enough.

Att.-G. Your Lordship is too much a man of the world to be afraid of associating with anybody.

Lord P. I've no time to be particular. And JAMES is a very clever man, and tells a capital story, and all that; but while he is the Delegate of those Marylebone Vestry snobs, *you* know, my dear SIR RICHARD, who would not object to be his colleague.

Att.-G. Nobody more than the haughty little nobleman who created the borough of Marylebone. Besides, that—a—that Epistle of JAMES the other day about indicting the masters in the strike affair, showed that he was in no hurry for office.

Lord P. He is all right, and can wait. Besides, he can do better service from an independent battery just now.

Att.-G. Then I observe, or rather I am apprised by this paragraph, that another name which is "mentioned" is that of MR. CAPULET LODGINGS, as some of my gay young friends have been pleased to call him.

Lord P. MONTAGUE CHAMBERS?

Att.-G. I assume it to be a simple impossibility that there was ever any idea of appointing him.

Lord P. Well, I don't know. Why. There 's stuff in him.

Att.-G. There indubitably is, and rum stuff, if I may be pardoned a colloquialism.

Lord P. He 'd pitch into the Papishes, *con fuoco*, Mr. Attorney.

Att.-G. I am not here to deny the value of MR. CHAMBERS' vituperative faculty, when stimulated by real or assumed theological acerbity; but I am unaware that it is the precise business of HER MAJESTY'S Solicitor-General to fustigate a very important portion of HER MAJESTY'S subjects.

Lord P. Especially when HER MAJESTY'S Attorney-General can do the thing in the most superior style!

Att.-G. You are pleased to be complimentary, my dear lord.

Lord P. Not a bit. I thoroughly concur with my friend *Mr. Punch* in thinking you as effective and damaging a debater as ever went in for slaughter. But you are too good to be used up on the Irish. You are not a bludgeoneer—to quote BILLY, "you carve your enemy as a dish fit for the gods, not hew him as a carcase for the hounds." We'll ask you to keep yourself for worthy antagonists—I want a hard-mouthed chap who will knock fellows down and stamp on them.

Att.-G. What do you say to TEAR'EM?

Lord P. Will *you* undertake for collar and chain?—if so, yes.

Att.-G. I 'll see him—I mean that such an undertaking would be an unwelcome addition to my present responsibilities.

Lord P. He would mind you.

Att.-G. I would take precious good care he did, if I had him in hand; but—in fact, my suggestion was not serious.

Lord P. No; but the best hints often come out of a joke. I have a very good mind to send for JOHN ARTHUR.

Att.-G. In that case, have the kindness to send for somebody else.

Lord P. Anybody you like—Who?

Att.-G. Nay, anybody *you* like, who can replace the humble individual who addresses you.

Lord P. What, you won't have TEAR'EM at any price?

Att.-G. Not even at his real value.

Lord P. You've been reading TOMMY MOORE—

> "Of all speculations the market holds forth,
> The best that I know, for a lover of peif,
> Is to buy ROEBUCK up at the price he is worth,
> And then sell him at that which he sets on himself."

Att.-G. The epigram suits him as well as if written for him. I imagine that we may pass on to another name.

Lord P. "*Gregory*, o' my word we 'll not carry coals."

Att.-G. "No, for then we should be COLLIERS."

Lord P. He has waited a long time.

Att.-G. Is it too antiquated a ribaldry to reply, that he must now be so accustomed to waiting, that a still further postponement will not be very afflicting?

Lord P. Yes, but where are you to find a better man? For nobody knows better than you that we want a good one.

Att.-G. I suppose I may assume that almost any change would be an improvement upon the late occupant of the office in question.

Lord P. If that means that you 've got a dull man for me, I reply, No such thing, and that KEATING was a capital fellow. I won't have a worse, mind.

Att.-G. I have been accused of enterprise, but I never essayed impossibility.

Lord P. Who 's your man—out with him.

Att.-G. Do not let me intrude my suggestions. Perhaps your lordship has some bright particular star of your own whom you wish to insert into the ministerial firmament?

Lord P. I dare say there are lots of barristers who would make better Solicitors than any we are likely to lay hand on; and if I had only time to go down to the Temple and look 'em up, I'll be hanged if I wouldn't choose my own man, and take you what odds you like I didn't get a bad one.

Att.-G. There is a little volume in red, increasing in bulk, I regret to say, yearly, and called the *Law List*, which would save your lordship the necessity of perambulating the precincts in question. You will there find the name of every gentleman in the profession, from my LORD CHANCELLOR down to the last call.

Lord P. I never read print. I don't think I could if I tried now—I've had my Prayer-book copied out in an official hand for me—and I've no time to go to the Temple. So, who's your man?

Att.-G. I am really unprepared to advise, but if I suggested anybody it would be my friend MR. ATHERTON.

Lord P. Hm. Is Durham safe?

Att.-G. That is all arranged.

Lord P. Let's see—he's a bit of a Radical, isn't he?—rather goes in for——

Att.-G. For the Solicitor-Generalship, my dear lord. Judging from other gentlemen who have had that ambition, I think it would be illiberal to suppose that his Liberality will interfere with his rendering, either by speech or silence, the requisite service to HER MAJESTY'S Government.

Lord P. He's *not* a bad man?

Att.-G. I had hoped that proposition was implied in *my* proposing him.

Lord P. I never heard anything against him.

Att.-G. Nor I, until this instant. Your lordship's last words are the unkindest thing that can be said of anybody.

Lord P. I can't tell. It was never said of *me*. Will you tell the gentleman that if he'll call here, he may hear of something to his advantage. By the bye, have you heard the good thing that somebody said about our poor dear friend, the DUCHESS OF——

(*Left laughing.*)

GAME IN MOROCCO.

THE Spaniards appear to have had but indifferent sport on the Moors. They have nothing as yet to show for their powder and shot, but a few head of slain; for the unbelieving Mahometans will not allow themselves to be made prisoners; and there seems to be every probability that the invaders of Morocco will catch many more Tartars than Moors.

"Wanted—A Few More of the Same Sort."

FARINI, the dictator of Central Italy, has shown so much pluck, sagacity, and energy, that one cannot help wishing Italy had at this moment more men "*ejusdem farinæ*."

ARTIST (reading note from obliged friend). *"Um,—um,—much obliged to you for the loan of your Bedouin's dress—(um,—um,)—will return it in a day or two, as I've, (Ah! What!) sent it—to—the WASH!!"*

[The Artist's feelings (for colour especially) may be easier imagined than described.

COMMON CRIERS.

IT is surprising how infectious tears are at a wedding. First of all the Bride cries, because she's going to be married; and then of course the Bridesmaids cry, perhaps, because *they* are not; and then the fond Mamma cries, because she'll l—l—lose her d—d—darling: and then the fond Papa cries, because he thinks it's proper: and then all the ladies cry, because ladies as a rule will never miss a chance of crying; and then, perhaps, the Groomsmen cry, to keep the ladies company: and then the old Pewopener cries, to show what deep (pecuniary) interest she takes in the proceedings; and then, perhaps, the public cries, the public being, of course, composed exclusively of petticoats. But, notwithstanding all these Niobes, who make quite a Niagara of eyewater around him, we own we never yet have seen the Bridegroom cry, and should about as soon expect to hear the Beadle blubber.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

COME fog—come frost—who counts the cost,
Of wood and coal at Christmas-time?
Bring winter in, to warm his chin,
And thaw his coat of rime.
Let those that have help those that lack
To food and fire—to game and glee—
Pile high the screen of berried green,
And plant and deck the Christmas-tree.

The tree that like this blessèd time
Of peace, good-will, on earth, on high,
Through frost and snow green boughs doth show,—
Hope's hue, 'neath winter's sky.
In wealth's warm room how brave they bloom,
Hung with child-treasures, bright to see:
But let us think, that cold and gloom
Should also have their Christmas-tree.

A little pains will plant it there,
A trifling cost will deck its boughs.
The rare full meal of common fare,
The once-a-year carouse,
Coarse means of warmth for back and bed,
A blaze where cold bars wont to be—
Such are the gifts we 'll help to spread,
Upon the poor man's Christmas-tree.

And if that nations have a life
That may collective mercies own,
In Britain's heart what thanks were rife,
For God's hand o'er her shown!
What boughs were broad enough to bear
The gifts she takes by land and sea?
Small wonder hungrier lands elsewhere
Should envy England's Christmas-tree.

As we are rich let us bestow
A thought on poorer nations round;
Letting our fulness overflow,
Giving, as we abound.
Till lands show bright where now is night,
And Europe's borders see
Arise for them, that noblest stem—
Undying Freedom's Christmas-tree!

HAPSBURG HUMILITY.

PRINCE METTERNICH said, on the part of his master, a nice thing the other day to LOUIS NAPOLEON—if this is what he said, as the *Moniteur* avers:—

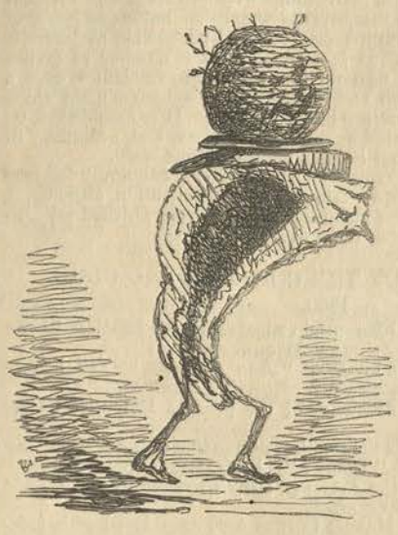
"SIRE,—The EMPEROR, my master, in deigning to appoint me his Ambassador to your Imperial Majesty, particularly impressed upon me to convince you of the value of your personal friendship."

The year is ending, with a somewhat better understanding between the two Emperors than that with which it began. In the meantime, one of them has given the other a good thrashing. METTERNICH delivers a message from a sovereign who has evidently been licked into shape. It is neat and elegant, if not straightforward; but we must allow a little for the usual humbug of diplomacy. If the Ambassador had plainly spoken the mind of the monarch, whose sentiments he had slightly to disguise, he would perhaps have said something of this sort:—"Sire, In sending me to kiss your Imperial Majesty's foot, the EMPEROR, my master, particularly desires me to signify the deep impression which it has made upon his person, and the conviction which he feels in consequence of your having so well kicked him, that he had better endeavour to keep on good terms with you." FRANCIS-JOSEPH might, with a view to conciliation in Congress, as well, perhaps, salute LOUIS NAPOLEON'S toe by proxy at once, as thank him in a circuitous, if graceful manner, for chastisement received at the tip of it.

A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE YOUNG FRENCH PRINCE.

MR. PUNCH. "THERE, MY DEAR, PUT AWAY THAT NASTY THING, AND PLANT THIS."

SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS.



IT may not much improve the appearance of the supper-table if, when it is laid out, you let your children have the run of it. The practice is, however, economical, although the odds may seem against it. Traces being visible that the sweets have all been fingered, you may depend on it your guests will be the less disposed to eat them.

When you catch gentlemen flirting with girls you "have no patience with" (because you rather fear their cutting out your daughters), do not scruple in the slightest to interrupt their *tête-à-têtes*, and part them, if you can, by saying something vicious: such as, "Really, MR. SPOONER, MISS PERT *must* be bored with you! they *say* that you've been talking to her nearly all the evening!" A neatly-used "*they say*" is pretty sure to do her business for her. Few young men will flirt at the risk of being "*they say*"d for it.

You can easily avoid the expense of hired musicians by inviting one or two good-natured *passées* girls who you know can play dance-music, and whose plainness will, you think, prevent their getting many partners.

Recollect, the more unpleasantly you make the evening pass, the more likely are your guests to be "engaged" when you next ask them, and the less expense and trouble you will then experience.

Finally, before you go to bed, be sure you have the spoons counted. This practice cannot but impress upon your servants the high moral estimation in which you hold your guests.

FETICHISM AT NAPLES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THE vollerun's what I 'read t'other day in a newspeaper; portion of a letter vrom that are vorren zitty, Neaples:—

"Some thieves have again broken into the Church of the Madonna della Grazia, and stripped 'Our Lady' of all her jewels. The Church, too, was cleared of the silver candlesticks and other valuables. The unfortunate Madonna is to have a new dress and jewels from the King."

"Just as I'd a vinished radun on't, in comes the paason. 'There,' I sez to un, 'Paason, what d'ye think o that? Fancy a Mad——what d'ye call her?—in a church, dressed out with jools—and I spose crinnerline and ribbons and vlounces; and, beun robbed on't all, to ha noo petticoats and trinkuts gin her by a King. What d'ye say to all that are?' 'Mariolatry,' says the paason; 'Mariolatry, varmer,' he says; 'one o them there errors o Romanizzum; a partickler kind of zaint-wurshup which we gives the neam o Mariolatry.' '*Mari*olatry,' says I; 'd'ye call it *Mari*olatry? *Doll*atry's what I calls it; bain't it a doll they worshups, dressun of her out in vinery and gimcracks?—dollatry, ah! and High Dollatry, for that matter. Dollatry, 'cause as how they worshups a doll. Now ain't that are what you calls a derry vashion?' At which the paason, he laughs, and a says to me, a says, 'Varmer, I persave thee be'st a scollard.' 'Very well,' I says, 'then darned if I dwoant zend that are highdear to *Punch*, and zee what game he'll make out on't. What neam shall I zign myself?' I says to 'n. To which the paason ansered and zed, what I've the honnur to be, your most obajent umble sarvunt,

"RUSTICUS.

"P.S. They goggles their eyes, I be told, zumtimes, they 'Talian dolls in churches, and makes b'lieve they be alive, and I dassay the monks can make um squake likewise, if they 've a mind to't, so as to desave them pore zimple hoax-devourun, whopper-swollerun, vorreners with their darned priestcraft."

"*Turmutfield, December*, 1859."

SEASONABLE CONUNDRUM.

WHY is the Frost like a Hotel-Boots?
Because it changes one's shoes into slippers.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

A Ballad of the Times.

'TWAS when of any fear of war no Briton felt a particle
The *Times* came out one morning with a most exciting article,
The Editor saw far ahead with swift prophetic glance,
Midst hordes of little red-legged men, the Oriflamme of France
Borne onward by a burglar-host, who burned with plunder's zest
To pillage London, sack the Bank, and bolt with all the "rest!"
Forthwith the warning telegram was flashed along the wire,
Forthwith the British bosom flamed with patriotic fire.
Then rang around the trumpet-call—no moment this to trifle,
Up Britons, shoulders to the wheel, and shoulders to the rifle!
Then far and fast the watchword passed, Be ready for the foe.
Thus forth did float the bugle-note, the herald-call to arms;
It reached the busy husbandmen amidst their flocks and farms;
It reached the merchant bending calmly o'er his blue-lined page,
With heart and hand the merchants band, the rightful strife to wage.
It stirred the stalwart artisan—Oh men of brain and sinew!
Invader foes who come to blows, will find what metal's in you!—
The blacksmith left his forge awhile, the miller stopped his mill,
In black and white their vestments dight, they hied them to the Drill.
No stint the country gentlemen displayed of martial labours,
But blazed away from day to day at peril of their neighbours.
The sportsman for his smooth-bored gun provided bullet cartridges,
Ready for red-legged buccaneers, as if for red-legged partridges.
Such rush there was for rifle-gear among those loyal men;
Such times had tailors never seen, and never may again;
And Beauty's brightest glances fell, in that eventful day,
To gallants of the belt and pouch all garmented in grey.
Through royal London warlike talk was heard on every hand,
High swelling 'mid the City, surging westward through the Strand.
Belgravia's lordly mansions then the hot commotion share,
It stirred a gentle flutter 'midst the dovecotes of May Fair.
The kingly fanes of Westminster now heard the martial din;
The gonfalon of volunteers was raised in Lincoln's Inn,
The frescoed hall with measured tramp resounded to the rafter,
Till passers-by much marvelled what those learned men were after.
And East and West, and South and North, through every class and clan,
The warning watchword "be prepared" flew on from man to man.
No idle show was all this stir, no vain fanfaronade,
For, while a hearty prayer for peace each loyal marksman made,
One strong resolve his bosom filled, all doubts and fears abolishing,
To give the foe, *should need arise*, a proper good French polishing!

PEST-CABS.

COMPLAINT has been made lately that Small Pox is on the increase, and among the many causes which have been alleged for this, it is said, that small pox patients are often put in cabs, and infection so transmitted to the persons who next ride in them. In this blessedly free country it is difficult, of course, to interfere with ancient liberties; and a cabman, if accused of having knowingly admitted small-poxed persons to his cab, would bellow out some bladerdash about his "vested rights," and breathe defiance, mixed with blasphemy, at any "Beak" who tried to punish him. But without interfering with our Ancient Institutions, or in any way sapping the foundations of the State, might not some course be suggested for preventing in some measure this damage to the public, without causing at the same time any damage to the Cabman? Without limiting in any way the liberty of the subject, or professing disbelief in "The right divine of cabmen to drive wrong," it surely might be feasible to have specially marked cabs for hirers specially afflicted, and which only should be suffered to drive up to a Hospital; applicants in unmarked cabs not being suffered to approach. Or, there might be different cab-classes established; and those who paid for first-class vehicles might insist on a certificate that the cab was not infected, and if this proved false, the cabman might be made to ride in his own vehicle, after the manner of the genius who made the Brazen Bull. At all events, something must be done to disinfect our cabs, else people will regard them as equivalent to hearses, to which they are in many cases only the next step. A law of Public Safety must certainly be passed, if it be only to preserve a good name for our cabs; for so long as they entail such risks upon the public, it is clearly quite absurd to call them Patent Safety Vehicles.

Medical Intelligence.

A YOUNG Lady, residing not a hundred miles from Muddleditch, and whose brother was "walking" Guy's, kindly wrote to say, she would willingly send up to him her left-off Skeleton Petticoat, if the study of its anatomy would be of any use to him.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

THE *Gazette de France* announces that it has engaged a Chinese contributor. This is a learned Chinaman living in Paris, and he is to write in that journal a weekly letter relative to events which may occur in his own country. In his introductory communication he pays the following compliment to France:—

"I came here because I had often heard said, that Paris is the centre of European civilisation; that it is the brain and the heart from which all the thoughts and pulsations which occupy and agitate the people of Europe are derived. France, in truth, appears to me to be the China of the West. I have already studied your manners, usages, and laws, and I assure you, dear elder brother, that I have taken real pleasure in comparing your civilisation with that of the Middle Empire. I have seen that the French have a decided tendency to become Chinese in many things."

Our neighbours and allies must feel highly gratified at the resemblance which is discovered by the contributor to the *Gazette de France* between them and his pig-eyed countrymen. We confess we cannot see a very strong likeness; though it is impossible to say that the Napoleonic Empire will not become like the Celestial as it grows older, according to that writer's prediction. Costume is the only point of resemblance that we at present perceive, and in that respect the French and Chinese fashions may to some extent agree in absurdity. It may be a question whether pinched feet are more foolish or not than pinched waists, and if pigtails are more or less absurd than Crinoline.

MODERN ATHENS.

BY OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH, 1 *December*, 1859.

"EDINBURGH, the capital of Scotland, occupies a picturesque but somewhat inconvenient situation on a cluster of hills, about a mile and a half from the Firth of Forth. It has long been celebrated as the birth-place of the most eminent men of every nation under the sun, and being justly considered the intellectual hotbed of Science and Philosophy, when my talented friend, LANCELOT PROBUS, embraced the medical profession, he naturally selected this spot for the pursuit of his studies; remarking in his usual facetious way, that if differences of opinion did exist respecting the relative merits of a London or Edinburgh diploma, the matter was, after all, only a question of *degree*.

"During the late electioneering excitement, PROBUS insisted on my coming down here to matriculate at the University (which can be done at a moderate charge), in order to qualify myself to vote for a Lord Rector, to which I consented in the most disinterested manner (not caring myself £0 0*s*. 2*d*. who holds the office)—and had the melancholy satisfaction of increasing one of the candidate's majority by one vote.

"PROBUS inhabits jolly little chambers in Ward Street, Hospital Square. When you ring one of the nineteen brass bells which decorate the street entrance, the door is opened by some unseen and mysterious agency. The visitor ascends a winding staircase, and finds himself in a comfortable little room, hung round with uncomfortable anatomical diagrams. The skull of a hydro-cephalous subject grins from the mantel-piece, and on a sideboard PROBUS keeps his case of instruments, with various other insignia of his interesting but horrible occupation.

"Before visiting the other Lions of the town, PROBUS insisted on dragging me through the Infirmary wards, showing me all the most recent and dangerous cases, and took it quite unkindly that I declined to see the celebrated PROFESSOR MCCARVER go through his experiments on the ancle-joint.

"The Population of Modern Athens consists chiefly of lawyers and doctors, of whom the former gentlemen abound to an alarming extent. They are divided into two classes, viz., 'Advocates' and 'Writers to the Signet' (Scotch for Attorneys), and may be seen in throngs frequenting the 'Parliament House,' which still proudly retains its name, notwithstanding the melancholy event of 1707. The Great Hall in that building is lighted up by a large window representing DAME JUSTICE with her sword and balance. What a satirical dog the artist must have been who designed that window! The joke is as transparent as the glass itself. *Justice* indeed! it is easy to see through *that*.

"Among the various useful institutions with which Modern Athens abounds, there is one which is especially worthy of notice, as being of incredible service to the learned professions and society at large—I mean the Conjectural Club. It is composed of a number of praiseworthy young gentlemen, who devote their leisure hours once a fortnight to the investigation and discussion of subjects upon which controversies have arisen or are likely to arise. It is established on the principle of the celebrated Speculative Society, and, according to PROBUS, bids fair to rival that learned and ingenious body.

"A Programme of the 'Transactions' for 1860 accidentally fell into my hands, and I subjoin a few examples from recollection, although I cannot exactly vouch for the accuracy of *all*, having finished my fifth glass of 'toddy' before reading them over.

"TRANSACTIONS OF THE CONJECTURAL CLUB.

1860.

Jan. 9. (Essay) On the Differential Calculus in its relation to the Binomial Theorem.—ANDREW MICKLEFASH.

Feb. 14. (Debate) Can the metre of "*John Anderson my jo*" be properly termed brachycatalectic?—BURR'NS SANGSTER.

Feb. 28. (Essay) On the Efficiency of the present Detective Force. The MAC NAB.

March 2. (Debate) What is the smallest proportion of water necessary in the composition of "Toddy?"—BENJAMIN BOOZIE, ESQ.

April 1. (Debate) Were the *Poems of Ossian* written by the Author of *Junius?*—JOCK HEYMON.

April 5. (Essay) On the Habeas Corpus Act, considered with reference to the Siamese twins.—GOLF KNOX, ESQ.

April 23. (Debate) Was SHAKSPEARE a Scotchman? (N.B. Extraordinary meeting).—MR. LOCHLOLLOP, of Lochlollop,

&c., &c., &c.

"Of course I went over Holyrood Palace, and saw Queen Mary's apartments. Imagine the interest with which I gazed at a venerable 'four-poster,' on which, as the guide assured me, that unfortunate Princess '*slep*.'

"Thirteen square inches of dingy flannel are now all that remains of the blanket which once covered that regal couch.

"In the antechamber is still shown the spot were RIZZIO fell, and musical young ladies examine with mingled horror and delight the stain said to be occasioned by the blood of that talented but unprincipled composer.*

"All this, I say, is very romantic and interesting, but the poetic 'fallacy' has vanished when you pass back through the grim old portal. It is no longer the sixteenth but the nineteenth century. Modern Athens has forgotten old Dunedin.

"How are the traditional notions of my youth dissipated! I remember the time when my conception of a Scotchman was based on that type of humanity, which may be even now occasionally seen at the doors of tobacconist's shops, stern as to feature, rigid as to his extremities, apparently always about to 'take a pinch of snuff,' but from motives of economy, never taking it.

"I expected to find every Scotch gentleman carrying about an enormous ram's head mull, with the horns sticking out of his coat-tail pockets. So far from that, if you will believe me, I was not offered so much as a pinch of 'Prince's Mixture,' during the whole time I was in Edinburgh.

"Don't believe in bag-pipes any more. The only street-music which I heard in Modern Athens, proceeded from a London grinding-organ, played by an Italian boy, and *that* was an Irish air. It is a mistake to suppose that the Edinburgh police wear kilts, or carry claymores. They do not even sport Balmoral boots, but the professional high-low.

"The ladies are *not universally* attired in tartan, and some few speak English as well as their native dialect. They have *heard* of other dances besides the National Reel.

"'Putting the Stone' is not practised in *all* the public squares, and the game of 'golf' is prohibited in Prince's Street.

"I do not wish to boast of the fact, but I *have* whistled on a Sunday without being apprehended by the police.

"Roast beef is occasionally substituted for the national dish at the tables of the aristocracy; and I must say, on the whole, I *do* prefer it to Haggis.

"Red hair is not, as many suppose, one of the qualifications indispensable for the Editorship of the *Scotsman*.

"Having thus corrected a few erroneous notions which are liable to arise in the minds of Young England respecting our 'canny' neighbours, I have only to add, that there *is* a national produce north of the Tweed, concerning the excellence of which there can be *no* mistake—

* I was thinking of asking the guide whether he found claret or cochineal the best adapted for perpetuating the interest in this portion of the floor: but PROBUS pointing to the heraldic representation of two unicorns sparring at each other over the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," warned me of the danger of chaffing a Scotchman—even in joke.

simple in its composition—beneficial in its medicinal nature—'the sovereignest thing on earth' for 'indigestion,' 'melancholy,' 'pains in the back,' 'dislike to society,' 'chilbains,' 'thoughts of self-destruction,' 'sciatica,' 'involuntary blushing,' 'corns,' and the thousand natural ills—not only that 'flesh is heir to,' but which PROFESSOR GULLAWAY pretends to cure—a specific strongly recommended by the Faculty—at least, of Modern Athens. I subjoin the prescription of a celebrated M.D., whose portrait I have just painted.

"Recipe:

Spiritûs Vini Scotici, cyathos duos.	
Sacchari albi, semiunciam	℥ij.
Aquæ ferventis, ad uncias octo . . .	℥viij.

(Interdum addere liceat corticis Limonis Crustulum). Fiat Mistura. Capiat æger (vel sanus) cochleare magnum unum, septies, omni quadrante horæ paulo post cibum.

"Surely, my dear *Punch*, when the poet wrote

"ἀρίστον μεν ὕδωρ,

He *could* not have tasted the incomparable 'Glenlivat.'

"I have just concocted the 'Mixture—as before.'

"Here's 'towards you!'

"JACK EASEL."

PUTTING HIS PIPE OUT.

OT long ago the Mayor of Douai, we are told, addressed a circular to the communal schoolmaster, expressing his determination to put down the precocious habit of smoking among the boys of that city. Bravo, MONS. LE MAIRE! We recommend as a motto for DEAN CLOSE'S next *Counterblast* the inscription, "Douai-way (Do away) with tobacco-smoking."

Australia Felix.

THE *Ballarat Star* reports the arrival of a donkey in that district, and adds, that "the incident has created much excitement among the population." A Donkey at the Diggings—and only one!

We all know that a dead donkey is a rare sight. But we little thought ever to hear of a country in which a live one is an appearance sufficiently rare to create an excitement.

This solitary Jerusalem Pony must surely be the *Golden Ass* of APULEIUS!

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

NO MORE GREY HAIR NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE!!!—*Punch's Almanack for* 1860 is as certainly a CURE for ague, asthma, mental or personal acidity, fever, indigestion, drowsiness, gout, cough, catarrh, hysteria, headache, heartburn, dizziness, despondency, nerves, nausea, neuralgia, irritability, low spirits, spasms, sickness, sleepiness, rheumatism, redtapeism, mental cramps and sinking, fits, word-flatulency, folly, sourness, stupidity, biliousness, blue devils, boredom, baldness, and bronchitis, as any quack specific ever advertised or paid for. It removes superfluous airs, and imparts a healthy mental tone to all who take it. Persons of weak mind will find in *Punch's Almanack* a most invigorating tonic, and those whose hair is falling off (as they say) through stress of work, will derive from *Punch's Almanack* the greatest benefit and comfort. It not only cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic, but it is allowed to be the very best of physic. As has been said, it does as much for one as any advertised quack medicine, and has, moreover, the advantage of being nice to take. No domestic happiness is complete without it. One joke relieves, one page cures! There 's no mistake about it, so walk up, with your Threepennies, and prove the fact!—N.B. Sold also, price Fourpence, with the Government Stamp.

☞ *To be had everywhere, and at a hundred places else.*

The following are some of the ten million testimonials:—Cure No. 2,000,002:—"Fifty minutes' indescribable agony from reading an anti-Rifle-Movement article in the *Morning Star*, have been removed by buying that delightful mental food called *Punch's Almanack*. *Punch* is a certain antidote to *Star* poison, and may be used with safety on every occasion. *Signed*, JOHN SMITH, London." Cure, No. 9,999,999.—"My husband having been for many months afflicted with acidity of temper, I tried the effect of reading him some jokes from *Punch's Almanack*. After hearing the tenth joke his sourness almost disappeared, and at the twenty-seventh his temper was so sweetened that he promised me a new dress and a box at Covent Garden; and, what is still more wonderful, he has kept his word. *Signed*, JEMIMA JOLLY."

WHAT A CONGRESS OF THE GREAT POWERS IS LIKELIEST TO DO WITH THE ITALIAN BOOT.—Put their foot in it.

SILLY SONGS FOR SABLE SINGERS.

No. 1.

WHEN first I lib wid MASSA PRUE,
MISS DINAH swep de kitchen:
Her cheeks were black, her eyes were blue,
O Gosh! she was bewitching!

Chorus.

Lubly DINAH! de belle ob Carolina!
Red-nosed 'possums, ring-tailed 'coons,
All in lub wid DINAH!

Dis nigger see her as she sat
A churning ob de butter:
She make my heart go pit a pat,
And all dat I could utter—
Was—Lubly DINAH! &c.

I flop down plump upon my knees,
Tho' in my Sunday trousers,
And den I try my lub to please,
By breedin' tender vows, sirs.
Lubly DINAH! &c.

MISS DINAH said she'd marry me,
So Massa found de shiners;
Now in my cabin you may see
Two SAMBOS and two DINAHS!

Chorus.

And they 're all like DINAH! de belle ob Carolina!
Black-nosed blue flies, ring-tailed 'coons,
All in lub wid DINAH!

No. 2.

OF all the gals in New Orleens,
There 's none like SALLY CARTER;
She 's full of wit, she 's full of beans,
She 's UNCLE PUMPKIN'S darter!
She 's got two eyes, she 's got a nose,
She 's got a mouth thereunder,
She 's got two feet, she 's got ten toes,
Oh, ISN'T she a wonder!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! SALLY! Guess I knows your valley!
There ain't a hoss
Like COUSIN JOSH,
To tell the worth of SALLY!

SAL can bake and SAL can brew,
Down in Louisiana,
She can make a pudden too,
And play on the pianner!
SAL'S the gal for apple squash,
SAL'S the gal for dumpling;
Oh! ain't she fond of COUSIN JOSH,
Her crimnylean a crumpling!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! SALLY! Guess I knows your valley!
There ain't a hoss
Like COUSIN JOSH,
To wed a gal like SALLY!

A Miss-Fire from the Morning Star.

THE *Morning Star* comments, in a tone of ridicule, on a provincial advertisement of a meeting to promote the formation of a Rifle Corps, because the presence of the ladies was requested at it. This is unfair. How can a set of young hands be expected to learn the use of the rifle without a good many *Misses?*

Epitaph on a Liberator.

By a Citizen of the United States.

IN this here land of ours of great renown,
The least mistake in colour won't go down;
For treating Black as White, we've hang'd up Brown.

MILITARY FRIEND. "*Why, look here, my dear boy, it seems to me you are precisely the man we want—with your beard you would look quite terrific in our uniform. You would, indeed—quite terrific.*"

ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTE.

TICKS are found in the greatest quantities at the Universities, among the papers of fast young undergraduates, where they often attain the most extraordinary dimensions. They also reach a large size in the barrack-rooms of crack regiments, and especially in the lodgings occupied by officers of the Household Brigade. One of their favourite haunts is the ground on which wild oats have been sown. This crop is never reaped without ticks making their appearance. Generally, it may be remarked of these troublesome pests, that they have a tendency to spring up wherever they are in the least encouraged, and that the rapidity of their growth is only equalled by the difficulty of their eradication. They breed in especial profusion in the offices of Jew money-lenders, bill-discounters, and generally where parchment is used in large quantities.

The application of the sponge has been recommended as a remedy for ticks, but it is generally found that when they have been superficially removed by this process, it is only to reappear in greater force than before. If allowed to make head, they will speedily exhaust every available source of support; and it may be said of a swarm of ticks as of a flight of locusts, that "before them is a smiling garden—behind them a howling desert."

Tolerably Safe.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET on pension
Will surely never dare insist;
For not the most insane invention
Could put him in a *Civil* List.

INSANITARY INTELLIGENCE.

ABSURD as it may seem, we begin really to think that the doctors have some hand in the setting of the fashions,—they are so pointedly conducive to illnesses and ailments. Here, for instance, is the latest bit of ladies' news from Paris; and the reader will perceive how it confirms us in our thinking:—

"In dresses generally there is little to record; they still bear either a number of flounces, or none at all, *à discrétion*. Bonnets, in spite of the cold, do not advance towards the forehead, but tend to the contrary direction by their large descending curtains."

Looking at it merely as a Paterfamilias, we see nothing to object to in the first half of this statement. For aught we care, our daughters may wear no end of flounces, or none at all, as it best pleases them. Be they flounced up to the eyes, or go altogether flounceless, they will in neither case be less dear to our person, though they may be in the latter cheaper to our pocket. But, whatever be our damage, they will not do themselves any; and so we let them flounce themselves or not, *à discrétion*, seeing that they have by this time reached the years of it.

When, however, we are told that, in spite of the cold weather, it is not fashionable for bonnets to cover up the head, but, on the contrary, to be worn still further off it, here our feelings as a father prompt us to interfere, and firmly to forbid our daughter to be fashionable. She may be flounced *à discrétion*, as much or little as she likes; but we will not see her bonneted *à indiscrétion* to please anybody. While the cold weather lasts, she shall wear a bonnet which really *is* a bonnet, and shall wear it on her head, not off it; or we, as a "stern parient," will know the reason why. She shall not commit suicide for the sake of being fashionable, whatever other maniacs there may be who will do so. Ladies who go out this weather with their brains exposed, can have but little brains, we fancy, to expose. We can only view them as fashionable lunatics, and wish there were asylums erected to receive them. Such persons are not fit to take care of themselves, and should be placed under restraint, and so stopped from self-destruction, while, however, they are suffered to remain at large. Perhaps the best form of strait-waistcoat would be restraint in pin-money. Confinement of the person might, to some extent at least, be effected through the purse. Were husbands to allow their wives and daughters less for dress, the latter would not pay so many visits to their milliners; and when any suicidal fashion came in vogue, they could not afford to kill themselves, even if they would.

JACK IN GAOL.

HERE is a pretty bit of a letter for a British sailor to be in a position to write! Excuse the style, and consider the statement:—

"I think visitors are allqwed to see us about Christmas time, so perhaps you will have a chance to see us but (minus of our hair and whiskers) we will write again if I have any opportunity tell our Mothers we are quite happy tell them it is not so bad as a man of war—"

The writer hails from Winchester Gaol:—

"tell them as if we did not care a fig for it dont tell them we shall have our hair cut if you write immediately perhaps we shall get it but dont be surprised if we dont answere it please to drink our health on Christmas-day tell our friend we cannot write."

Winchester Gaol is not so bad as a man-of-war, is the opinion of a sailor confined in that prison, and is penned by him for the comfort of a sympathising friend. The correctness of it is too apparent from the prisoner's case. He is one of the 108 A. B.'s of the *Princess Royal*, incarcerated by the sentence of a court-martial which does not appear to have been a court of inquiry. From the statement of a correspondent of the *Times*, it appears that this was a perfectly good fellow, and quite innocent of moral participation in the mutiny wherein he had got bodily involved. He had experienced four years' confinement in the floating prison, and preferred the stationary one. What that confinement must have been, may be inferred from the eagerness of his messmates and fellow-prisoners to obtain a temporary liberation, and from the mutiny which an old blockhead created by sending the poor fellows back to their ship after allowing them just to touch the shore.

But what a remark from this honest, true-hearted, generous (for proof of the justice of these epithets, see the *Times*) British Tar, to go forth to the world pending the present demand for hands to man the British Navy! The remark has gone forth, my lords and gentlemen, all the mischief is done; *Punch* did not publish it; he merely calls attention to it, and begs to suggest one way to counteract its consequences; that of letting the author of it, and at least his innocent companions in trouble, out of quod.

Fast Life.

ONE hears of Little TOUSSOUN PACHA, heir apparent to the Viceroy of Egypt, visiting Paris and London with his *suite*, and chatting fluently in French and English, all at the precocious age of seven. Let us hope the young Egyptian may not turn out too fast, as well as TOU-SOUN.

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Noble Swell (*in scarlet*). "HARK! BY JOVE, THAT'S A FIND!"

Party (*in black*). "'COURSE IT IS, MY LORD! JUST THE WAY WITH THEM 'OUNDS. DRAW—DRAW—DRAW—ALL THE MORNING, AND THEN DROP ON A FOX JUST AS VUN'S 'AVIN' VUN'S LUNCH!"

"THE GREAT TRIBULATION COMING!"

Breathless Maid-of-all Work to Master of the House (*who has done a good day's work, and has come home to enjoy himself!*) "Please Sir here's the Waits have bin and called for their Christmas Boxes and as you was not at home they says they'll call again this hevenink and the Beable he have bin and opes as ow as you'll remember of im and the pleaceman he ave called and when I told im you was hout he says it didn't siggerfy acos he says as he could look you hup at henny time and the turncock he have bin and please Sir he ave left his most respeckful complimums and would be glad if you'll remember to remember im as usual and please he opes he says you'll please to bear in mind he says as there's an oppersition turncock as you oughtn't not to give nothink acos this man he do all the work and have been hat it hoff and hon nigh nine and thutty year which he says as it's a shame to hev the Chrismas boxeses took out of his mouth leastways that is his pocket and please Sir here's the sweep hev bin a waitink down below and I guv him some cold meat and beer and biled pertators which he ave consumed and he ave left is card and opes as you'll stump up leastways that was what he says but he dint tell me to mention it and please Sir here's some potry as was guv me by a dustman which he said as ow he were the reg'lar proper dustman and he adn't been gone long when there come another rap and please Sir when I harnsers it I sees another dustman which e ands me this ere potry and says as ow please Sir as *he*'s the reg'lar dustman and t' other's hon'y a Himporsturer and never as done nothink for you and please Sir when he'd gone there come another rap and ere's another piece of potry which please Sir I'm to say as it's all his own compojink and that the hother pair of dustmin was a couple of low blaggards and he ave left his card to show as *he*'s the mostest proper one and please Sir here's the newsman he ave left his complimums and his boy ave likeways called and wished pertickler for to see you and the grocer's cart ave been and axed for somethin' seasonable and the butcher boy he wants to ave jist arf a word with you acos he says as how he've allus bin pertickler careful of your jints and have allus seen as you've been cut up fair and andsome and han't ad your weight made up with bones and sichlike kitchin stuff and please Sir here's the fireman he've been kep a waitin and ave ad some bread and cheese and a couple of pots of beer which I'm a makink im some grog cos missus han't no change and she said she knew you meant to give im suthun and the baker he ave left his best respects and 'll peraps look in tomorrer and the doctor's boy have called and opes you'll not forgit im and the milkman says as how you allus *hev* remembrud of im and so he'll take the libaty of axing you agin and please Sir a old ooman as you bought a box o' matches of she ave come and left her complimums and opes as you're quite well and she'll call again tomorrer and please Sir here's the gravedigger leastways I means the sexting he ave halso called to see you which I wus to say he wishes you'll enjy a Merry Christm——

[*Here* MASTER *makes an observation which we dare not print, and when he sits down to his dinner finds his appetite has left him.*

☞ MORAL—Such is Life!

Collier's Various Readings.

MR. COLLIER has been appointed Legal Adviser to the Fleet. We suppose it is all right; but any advice that we have ever heard tendered to a decent vessel by a Collier has always been of a description to make us wish we were a boatswain's mate in the neighbourhood of the counsellor. However, we should be sorry to see COLLIER get the sack in consequence of any facetious remark of ours; and we lose no time in hoping that he is not only up in Black-Stone, but will prove a Black Diamond. If not, the Collier will know where to look for whippers.

ONE OF THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

WHY is the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER like 1860?
Because he's exceedingly near.

"WHEN FOUND, TO BE MADE A NOTE OF."—When you find a Policeman.

"CRACKERS" FOR CHRISTMAS.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY FOR THE JUVENILEST PARTIES.

THE custom of bringing in the Boar's Head at Christmas still survives at many very hospitable houses, where the comfort of the guests is seriously impaired by the introduction of a Bore in the shape of a rich uncle, from whom no one but the family has the slightest expectations.

Snapdragons is a pastime which originated with ST. GEORGE, who was commissioned by the Government to snap up flaming dragons.

Plum-pudding owes its origin to an eccentric *millionnaire*, who told his daughter if she married he would give her nothing in the world but a plum-pudding. Notwithstanding this discouragement, the girl was rash enough to marry; as girls generally will, upon sufficient provocation. Mindful of her father's threat, she was not at all surprised to find that he refused to settle any fortune on her. But the imaginative reader may fancy her astonishment, when, at the wedding breakfast, there was brought her a huge pudding, which, on being cut, disclosed her eccentric parent's cheque for a hundred thousand pounds, which was very nearly boiled to the rags it had been made of. The old *millionnaire* had strictly kept his word. He had only given his daughter a "plum" pudding.

Roast beef became a standing Christmas dish in the time of Bluff KING HAL—called, in more politeness, by historians, HENRY THE EIGHTH. This Monarch (*vide* portraits) used to eat prodigious dinners, and of course kept a jester to act as a di-gester—the exercise of laughing being good for the digestion. This jester's name was BEEFFE, in the spelling of the period, but would doubtless now be written simply Beef. The KING used daily to amuse himself with making fun of this Court-jester, or, to use his own expression, with "going in and roasting him;" and as on Christmas Day the Monarch always dined more heartily than usual, he used invariably, as soon as the cloth had been removed, to cry out to his courtiers, "Now come and let 's roast BEEFE!"

Mince-pies have been in vogue since the reign of RICHARD THE FIRST, who, being armed *cap-à-pie*, made mince-meat of whoever ventured to confront him.

Blind Man's Buff originally was called Blind Man's Re-buff, from the fact that the blind man was rebuffed when guessing wrongly. It is believed the game was played first at the Court of KING CANUTE, and that PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY was the first man who was blinded.

It is believed that there is evidence in the old black-letter chronicles—only nobody, as yet, has ever had the pains to hunt for it—to prove that the first ladies ever kissed under the mistletoe were MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD, the Merry Wives of Windsor, and that the operation was severally performed on them by the MAN OF ROSS, assisted by the REVEREND JOHN KNOX.

The first man who made Wassail was EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, and the place he chose to make it in was, it is said, the Devil's Punch-bowl.

It is not generally known that Christmas Trees were first discovered growing in the Sandwich Islands, and that the fruit they bear consists of sliced roast beef and bread-and-butter, enveloping a bit of hot plum-pudding-stone as kernel.

A CONUNDRUM FOR TWELFTH NIGHT.

WHY are the hop-growers of Kent a sensible race of men?
Because they put their pride in their pockets.

THE TAKE-YOU FORTS.—*Apropos* of our recent Chinese mishap, it has been remarked, that after the great success of MR. FORTUNE'S works in relation to China, we might have been prepared for the appearance of Miss-Fortune's.

ASPIRATION.—The H-bone of Contention.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

EUROPE this Christmas waits to see
What 's to be done with Italy:
Whether the despots mean to free her,
Or somewhat further first to see her.
The POPE, too, waits, with visage grim,
To learn what 's to become of him:
Whether the fools who 've owned his sway
HIS HOLINESS will still obey;
Or whether, of his presence sick,
They 'll bluntly bid him cut his stick,
And tell him that, for change of air,
To England he had best repair;
Rome being to him less safe by far
Than three-pair backs in Leicester Squarr.
In France they wait to see war taxes
Laid upon the people's backses;
For nobody can there gainsay
The fact, that "L'Empire, c'est la *Pay*."
Germany waits, beer-cup in hand,
To hail her new-born Fatherland.
A realm, where sages, brain-bemuddled,
May at their ease sit, and get fuddled;
Regardless what the world may think,
So long as they can have their drink.
The Czar of Russia waits to see
His nobles set their serfs more free:
A feat, wherein if he succeed,
Punch will applaud the worthy deed.
The loyal Irish wait to determine
How to crush out the priest-bred vermin,
Who, to mob-meetings late have been,
To spit their venom at our QUEEN.
England meanwhile waits, all-prepared
From burglars her strong box to guard:
And while abroad War's tempest rages,
And with Morocco Spain engages,
She calmly waits, secure from storm,
The coming battle of Reform.

SPANISH LIMITATIONS.

A LETTER from Madrid, probably official, in the *Patrie*, touching the demand for payment of a long-standing debt due from the Spanish Government to that of Great Britain represents England as—

"Disinterring from her official archives these claims, and presenting them at a moment when Spain is obliged to meet heavy expenses for the war in Africa."

Very mean and shabby of England to make such a claim at such a moment, isn't it? How should we like, in case we were attacked by France or Russia, or some other state, Holland, or Prussia, or Sweden to take that opportunity to come down upon us with a demand for the repayment of £440,000, due over twenty years? Not at all. But suppose that we had just declared a fancy war against some other Power, would not a nation to which we owed money naturally suppose that we had waxed rich, take our indulgence in the luxury of warfare as evidence of our prosperity, and think the time had at length come to trouble us in the slightest possible degree to hand back that little trifle? When a gentleman sets up a carriage, may not his unpaid and suffering tailor consider, without incurring a merited imprecation, that the day for sending his bill in has now arrived? If we had owed Spain £440,000, for between twenty and thirty years, on account of war-material furnished to enable us to establish the British Constitution by a dynastic struggle, and had now unnecessarily involved ourselves in a conflict with a foreign enemy, and when Spain, on the strength of that symptom of solvency, asked us for the money, if we resented the demand, and pleaded against it the equivalent to an international Statute of Limitations, what a Government and people of swindlers we should be! Shouldn't we?

In Pari Passu.

AN English reason, half bad, half good, why ADMIRAL BOWLES ought not to command at Portsmouth.—Because he 's a "pious octogenarian."

An Italian reason, altogether good, why ANTONELLI ought *not* to command at Rome.—Because he 's a "*Pio-Nono*genarian."

ONE FOR PAM.—LORD PALMERSTON said at Romford that he never could learn shorthand. It was not often necessary to him. At least, we never saw him at the slightest loss to "take down" an Opposition speaker.

HYMEN'S GAS-LAMPS.

E trust we shall not be accused of being over-sentimental, if we look upon a bridesmaid as a kind of gas-lamp. Of course, we would not for an instant be so rude as to compare a lovely woman to a lamp-post: and to speak of girls as being attachable to posts, would be an insult not to them alone, but to their future husbands. But there are many ornamental gas-lamps without posts, and it is to these that bridesmaidens are comparable. Their bright eyes light the way to the hymeneal altar, as well as, if not better than, a row of fish-tail burners could. Like gas-lamps too their light is such as never requires snuffing; and when turned on to the full, its radiance is quite dazzling. Another point of likeness too may be discovered in the fact that the light in Hymen's lamps is often dimmed by tears, which may be regarded as water in the pipe. No Company has yet been formed for supplying Hymen's gas, but this is not much to be wondered at, for any one who wants it can always get it for himself. As has been truly said—

"Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord! What hundreds will subscribe for soap!"

So, only propose, and have a wedding, and dozens of young ladies will volunteer to act as gas-lamps at it. They view the post of bridesmaid as being a sort of sign-post which points to getting married; and when they turn their gas on we have no doubt that they keep an eye to the main chance.

OUR ANNUAL OBSTRUCTION.

AN alarming obstruction in Fleet Street was created on Thursday morning last by the publication of *Punch's Almanack*, which took place at 10 o'clock on that day. All the westward-bound omnibuses were obliged to diverge at Farringdon Street, and go up Holborn, in consequence of the crowd which occupied the whole of Fleet Street. A denser mass of human beings was never perhaps jammed into any space. The authorities must not be blamed for omitting to take unpopular precautions to prevent accidents, of which a great number unavoidably occurred. Fortunately, no lives were lost, nor were any bones broken; but several toes were trodden upon, which, however, as the concourse chiefly consisted of newspaper-boys of light weight, sustained no material damage. MASTER BOAKES received a severe dig in the ribs from the elbow of MASTER HUFFEY, who, in the excitement of the competition, did not mind where he was shoving. MASTER RAGG'S coat was torn down his back, and MASTER STOGGS lost his comforter. MASTER MULLINGS'S hat was knocked over his eyes; several other young gentlemen were also bonneted; and MASTER BOBSON was deprived of his cap, which, it is to be feared, he will never see again.

The promptest attention was rendered to the sufferers by our attendants at the office, in supplying them, as fast as possible, with numbers of the *Almanack*, at no charge beyond the regular fee of 3*d.*, or 4*d.* stamped. A good deal of fighting took place among the urchins, who were more awake to the attractions than alive to the principles of *Punch*. On the whole, however, the greatest good-humour prevailed, and the general harmony was heightened by numerous whistles, snatches of nigger melodies, and other popular airs. A large body of the City Police was in attendance, and laudably exerted themselves to enforce order, as well as they could, allowance being made for the convulsions of laughter occasioned by the illustrations of the *Almanack*, which were thrust under their noses, and brandished in opposition to their staves. Fleet Street remained impassable during nearly the whole of the day, and all traffic was suspended, except what was carried on in the interests of *Punch*. We are happy to state that no serious injury occurred; though some of the purchasers of the *Almanack* nearly burst themselves with laughing at its facetious contents.

TOAST AT AN AGRICULTURAL MEETING.—"Here's to the Riflemen—England's truest and staunchest Protectionists!"

THE GREATEST REVOLVER ON RECORD.—The World.

THE DOOM OF THE POPE.

M. DE PUNCH presents his respectful compliments to the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, and has much pleasure in performing for his Majesty's new pamphlet, issued by their friend M. DE LA GUERRONIÈRE, the same condensing process by which M. DE PUNCH so much improved the EMPEROR'S former excellent publication, in which he promised an Italian war. Cordially agreeing with the EMPEROR in his conclusion that the POPE must be smashed up, if not exactly into a cocked hat, into a sort of Beadle-General to the Roman Churches and other show-places, M. DE PUNCH will not attack any of his Majesty's premises, and hopes, by the way, that his Majesty will be equally forbearing in regard to those of their other friend, M. DE BULL.

THE PAMPHLET.

I.

Let us keep our tempers.

II.

The POPE must have *some* temporal power, or, with priestly instinct, will attach himself to the tyrant who will best serve him.

III.

But his rule must be paternal, and therefore, the smaller his dominions the greater his power.

IV.

He must not meddle with politics, but confine himself to priestcraft and the other fine arts.

V.

His army must be a mere symbol, and he must really murder nobody; "bloodshed in his name being an insult to Heaven."

VI.

Now, is he to have the Romagna again?

VII.

Well, the Romagnese detest our paternal old friend.

VIII.

Force therefore would be necessary, and France is certainly not going to use that.

IX.

Nor shall Austria. France has thrashed her out of Italy, and has no idea of letting her in again.

X.

Shall Naples? Why, the KING OF NAPLES is hardly safe on his own throne.

XI.

Congress must settle the question. If it does not choose to give Romagna to the POPE, it may merely register a *fait accompli*. But it must secure Rome to him, and give him an Italian militia instead of a foreign army. At present "he cannot rely on the love and respect of his people."

M. DE PUNCH would certainly say that POPE PERUGIA could *not*. Without turning aside to ask Irish gentlemen, who have been declaiming in the POPE'S praise, what they think of the EMPEROR'S account of the old gentleman, M. DE PUNCH begs most heartily to compliment the EMPEROR upon the bold and logical form in which he has permitted their friend, M. DE LA GUERRONIÈRE to publish his Majesty's ideas, which, upon the question of what should be done with the POPE, are precisely those of M. DE PUNCH and all liberal and enlightened persons. M. DE PUNCH scarcely expected so welcome a Christmas-box from the Tuileries.

CLERICAL ELOCUTION.

A REPORT of the ordination lately held by the BISHOP OF LONDON states that—

"Full choral service was performed: the prayers being beautifully rendered by the REV. J. H. COWARD, M.A., and the lessons read by the REV. H. MILMAN, M.A."

In what sense were the prayers "beautifully rendered" by the reverend gentleman? The word "render" has several meanings. For one example, "to render" signifies to translate. This seems to be the signification in which it is employed above. MR. COWARD is said to have rendered the prayers just as MR. CHARLES KEAN might be described as having rendered, or interpreted, *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. We now come to inquire into the import of "beautifully" in the foregoing connection. How were the prayers rendered in being rendered beautifully? In a loud, clear, and audible voice? We hope so. We hope not with any sort of mouthing or moaning. In accounts of "Marriage in High Life," the service is often reported to have been "impressively" performed. "Impressively" in those narratives is perhaps nearly equivalent to "beautifully." One of the graces of the beautiful and impressive utterance of reverend renderers and performers of the Liturgy, consists in drawling for the sake of emphasis; as, for instance, pronouncing the vowel O, in a word wherein it ought to be short, ridiculously long. In venting these offensive sounds, they appeal to the sympathies of the canting and illiterate part of their congregations, and make the same mistake as that which a vulgar actor makes when he plays to the gallery.

"SHORT AND (NOT) SWEET."

JOHN ARTHUR DOGTEAR'EM ROEBUCK, ESQ., once a Bath Chap, and now a Sheffield Blade not always of the best temper.

A FREE ADMISSION.—A very fastidious musical critic, *à propos* of the new opera of *Victorine*, admits that MELLON has the *seeds* of talent in him.

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.—GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE BOYS!

Billy Wilkins. "HI! LOOK HERE! COME! SUCH A LARK! HERE'S A PERLICEMAN FELL ON A SLIDE!"

JOHN BULL GUARDS HIS PUDDING.

JOHN BULL he has houses, JOHN BULL he has lands,
He has beef, he has mutton—has pudding and pelf;
He no doubt feels it hard, as he stands upon guard,
Both to pay his police-rates and watch for himself.
"But them sneaks," says the cook, "before one can look,
They whips down the area, all of a sudding."
So, to keep what he 's got from the area-sneak's pot,
JOHN BULL is determined to guard his own pudding.

With his East and West Indies, Australias and Scindes,
For citron and suet, for sugar and spice—
With such plums as Gibraltar, such currants as Malta,
No wonder the rascals should long for a slice.
JOHN is lib'ral at giving, as any man living;
To a taste of his pudding the world he'd invite;
But those who try *taking*, will find he is waking,
His hand on the trigger, his eye on the sight!

The Papal Thaw.

THAT great moral icicle the POPE, who has far too long been overhanging Italy, is beginning to show symptoms of approaching dissolution. His Frostiness is thawing with remarkable rapidity, and there is a prospect of his speedy disappearance. The Papal ice, in fact, is giving way in all directions, and we may expect to hear, ere long, of a general break-up.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

WHAT Austria made in 1815—Treaties.
What Austria will be glad to make in 1860—En-treaties.

THE COLDEST RIVER AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR?—Why it is the Dnieper.

A QUARREL WITH CHRISTMAS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I WISH you would not make such a fuss as you do about Christmas. I hate Christmas. In short, Christmas is a bore. Holly and mistletoe have been worked to death. The former is all very well in the hedges, and the latter may be an ornament to the tree on which it grows; but neither about the house is either useful or ornamental. Who would commit the absurdity of kissing a girl under a bunch of twigs before a number of spectators? The inevitable roast beef and turkey of Christmas are tiresome. The plum-pudding is disgusting. The mince-pie is an abomination. The pantomimes are idiotic and imbecile. Christmas, in my mind, is simply associated with duns. Otherwise, it is one continual yawn. Now old noodles attempt to sing, and fogies make fools of themselves by playing at blind-man's buff—as you might say in your *Almanack*. Now children are encouraged to get upon your knees, and spoil your trousers. I am sick of it all. I have no sympathies with my kind, if the people who commit these annual follies are my kind: which I flatter myself they are not. I abhor popular sentiment about peace and goodwill, and all that sort of thing. I detest yule logs, to which scuttlefuls of coals are vastly preferable. I despise ghost stories: let us talk about death if you like, which is an end of everything, and I wish Christmas were dead, like the heart, to speak sentimentally, of your weary Correspondent,

"JAUNDERS LEGRAND."

"P. S. Evergreens. Bosh! Fudge! They are all the colour of gamboge. Stick a sprig in a pudding—pshaw! What is a good thing for indigestion?"

Pardonable at Christmas.

IN the interest of the Field Lane Refuge, to which *Mr. Punch* begs that everybody will send all the old clothes they can spare, he suggests a new reading of a misunderstood text. He would say, "Charity covereth a multitude of skins."

A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE.—Matrimony.

JOHN BULL GUARDS HIS PUDDING.

ACCOMPLISHMENT for the Army (An), 31
Acknowledgment for Admiral Bowles, 243
Advertising Columns, 41
Advice Gratis, 241
Aids to Criminal Devotion, 104
Aids to Feminine Reflection, 100
Air for the Pope's Brass Band (An), 246
Alderman's Lament (The), 145
All up with England! 111
American Outrage on the Emperor, 92
Anecdotes from Balmoral, 150
Another Austrian Defeat, 12
Another Banquet and Testimonial, 94
Another Go at the Gameslaughterers, 215
Another Railway Row, 109
Another Laurel Wreath around the Imperial Brow, 181
Another Shot by a Non-Shooting Star, 225
Another Smash for a Starteller, 234
Art Banbury Cross (An), 32
Artist and a Baby (An), 73
Assurance Doubly Sure, 185
Astonishing a Congregation, 53
Astounding News from Rome, 240
Awful Warning, 131
BAD Jobs for John Bull, 101
Bad Language by a Lady! 140
Ballads for Bedlamites, 184
Balsam for Bruised Spirits (A), 185
Banquet of Authorities, Isle of Wight, 104
Batrachian Arrivals, 210
Bavarian Small Beer, 45
Beautiful Buttermilk, 96
Bells I've Sham'd on (The), 245
Bells of Big Ben (The), 254
Below Rarey, 196
Big Ben. An Ode, 154
Bit of an Old English Ballad (A), 65
Bit of Balderdash (A), 242
Bitter Cup (The), 14
Board of Works at their Work, 249
Bomba Redivivus, 155
Boobies of Brighton, 145
Boot-Mending, 149
Bramwell is Himself again, 185
Brass Band Burglars (The), 201
"Bravo" for Barry (A), 70
Bravo, Ipswich! 242
Brigham Young, Papa, 122
British and Foreign Affairs, 233
Brougham, C., 200
Brunel and Stephenson, 169
Buying v. Bunkum, 95
Byronic Lay (A), 73
By the Margin of Fair Zurich's Waters, 151
Cab Law Amendment, 75
Cabman's Club (The), 182
Cabman's Progress (The), 164
"Call a Spade a Spade," 79
Calumny on Cooks (A), 64
Candidate for an Institution (A), 202
Cant of Two Kinds, 153
Catholic Theatrical Intelligence, 152
Cat out of the Bag (The), 175
Cartridges to Bite and Swallow, 4
Case for Dr. Cullen (A), 210
Chapter on Slang (A), 22
Children in the Wood at Andover (The), 219
Chivalry in Excelsis, 124
Christmas Trees, 256
City Articles in this Style, 214
Civic Poetry of Paris, 71
Civil Service Examinations, 95
Classical Butter, 19
Classical Duet (A), 176
Clergymen and Baptists, 102
Clerical Elocution, 265
Clerical Conscience-Money, 133
Clerical Slips and Skirts, 115
Close Companionship, 242
Cold Water Cure for Wanton Mischief, 115
Colouring Extraordinary, 25
Commander of the Faithful (The), 82
Common Criers, 256
Common Sense in "Society," 26
Companion to the Hymeneal Altar, 41
Complaisance and Rifles, 250
Concordat in the House of Commons (A), 79
Cough in the House (A), 254
Court Consistency, 8
County Courtship, 191
"Crackers" for Christmas, 264
Cracking of Big Ben, Correspondence, 169
Creation Whipped Again! 110
Criminaline, 251
Crinoline for Blue Coat Boys, 114
Cross and Dagger, 244
Cullenary Colleges, 149
Culshaw, the Townely Herdsman, &c., 249
Cut for a Critic's Pencil (A), 89
DANGERS of a Vis-à-Vis (The), 243
Dawn in Italy (The), 133
Dead Wells and Drinking Fountains, 36
Defend us from our Defenders, 175
Dialogues of the Dead, 9
Disturbances in Eastern Church (The), 122
Doom of the Pope (The), 265
"Down among the Dead Men," 204
Dr. Cullen's Chaff, 225
Drive in the Queen's Carriage (A), 31
Dr. Livingstone in Destitution, 149
Duet at St. Cloud (A), 66
Duet for Doon, 130
ECONOMY in Earthquakes, 30
Economy of the Budget, 42
Election Intelligence, 12
Emperors at Odds, 49
Encore Swindle (The), 60
End of all Things (The), 99
End of False Imprisonment (An), 4
"England's Decline and Fall," 183
Englishmen and English, 129
English Vandal (The), 121
Entomological Note, 262
Epicurean in an Asylum (An), 83
Error of the Press, 39
Error of the Press that wants Correcting (An), 124
Estimates and Armed Neutrality, 2
Example Made (An), 181
Exhibition of the Works of very Early Masters, 161
Extreme Probabilities, 89
Extremely Objectionable, 160
Eyes Right! Dress! Word of Command, 236
FAIR Words by a Frenchman, 21
Faggots of the Man in the Moon (The), 231
Fashionable Anthem, 189
Fatal Facility (A), 171
Father Antic the Law, 94
Fearful Engagement (A), 32
Feast for a Philologist (A), 49
Female Briareus Wanted (A), 176
Female Rush to the Pole (A), 100
Fetichism at Naples, 259
"Feu de Joie," 192
Few Globules for Homœopathy (A), 183
Few Items in a Testimonial Advertisement (A), 81
Fidgety Subject (A), 55
Figures amongst Flowers, 35
First of September (The), 115
Five-and-Twenty Years of a Parliamentary Life, 35
Food for Teetotallers, 54
Fool and his Luggage (A), 129
Forbes Mackenzie's Folly, 190
Foreigners in Bad Odours, 56
Foreign Office Spelling Book (The), 13
Fortification of London (The), 40
For Use in a Quadrille, 192
Four Fishers (The), 250
France and China, 260
Francis-Joseph the Green, 52
Franklin, 143
Free Trade in Doctors' Commons, 90
Freedom for the Popish Press, 179
French and English Estimates, 169
Frenzied Friends! A Tale of Terror! 125
Fumus, Gloria Mundi, 49
Funny Bunny Money, 245
GARIBALDI'S Logic, 234
Gems of Justice, 85
Gentlemen Riflemen, 230
Germany's Welcome to Punch, 223
Giving Literature a Lift, 146
Glass-House Mutual Assurance Comp., 175
Glut of Fresh French Butter (A), 34
Go at the Gameslaughterers (A), 209
Good Advice, 239
Good News for Good Figures, 244
Good Young Man (A), 213
Governess Strike Wanted (A), 96
Government Broker (The), 143
Graffiti of London (The), 174
Grave Subject (A), 115
Great Circulation (The), 225
Great Sea-side Building Squabble (The), 139
Great Tribulation Coming (The), 263
Guy's Geography, 89
Gross Ill treatment of a Great Public Benefactor, 165
"HALE! Fellow!" 160
Half-Measures, 64
Handel Feast (The), 9
Happy Removals, 20
Hapsburg Humility, 256
Hard Conservative Hit (A), 196
Harvey's Bones, 41
Head of English Composers (The), 143
Heavy and Melancholy Mendelssohn, 235
Helping Hand for the Handel College (A), 32
Hero-Worship at St. Cloud, 45
High Jinks at Middlesborough, 209
Hint to a Fond Father, 210
Hint to a Horse-Tamer (A), 249
Homage to Germany, 222
Horrible Occurrence! Gross Assault on Mr. Punch, 235
House-Surgeon in Samaria (The), 220
How about Riflemen's Life Assurances? 206
How Schamyl was Caught, 162
How to Dress our Riflemen, 3
How we Came to Write to the Emperor, 243
How we Spend our Sundays, 83
Human Candle (A), 120
Hunting Intelligence in Hampshire, 240
Hunting the Black Badger, 170
Hymen's Gas-lamps, 265
Hymen and Low Men, 26
IDEA we Fight against (The), 205
Image by Mr. Osborne (An), 99
Imaginary Conversation, 163, 213, 225
India under the Income-Tax, 169
Infallibility's Four Reasons, 99
Infallible Sporting Nomenclature, 189
Inns of Court Rifle Corps (The), 7
Inn-validism Extraordinary, 192
Insanitary Intelligence, 262
Insure your Members' Lives! 61
Irreverent Alderman (An), 62
Is it "J?" 43
Italian Chevy Chace (The), 180
Italy is Free, 36
Italy's Partial Successes, 130
"It's a Mad World, my Masters!" 60
JACK in Gaol, 262
Japanning the Pope, 210
John Bull guards his Pudding, 266
Jonathan's Johnson, 133
Jonathan's Ride to Pekin, 152
KING Punch's Amnesty, 99
King Punch Sweareth Allegiance, 40
LADIES' Luggage, 212
Ladies' Maids and Lindley Murray, 66
Lament of the Spider (The), 64
Lament of the Westminster Clock-Works (The), 131
Last Visit to Vauxhall (A), 119
Latest from America, 230
Latin for Ladies' Dresses, 39
Laureate Abroad and at Home (The), 124
Laureate's Bust at Trinity (The), 194
Law for the Lawyers, 156
Law on its Last Legs (The), 202
Law-Suit and a Love-Suit (A), 241
Lay for Liskeard (A), 93
Lectures about to be Delivered, 112
Legate's Song (The), 242
Legislating for the Million, 200
"L'Empire c'est la Paix," 85
Letter-Boxes sometimes Needless, 114
Letter from Dr. Johnson, 95
Letter of the Law at Lynn, 155
Life is a Mystery, 126
Lines on the Lord Mayor Elect, 151
Lion and the Eagles (The), 19
Literary Rewards, 211
Literature for Ladies, 51
Loch Katrine in Glasgow, 181
Long Life and anything but Merry (A), 166
Long Shot with a Long Bow (A), 70
Look in his Face, 180
Look to your Gold Diggings, 124
Louis Napoleon's Court Jester, 106
Love-making at Lowestoff, 170
Love's Reason for Love's Rhyme, 214
MAN of Short Memory (A), 232
Man who Doesn't Mind (The), 200
Marriage as it Should be, 211
Marriage without a Mother-in-law, 94
Martyrs of Science, or the Lay of Magna Mola, 134
Matrimonial Allies, 45
Mannster Concerts (The), 240
Mauve Measles (The), 88
Mayor—and Something more (A), 132
Medicine and Morality, 61
Melancholy View of Marriage (A), 22
Member on the Moors (The), 76
Mild Court Martial (A), 80
Millennium Arrived (The), 46
Milliner's End of Controversy, 210
Minister in Town (The), 116
Misses and Merlins, 136
Mitchel and Maguire, 235
Modern Athens, 260
Momentous Question (The), 33
Monckton Milnes on the Maine Law, 164
Money Intelligence, 223
Moneymoon (The), 245
Monsieur "Bounce," 81
Mops and Brooms, 251
More Dramatic Novelty, 181

More Sanctified Slang, 103
Mortal Mistake (A), 63
Mother-in-law on Neutrality (A), 29
Mother's Saturday Review (The), 253
Mr. Punch's Testimonial to Chas. Kean, 105
Mr. Tilbury denies his Demise, 222
Muzzy Notions of Mercy, 113
Music by Steam, 216
Mystery of a Lady's Dress (The), 24
NAPOLEONISM, Idealism, and Realism, 180
Nathan's Clerical Costumes, 176
"Nation" in a Fit (The), 134
Nelson Monument (The), 150
Ne Plus Ultra-Montanist, 145
New Cut (The), 145
New Failing (A), 175
News for Downing Street, 93
New Idée Napoléonienne (A), 195
New Literary Entertainment, 169
Nice Thing to say to a Gentleman (A), 7
Nine Hours Fix (The), 86
"No More Grey Hair," 261
No Such Luck! 92
Non-Natural Fathers and Mothers, 7
Not Exactly a Drinking Fountain, 62
Number One and Two, 234
ODORIFEROUS Plants on Bow Common, 179
"Off with his Head," &c., 172
'Oh, that Sort of Person!" 142
Old Clothes Line (The), 189
One Humbug the Less, 80
One Minute's Advice to Med. Students, 155
One more Bomba, 22
Order of Agricultural Merit (The), 191
Organ of Irish Patriotism (An), 222
Our Annual Obstruction, 265
Our Chinese Ceremonies, 193
Our Episcopal Convert, 191
Our French Friend, 196
Our Roving Correspondent, 105, 231
Our Vivid Viscount, 61
PAGE of Posterity's Possible Penning, 1
Palladian Palmerston, 72
Palpable, 46
Palpable Advertisement (A), 103
Paradise and the Perry, 91
Parallel (A), 140
Partant pour la Rue Baker, 252
Paul-Pryism at the Post Office, 159
Peculiar Memory (A), 140
Penal Shirt-Making, 125
People I don't want to Meet, 144
Pest Cabs, 259
Peter and Paul, 151
Pet for a Palace (A), 69
Peter Laurie, 196
Pictorial Walls and Windows, 173
Pierian Springs at the Museum (The), 166
Piper at Compiégne (The), 230
Pity the Poor Lawyers, 186
Poaching under Extenuating Circumstances, 152
Poetry of the Season, 20
Politicians in Statu Pupillari, 29
Poor Stowell the Informer, 156
Pope's Allocution (The), 156
Pope and the Perugians (The), 21
Pope at his Little Game (The), 54
Portrait of a Diabolical Englishman, 25
Poser for the Puseyites (A), 132
Posers for Policemen, 93
Present to Mr. Newby (A), 250
Pretty Pigs, 125
Prices of Seats (The), 11
Prince at High Pressure (A), 126
Prize Butcher (A), 40
Probable Railway Catastrophe, 142
Proclamation by King Punch, 109
Poison for Breakfast, 172
Present Powder Duty (The), 186
Prey for the Green-eyed Monster, 29
Priests and their Shawls, 192
Pro Bono Re-publico, 201
Professor Christison on Electricity, 194
Pros and Cons for Pope Pius, 205
Puff Paste and Scissors, 65
Punch's Essence of Parliament, 8, 19, 23
Punch's Imaginary Correspondence, 123
Punch on Punch, 171
Punch to Cavour, 41
Punning in Parliament, 84
Putting his Pipe out, 261
QUACKS and their Constituents, 165
Quarrel with Christmas (A), 266
Queen and Mr. Punch (The), 229
Quoth Father Thames, 33
RACE in Danger (A), 113
Really Enlightened Statesman (A), 180
Real School of the Virtues (The), 165
Real Scotch Romance (A), 44
Recollections by Joseph Todgers, 90
Redesdale's Werst Fears, 23
Reform in the Harem, 229
Reform your Calendar, 89
Report of an Important Case, 8
Remedy for the Thames (A), 34
Reverend Master of Hounds (A), 212
Riflemen both sides the Border, 229
Rifle Volunteers (The), 185
Rifling the Queen's English, 189
Right Hero in the Right Place (The), 76
Ring (The), 112
Romance by Sir John Bowring, 225
Romance in Russia, 69
Roman Martyrologist (A), 171
Royal Child's Play in Spain, 254
Rub for a Railway (A), 159
SAINT in Crinoline (A), 145
Sale of Government Stores, 66
Sale or Sell, 71
Save me from my Friends, 101
Save us from our Friends! 182
Schiller Centenary (The), 203
School of Ornament (A), 30
Scotch Experiment (A), 189
Scotch Plush, 121
Senator Broderick Slain by Chief Justice Terry, 195
Sense from Salop, 220
Sentinel and Crowned Heads (The), 249
Serpentine through a Sieve (The), 80
Serious Clown (A), 149
Settlers for Shakesperians, 254
Shall our Viscount have a Statue? 233
Sheriffs shorn of their Glory (The), 195
Shot by a Non-Shooting Star (A), 219
Shylock and a Skylark (A), 40
Silly Songs for Sable Singers, 261
Sirens at the Sea-side, 142
Sir Peter not himself Again, 201
Slang of the Superior Classes (The), 214
Small Pope Pius (A), 130
Smash for a Star Teller (A), 141
Social Suggestions, 259
Soldiers of Irish Freedom, 185
Solution of Italy (The), 53
Song by a Surgeon, 201
Song of the Imprisoned Member, 43
Song of the would-be Merman, 71
Song to Scursionists, 73
Sonnet to the Sovereign Pontiff, 169
Spanish Chesnuts, 190
Spanish Limitations, 264
Sports in the North, 151
Stafford Stoking Room (The), 205
Steam Cat (The), 121
St. George and St. Nicholas, 114
St. Januarius at it again! 149
Strange Taste, 235
Substitutes for Military Flogging, 131
Suez Canard (The), 253
Surgical Slave to a Free Hospital (A), 193
TAILORS of the French Tooley Street, 252
Terrible State of Things, 59
Testimonial Tablet (The), 120
Tête-à-Tête with Tait (A), 11
"That's the Way the Money goes," 75
They Stick at Nothing, 205
Thirsty Soul (A), 232
Three Cheers for Tyrwhitt, 221
To and From the War, 44
To Correspondents, 52, 199
To the Newspaper Reading World, 186
Tournament, U. S. (A), 104
Tripping Time, 92
Tuscan Straw Stirred, 253
Twice Shut Up, 183
Two Maguires (The), 215
Types of Longevity and Disease, 164
UNATTACHED Couple (An), 174
Uncalculating Sorrow, 111
Uneducated Section of Spirits (The), 2
Uniforms not Uniform, 232
University Intelligence, 20
VALUE of a Seat in Parliament (The), 241
Vatican's Threatened Thunder (The), 153
Venerable and Non-Venerable Bede (A), 224
Verdi at Venice, 194
Vermin Extraordinary, 72
Very Appropriate, 12
Very Good Company, 220
Vessel in the Knavy (A), 65
Vestiges of Creation, 100
Victoria Cross for the Ladies (A), 14
Visible Oratory, 179
Vision of Vauxhall (The), 59
"Voices of the Night," 191
Volume of Sentences (A), 164
Volunteers and Veterans, 11
Volunteers (The), 259
Voter-Bottling Stoppered, 122
WANTED—an Uncommon Prayer-book, 162
War Dialogue, 25
Wear and Tear of Railways (The), 209
"What Next, and Next!" 3
What our Vestrymen have done for us, 31
What Spirit-Rapping can do, 69
"What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid," 176
What will this Cost to Print? 121
Who shall Criticise the Critics? 225
Wife on Conscience and Bribery (A), 160
Woman's Thoughts about Woman's Work (A), 226
Women's Work, 204
Word with Brother Jonathan (A), 224
YOUNG Lady on the High Classical School of Ornament (A), 30

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

ARMISTICE (The), 27
At Home and Abroad, 87
Blondin Outdone, 147
Bow-Wow! 207
Britannia, the Unprotected Female! 217
Christmas Tree for the Young French Prince (A), 257
Emperor Unveiling Italian Liberty (The), 137
First Lesson (The), 97
Free Italy (?), 37
Game Two can Play at (A), 197
Hint to Louis Napoleon (A), 157
John Bull guards his Pudding, 267
Keep the Door-Chain up! 77
Keep Watch! 16
Monsieur "Walker!" 57
New Alliance (The), 127
Next Refugee (The), 227
Old Real Reformer (The), 167
Only Minister in Town (The), 117
Peaceful—Very! 67
Punch Fountain, Fleet Street (The), 107
Royal Road to Learning (The), 177
Scene from the New Pantomime, 247
Strike (The), 187
Turn and Turn-about, 5
Unpleasant Neighbour (An), 47
Who Goes to Congress? 237

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

ALARMING Epidemic—Whistlephobia, 50
"Am I to Shalute him or no?" 190
Artist and the Bedouin's Dress, 256
Baby's new Sea-side Dress, 139
Baden Races—Portrait of a Jockey, 112
"Been Bitt hoff, Sir!" 20
"By Jove, that 's a Find!" 263
Captain Tomkins Practising the Bugle, 53
Clerical Magnate and Child, 60
Competent Authority, 222
Confounded Mediæval Knocker, 252
Cricket—Round Bowling of the Period, 52
Cruel Joke at a Fête, 13
Design for a Lamp-Post, 31
"Doing a Bit of Park, Eh!" 8
Don't Broil your Babies! 63
"Dooced nice Place this," 126
"Do you Object to my Smoking?" 183
Dream of the Future—Centenary of Punch (The), 10
Drinking the Waters at Scarborough, 86
Excitement of Hansom Cabbies, 136
Exhausted Editor, 40
Experiment on a Vile Body (An), 196
Faint Praise, 220
Fly-Dressing in the Holidays, 142
Guy Fawkes for 1859, 202
Hibernian Friend and Jones, 146
Horrid State of the Serpentine (The), 32
How a Foolish Bird tried to Swim Across the Channel, 216
How Beautiful those Beans Smell! 4
How to Get Money, 223
Humpty Dumpty, 203
How very Kind, 12
Ignorance *was* Bliss, 160
Important Notice—Quite Necessary, 193
In Banco—Looks like it, 210
Incident of Travel (An), 173
Invida Ætas, 163
"I Ony Wish I'd got Arf his Complaint!" 186
"Is it from Frederick, my dear?" 182
Jones goes to have a Quiet Night, 36
Landing at a Watering Place, 96
Last New Thing in Cloaks, 212
Last Sweet Thing in Hats (The), 131
"Little Britain!" 221
Little Farce at a Railway Station (A), 23
Lord Broadacres' Dinner, 156
Making the Best of it, 236
Model for a Photographer (A), 213
Modern Philosophy, 150
Most Offensive, 172
Mr. Bouncer receives a few Hampers, 83
Mr. Hackle disappointed of Fishing, 56
Mr. Pothunter making the most of a Day's Fishing, 62
Not a Bad Judge, 162
"Now, Marm, will you please move," 66
Oh, How Jolly! 33
"Oh, that I were in that Balcony!" 46
Old Dibbs in the Park, 42
Our 'Bus Driver on Female Costume, 246
Our Indolent Young Man, 26
Paterfamilias Buried Alive, 113
"Rather a Neat Ideaw," 110
Rather Keen, 206
Real Treasure (A), 133
Rod for Roach-fishing, 132
Scene—A Certain Watering Place, 106
Sea-Side Conference, 82
Season at Baden (The), 122
Sporting Intelligence, 123
Squally Weather, making all "Taut," 102
"There 's a Couple o' Brize 'uns," 253
Tolerably Broad Hint (A), 166
True Courage, 242
True Sentiment, 72
Turcos Mode of Fighting (The), 43
Turcos Soldier and Parisian Cabman, 93
Turcos Soldier in a Parisian Family, 120
Tyrant (A), 76
Unexpected Lift (An), 153
Very Happy Idea (A), 232
Very Pardonable Mistake (A), 192
Weather and the Parks (The), 266
Wet Day at the Sea-side (A), 152
"What 'ave you 'ad, Sir?" 103
"What have you been Doing, Fred?" 90
"What 's the Matter with him?" 176
Wind, S.W. Fresh, 116
"Would you please to Pay for the Cheers, Mum?" 21
"You are Precisely the Man we want," 262
Young Dawdlemore the Artist, 223
Young Northamptonshire, 226

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